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Abbey of S. Mary Newbottle

A Memorial of the Royal Visit 1907



J. C. Carrick

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- ix. 9.



W. H. Lindal says he has
J. C. Carrick. March 19. 8. 8

THE ABBEY OF S. MARY NEWBOTTLE.



A Memorial of the
Royal Visit, 1907.

BY
THE REV. J. C. CARRICK, B.D.,
MINISTER OF NEWBATTLE

(Author of "The Story of the Burning Bush," "St. Cuthbert," "Wycliffe and the Lollards," "The Ancient Cathedrals of Scotland," "The Story of John Knox and his Land," "Robert Burns and his Land," "Sir Walter Scott and his Land," "Psalms and Paraphrases in the Scottish Church," (Lee Lecture), &c., &c.)

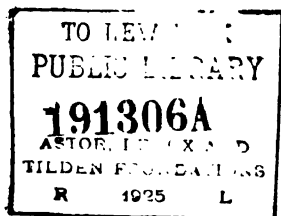
SECOND EDITION.

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1908.

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Dedicated

with

Deepest Affection

to

A. J. C.

and

My Dear People

in

**Commemoration of a quarter
of a century's ministry at
Newbottle.**

NEWBOTTLE
191306A
R 1925 L

Marlborough House,

Pall Mall,

6th May, 1907.

Rev. and Dear Sir,

I am much obliged to you for your letter of the 1st inst., and in reply I am directed to state that the Prince of Wales will have very great pleasure in accepting your book, which you have been kind enough to say you will give His Royal Highness as a memorial of the Royal Visit.

I remain,

Faithfully yours,

*W. CARRINGTON,
Comptroller.*

inc. paid 20 men 1925

P R E F A C E .

THERE have been many royal visits to Newbattle and Dalkeith in the course of the centuries, and at any rate one Scottish queen lies buried in Newbattle Abbey. Queen Victoria, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra, the lamented Duke of Clarence, and many other royal personages have, within the last generation, visited the district, and this volume is a humble endeavour to commemorate the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales in the year of grace, 1907. It is respectfully presented to the public in the hope that it may supply a long-felt want, and be indulgently received. The writer trusts that any omissions or errors will be generously overlooked in an attempt to perpetuate the rich historical memories of the Esk valley and its great religious house. He desires to acknowledge with the deepest gratitude the kind assistance which he has received from a host of friends in all classes, who have aided him in such a way that without their help his task would have been a hopeless and impossible one.

J. C. CARRICK, B.D.,
Minister of Newbattle.

July, 1907.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE favour with which the First Edition has been received encourages me to issue a Second, with considerable additions and notes.

J. C. CARRICK.

January, 1908.

SELKIRK

PRINTED BY GEO. LEWIS & CO , ART PRINTERS.

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The Abbey of St. Mary, Newbottle.



I.

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

NONE of the Reforms of the Benedictine Order is more illustrious than the Cistercian, to which the monks of Newbottle belonged. Deriving its name from Citeaux or Cisteaux, in the south of France, where the Order was begun by Robert in 1098, it received its greatest impetus from its chief ornament, St. Bernard of Clairvaux, the most impressive and attractive figure in the Europe of his time, a great saint, a mighty theologian, an impassioned preacher, and known to the humblest Christians through his hymns — “Jesus the very thought of Thee,” “Jesus Thou joy of loving hearts,” “O Lamb of God once wounded,” and others. It was he who “made” the Cistercian order; he founded also their great Abbey of Clairvaux—“the Vale of Brightness,” in what had once been “the Vale of Wormwood.” By 1250 the Cistercians had, it is said, 8000 monasteries and convents. As Cisteaux colonised Clairvaux, so Clairvaux colonised four great Abbeys in Northern England—Kirkstall, Furness, Fountains, and Rievaulx, whence were filled the Scottish Cistercian houses of Dundrennan, Glenluce, Sweetheart, Coupar-Angus, Sandal in Cantire, Kinloss, Culross, Deir, Balmerino, Melrose, and Newbottle.

The Cistercian Order has now three different “observances,” *vis.*, I. The Strict, followed by the Trappists; II. The Middle, followed by the Congregation of Senanque; and III. The common observance followed by many abbeys in Austria, and by some in Italy and Belgium.

The ritual and rites of the Strict observance similar to those followed at Newbottle will be found in the "*Rituale Cisterciense ex Libro Usuum, Definitionibus Ordinis et Cæremoniali Episcoporum Collectum*," a new edition of which was published in Lerins some two years and a half since, in octavo, 700 pages and more, price 8 francs. Since it was published a change has taken place with regard to the hour of dinner, which formerly was sometimes at 12 o'clock, sometimes at 1 or 2, or even 3 and 4 o'clock, according to the time of the year, and according as the day was feast or fast. Now it is fixed so as never to be later than 12 o'clock.

The observance follows the "*Rituale Cisterciense*," except in the following particulars :—I. The hour of rising is fixed for 2 o'clock a.m. on the great feasts, 3 o'clock on other days, but monks do not retire to rest again after Lauds. II. Each monk has a separate cell. III. Dinner is always at 12 o'clock, and monks are allowed a small portion of meat on nearly all the Sundays of the year, and on some five feast days. IV. Monks are allowed to talk to each other for three-quarters of an hour on Sundays, except during Lent, and on several feast days. V. Monks go to bed at a fixed time, viz., 8 o'clock p.m. in winter, and at 8.30 p.m. in summer. VI. Monks say the office of the dead, in addition to the canonical office and the office of the Blessed Virgin, every day.

The Cistercian dress, or habit, is a white cassock, black scapular and hood, black leather girdle, and the white cuculla or cowl, with white hood, which is worn in choir, chapter and refectory, during processions, and on all occasions of ceremony, such as receiving bishops or other distinguished guests. Shoes are worn, not sandals.

The duties of cook are now performed by one of the brethren for as long a period as the Abbot shall deem fit; formerly the brethren took it in turns, week about, to act as cooks.

The members of the common observance devote themselves in great measure to education in colleges and universities, and many in Austria to parochial duties, and consequently cannot observe the strict monastic discipline as the other two observances do.

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

TIME TABLE FROM EASTER TILL SEPTEMBER 14TH.

Ordinary Days.

3.0 Rise.	11.0 Spiritual Reading.
3.10 Matins, Lauds B.V. Meditation, Matins, Lauds of the day, Lauds of the Dead.	11.30 Text. Examination of Conscience.
5.0 Private Masses, at which lay brothers assist.	12.0 Dinner.
6.0 Prime, Chapter, mixtum.	2.0 None.
7.0 Clean cells, then study or manual labour.	3.0 Vespers. Manual labour.
9.30 Tierce, Conventual Mass.	6.30 Meditation.
10.30 Interval.	7.0 Supper, Conventual Reading, Compline Examination of Conscience.
	8.30 To rest.

FROM 14TH SEPTEMBER TILL LENT.

Mornings as in Summer.

Afternoon.

1.30 None.	6.30 Supper, Conventual Reading, Compline, Examination of Conscience.
1.45 Manual labour.	8.0 To Rest.
4.0 Interval.	
4.15 Vespers.	
6.0 Meditation.	

DURING LENT.

6.0 Prime and Chapter, followed by Tierce and Sext, then manual labour or study till	4.15 Interval.
9.30 None, and Conventual Mass Interval.	4.25 Spiritual Reading.
11.10 Vespers of B.V. and Vespers of the day, Examination of Conscience.	5.0 Vespers and Matins of the Dead.
12.0 Dinner.	5.45 Conference on Dogmatic, Moral Theology, or Scripture.
1.45 Manual labour.	6.15 Meditation.
	6.45 Collation, Conventual Reading, Compline, Examination of Conscience.
	8.15 To rest.

SOME WRITERS OF THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

St. Bernard of Clairvaux, surnamed "The Mellifluous Doctor," theologian, poet, etc. 12th Century.	St. Arnulph of Melrose, 12th Century.
St. Stephen Harding, third Abbot of Cîteaux, 11th to 12th Centuries.	St. Baldwin of Exeter, theologian, 12th Century.
St. Alan, "The Universal Doctor," orator, philos. theologian, 13th Century.	St. Ethelred, Abbot of Warden, script., 13th Century.
St. Ailred of Rievaulx, theologian, 12th Century.	St. Everard of Melrose, historian, 12th Century.
St. Almus of Balmerino, theologian, 12th Century.	St. Gilbert of Swineshead, theol. script.
St. Adam of Kilross, 12th (?) Century.	St. Gregory of Bridlington, Monk of Glentuce, theologian, 13th Century.
	St. William Keith, Abbot of Kinloss, poet, 14th Century.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

St. William Remington of Salley, 14th Century.
 St. John of Ford Abbey, script., 13th Century.
 St. Jocelin of Furness, historian, 12th Century.
 St. Joseph of Dunrainan, 13th Century.
 St. Thomas of Sandal, theologian, 13th Century.
 St. John Selro of Fountains, 12th Century.
 St. Henriquez, historian, 16th Century.
 Pope Benedict XII., theologian, script., 14th Century.
 Cæsarius of Heisterbach, script. 13th Century.
 Boniface Simoneta, theologian, philosopher, 15th Century.
 Francis Vivarius (Spaniard), historian, 17th Century.
 Gaspar Jongelin, historian, 17th Century.
 Lawrence of Zamora, theologian, scrip. sermons, 17th Century.
 Charles de Visch, theologian, 17th Century.
 Manriquez, theologian and historian, 17th Century.

William of Benyue, Prior de Newbottle, et postea Abbas Cupri, in Scotia, Vir insigni pietate, nec minori litteraturâ, religiosi voti, diligens observator, Scripsit, *de Vita S. Joannis Scoti, nati in Villa Podoen, prope Leyam, in Anglia, deinde, Sancti, Andree Episcopi electi*, lib. I. teste Demstero, lib. II., qui pariter asserit, librum alium in Scoti-chronico, lib. VI., cap. 40, vocari elegantim, et, *alia plura edidisse, quæ ad notitiam suam non pervenerunt*. Vixit amro, 1188.

(The above note on Benyue is taken from "Bibliotheca Scriptorum Sacri Ordinis Cisterciensis," by Don Charles de Visch, Prior of the Monastery of the Dunes, printed in Cologne, 1656.)

Ican de la Barrière, 16th Century.

Cardinal John Bona, 17th Century.

Abbé de Rancé, 17th Century.

SOME SAINTS OF THE ORDER.

St. Robert, St. Alberic, St. Stephen Harding, first three Abbots of Cîteaux, and founders of the Order.
 St. Bernard, "The Mellifluous Doctor," first Abbot of Clairvaux.
 St. Almus and Tynna of Melrose.

St. Walter, son of King David, monk of Melrose.
 St. Robert of Newminster.
 St. Fenian, hermit, theologian.
 St. William of Bourges.
 St. Bernard of Vich.
 St. John of Valence.
 St. Stephen of Obazin.

STATISTICS OF THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

	Monasteries.	Choir Monks.	Lay Brothers.	Total.
Common observance (Monks),	- 19	602	67	759
Middle " "	- 5	87	62	149
Strict " "	- 59	1,338	1,907	3,245
General Total,	- 83	2,117	2,036	4,153
	Monasteries.	Choir Nuns.	Lay Sisters.	Total.
Common observance (Nuns),	- 85	1,737	676	2,413
Middle " "	- 1	25	11	36
Strict " "	- 32	631	670	1,301
General Total,	- 118	2,393	1,357	3,750
Grand Total, -	- 211	4,510	3,393	7,903

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MONASTERIES (MONKS).

Italy.

Common observance (a) Holy Cross, Rome; (b) St. Bernard's, Rome.
St. Anthony's Cartona.

Belgium.

St. Bernard's, - - - - - Bornhem.

Austria-Hungary.

(a) Holy Cross; (b) Zwettl,	Lower Austria.
Wilhering, - - -	Upper „

(a) Ossegg; (b) Hohenfurt,	-	Bohemia.
Zircz,	-	Hungary.
Mehreran in Vorarlberg,	-	Austria.

STATISTICS OF THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

France.

Middle observance N. D. de	Sénanque, - - -	Département.
	Fontfroide - - -	Vaulsure.
„	Hautecombe, - - -	Aude.
„	Lérins, - - -	Savoy.
„	Pont Colbert, - - -	Alpes Maritimes.
		Seine-et-Oise.

France.

Strict observance	N. D. de La Grande Trappe,	-	Orne.
"	Melleray,	- -	Loire Inférieure.
"	Port du Salut,	- -	Mayenne.
"	Bellefontaine,	- -	Maine et Loire.
"	Aiguebelle,	- -	Drôme.
"	Septfons,	- -	Allier.
"	Mont des Olives,	-	Alsace.
"	Font Fontgombault,	-	Indre.
"	des Dombes,	-	Ain.
"	de Bonnetcombe,	-	Aveyron.
"	Ste Marie du Mont,	-	Nord.
"	Staouéli,	- -	Algiers.

England.

„ Mount St. Bernard's, Nottinghamshire

Ireland.

„ Mount St Joseph, - Tipperary.
„ Mount Melleray - Waterford.

Belgium.

„	la Trappe du Sacré Cœur,	Wetsmalle.
„	Saint Sixte, - -	Westvleteren.
„	St. Benoît, - -	Achel, Liège.
„	Scourmont, - -	à Forges.

Italy.

„ Catacombs, - - Rome.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL MONASTERIES (MONKS).

<i>United States of America.</i>		<i>China.</i>	
N. D. de Gethsemani, Kentucky.		N. D. Consolation,	Pé-tchi-ly.
„ New Melleray, Iowa.			
<i>Canada.</i>		<i>Spain.</i>	
N. D. Petit Clairvaux,	Nova Scotia.	N. D. Val San José, Perales del Rio,	Madrid.
„ du Lac, - -	Montreal.	„ San Isidro, Dueñas,	Palencia.
„ St. Norbert, -	Manitoba.		
„ Mistassini, -	Quebec.		
<i>South Africa.</i>		<i>Austria.</i>	
N. D. { Marianhill, Natal.		N. D. La Déliverance,	Styria.
59 choir religious;		„ Mariastern,	Bosnia.
170 lay brothers.			
<i>Australia.</i>		<i>Holland.</i>	
N. D. Sacred Heart, Beagle Bay,	West Australia.	N. D. Koeningshoeven,	Tilberg.
		<i>Palestine.</i>	
		N. D. Seven Dolours,	Jaffa.

In the old days the White monks, Bernardines or Cistercians, were a very powerful Order in Scotland. As previously remarked, they were a reformed Order of Benedictines, and at the start at any rate rather posed as ascetic in life and taste—rich decoration, in church, even being forbidden, as well as church towers, only a simple low lantern with a saddle-back or pyramidal roof, such as can be seen in Crichton and Corstorphine Churches, and Borthwick Castle and St. Margaret's Chapel on the Edinburgh Castle rock, being allowed. Melrose and Newbattle had never more than a saddle-back tower as the main feature of the Abbey. In course of time the early discipline was relaxed, and as at Melrose, rich and ornate architecture came into vogue. What happened to the Cistercians happened later with the Friars, who began with simplicity of life and style and architecture, and ended with luxuriance in all.

The Cistercian rules and methods in the middle ages aimed at simplicity and austerity. The motto of the Order—an extract from St Bernard—was generally carved up over the entrance gates of the house:—

“It is good for us to be here, where man lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more quickly, treads more cautiously, rests more securely, dies more happily, is absolved more easily, and rewarded more plentifully”—words beautifully versified by Wordsworth.

Dress—Plain white habit of flannel cloth, black scapular

and hood, black leather girdle, and white cowl; white hood worn in choir, chapter and refectory, in processions and ceremonial occasions. Shoes worn, not sandals. Abbey Time-Table—A.M., 3, Rise; 3.10, Matins, Lauds B.V., Meditation, Lauds of the Day, Lauds of the Dead. 5, Private Masses at which lay-brothers assist. 6, Prime, Chapter, Mixtum. 7, Clean Cells, Study, Manual Labour. 9.30, Tierce, Conventual Mass. 10.30, Interval. 11, Spiritual Reading. 11.30, Text, Examination of Conscience. 12, Dinner. P.M., 2, Nones. 3, Vespers, Manual Labour. 6.30, Meditation. 7, Supper, Conventual Reading, Compline, Examination of Conscience. 8.30, To Rest.

The buildings consisted of a church and a cloister attached. The cloister consisted of a square, with open space in the middle, and in the two-storeyed buildings round it—refectory, dormitories, guest-chamber, library, scriptorium, and other apartments. There were also an infirmary for the aged and sick, several penitential cells, and other apartments.

Outside there was the Abbot's house, domestic offices, and farms and granaries—Newton Grange being the farm for Newbattle Abbey for generations.

The site of a Cistercian Abbey was uniformly chosen in a sequestered and lonely place, near water—witness Melrose by the Tweed, and Newbattle beside the Esk. The church and buildings in early times were always rigorously simple, white-wash being freely used, while the stained glass of the church, as the fragments of it remaining at Newbattle testify, was of the plainest type. The Abbey church was always dedicated to St Mary the Virgin, and the sacerdotal vestments were of the plainest type, while peals of bells were unknown.

In Ellis' "Specimens" there is a description of a Cistercian house:—

"There is a well fair Abbey
Of white monks and of grey;
There be bowers and halls,
 shingles all,
Of church, cloister, bowers, and hall.
There is a cloister fair and light,
Broad and long, of seemly sight;
The pillars of that cloister all
Be yturned of cristall,
With harlas (plinth) and capital,
Of green jasper and red coral.
In the prae [the garthe] is a tree
Sui the [very] likely for to see."

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

The Cistercian rules of the present day have been cited; the rules for the houses of the White monks in Scotland for several hundred years before the Reformation may now be quoted:—"All enter the dormitory after the *Salve Regina* [the hymn, "Hail Queen of Heaven"] and none leave it until the vigil of the morrow is rung. Every brother shall sleep in his own bed in a cloth habit. The sacristan shall lock the doors, and the Abbot shall receive the keys in order that he may visit each cell separately. There shall be a strong dungeon for offenders, and a cell appointed for the scourge, and in addition bread and water fare. [These arrangements can be seen at Pluscardine and Kynloss.] Guests are allowed to converse only with the Abbot or Prior. Novices are received at the age of fourteen, and serve a year on probation. On certain days flesh-meat is allowed in the grace-hall. No brother is allowed to leave the monastery, except in case of absolute necessity or business, and then only for a prescribed time and destination."

How beautiful they stand,
Those grey old altars of our native land!
Amid the pasture-fields and dark greenwoods,
Amid the mountain's shady solitudes,
By rivers broad that rush into the sea.
By little brooks that, with a lapping sound
Like playful children run by copse and lea:
Each in its little plot of holy ground;
How beautiful they stand,
Those old grey churches of our native land!
Our lives are all turmoil:
Our souls are in a weary strife and toil,
Grasping and straining,—tasking nerve and brain
Both day and night for gain!
We have grown worldly,—have made gold our god,
Have turned our hearts away from holy things:
We seek not now the wild flower on the sod;
We seek not snowy-folded angel's wings
Amid the summer skies,
For visions come not to polluted eyes!
Yet, blessed quiet fanes,
Still piety, still poetry remains,
And shall remain, whilst ever on the air
One chapel-bell calls high and low to prayer,—
Whilst ever green and sunny churchyards keep
The dust of our beloved, and tears are shed
From founts which in the human heart lie deep;
Something in these aspiring days we need,
To keep our spirits lowly,
To set within our hearts sweet thoughts and holy;
And 'tis for this they stand,
These old grey churches of our native land!

THE CISTERCIAN ORDER.

And even in the gold-corrupted mart
In the great City's heart
They stand : and chantry dim and organ sound,
And stated services of prayer and praise,—
Like to the righteous ten which were not found
For the polluted city,—shall upraise
Meek faith and love sincere,—
Better in time of need than shield and spear !

II.

THE CISTERCIANS IN SCOTLAND.

THE real centre of missionary influence in Scotland in the twelfth century was Old Melrose—the home of St. Bosil [Boswell], St. Aidan, St. Cuthbert, and others. Old Melrose or Eld Bottle—the old residence of the Christian missionaries—is still traceable in mounds, carved stones, and traditions, and some account of the influence of the place seems to be called for.

Two English cathedrals owe their existence to Scotland. St. Asaph's, in Wales, was founded by the missionary of that name under the direction of St. Mungo or Kentigern, and strangely enough that cathedral stands in a Vale of Clwyd, as the magnificent Cathedral of Glasgow also does. The proper title of Durham Cathedral is "St. Cuthbert's." It owes its origin to that great missionary who began his religious life in Old Melrose Abbey, and evangelised a great part of eastern Scotland, founding, amongst many other churches, that of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, the site of which is to-day occupied by a stately edifice worthy of the great traditions of the past, and no longer deserving, as its predecessor was, of Sir Walter Scott's famous sarcasm that "St. John's Episcopal Chapel was a pretty toy, and St. Cuthbert's its German packing box." With a singular appropriateness the new parish church of St. Aidan's close by, and within the ancient parochial boundaries, has been named after St. Cuthbert's great teacher, whose holy life instigated the youthful Melrose postulant to enter heartily into the service of the Church of God; so that as St. Cuthbert's spiritual father was St. Aidan, in later days "St. Aidan's" becomes the spiritual daughter of "St. Cuthbert's."

The story of St. Cuthbert carries us back to St. Aidan, the first missionary who began with any success the cause of Christ in northern England, and who made Holy Island or Lindisfarne the centre of his operations. He was not exactly the first missionary to Northumbria, for the missionaries

of Iona had sent one of their number, named Corman, to preach Christ in north England, in answer to the earnest petition of Oswald, king of Bernicia—a kingdom which then included the south-east of Scotland and the north-east of England. This missionary, however, owing to his austerity and uncompromising nature, met with little or no success, and returned to Iona discouraged and defeated. The fathers of Iona held a council as to who should be sent to fill his place. At that assembly in the Holy Island of the west coast, which was even then almost the brightest spot of Christian influence in western Europe, and from whose shores eventually missionaries were sent to all Scotland, north England, France, Germany (Columbanus), Switzerland (St. Gall), Iceland, and Greenland—at that assembly a missionary named Aidan rose up and said, “It seems to me, brother, that you were more harsh with your unlearned hearers than was reasonable, and did not first, as the Apostle has taught us, offer them the milk of less solid doctrine, until, gradually nourished by the Word of God, they would have been able to accept a more advanced teaching and stricter rule of life.”

The result of this Council of Iona was that Aidan was despatched to Northumbria, and was ordained chief missionary of these parts, and under his rule Christianity made rapid strides. King Oswald fixed the missionaries' house in the island of Lindisfarne, or “Holy Island,” off the coast of Northumberland—a bit of rock $2\frac{3}{4}$ miles long and $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles broad—an island which for ages was the chief centre of Christian influence for all that coast and north England generally, as well as southern Scotland. The king's chief residence was at Bamborough Castle, at Bamborough Head; and, doubtless, King Oswald, in fixing the missionaries' home in Holy Island, had in view not only his own benefit, in being near Christian and civilising influences, but also the benefit the missionaries would derive from his protection and direct influence. Christianity rapidly spread under Aidan's wise and loving rule, and his administration was vigorous and effective. He took twelve boys of Northumbria to teach in the way of Christ; and when one of these, named Eata, had come to manhood, Aidan sent him to found the monastery of Old Melrose, on the banks of the river Tweed, near the Eildon Hills. This Eata became its first abbot; and it was

he who received St. Cuthbert into Christ's Church, and set him on the missionary's path. It may be added that another of these twelve lads was St. Chad, who afterwards became Bishop of Lichfield.

Having mentioned these details as to the connection between Iona and general missionary work in Scotland, and specially in southern Scotland and northern England, I may briefly sketch the life of St. Cuthbert, the spiritual child both of Aidan and Eata.

A fourteenth century manuscript preserved in York Cathedral Library gives a strangely fictitious story as to the birth and parentage of St. Cuthbert—that his mother was an Irish king's daughter, &c. This is a legend very frequently invented regarding the early missionaries and saints. The great authority on St. Cuthbert's life is the Venerable Bede, in his "Ecclesiastical History," written at Jarrow. But, besides the historical narration in his great work, Bede wrote a brief life of the saint in beautiful English, and likewise penned a metrical biography of the man who in things sacred exercised the greatest influence over northern England of any who ever lived. Bede says nothing regarding St. Cuthbert's birth and parents; but probably he was a native of Scotland, and, at any rate, was brought up in the Tweed valley at Melrose. Bede refers to a good woman whom St. Cuthbert called "mother." He must have been born about 637 A.D.

Tradition says that, when playing one day with his school-fellows, a fair young child came to him, and said, "Good brother, leave these vain plays; set not thine heart upon them; mind thy book. Has not God chosen thee to be great in His Church?" Cuthbert heeded not. Then the child wept; and when Cuthbert tried to comfort him, he said, "Nay, my brother, it is for thee I weep, that preferrest thy vain sports to the teaching of the servants of God." The child vanished, and Cuthbert knew that it was an angel. This incident turned his life into a new channel. He became a great preacher and missionary, "modest in the virtue of patience and affable to all who came to him for comfort." The incident of St. Cuthbert and the angel is recorded in the first lesson on St. Cuthbert's Day (March 20th) in the "Aberdeen Breviary." As a boy, Cuthbert seems to have been fond of sport and games, quick and active, anxious to be

first in everything. He served as a shepherd in the Tweed valley round about Old Melrose, where the abbey had sprung up under St Aidan and Eata. One biographer declares that for a brief period he was a soldier, and the monkish chronicler describes him "living in camp, with the enemy in front, and subsisting on scanty rations, yet thriving and flourishing like Daniel and the three holy children on their poor fare."

Cuthbert had suffered from a swelling in the knee, which, having been cured, he betook himself to the life of a religious. It is related that in answer to his prayers some ships in imminent danger at the mouth of the Tyne (the small river which enters the sea near Aberlady, in East Lothian) were saved from wreck. Later on he was watching his flocks as a shepherd on the banks of the Leader (a tributary of the Tweed), and by night he had his famous vision of the soul of St. Aidan being carried up into heaven in a blaze of celestial glory. Bede declares that this memorable vision of his master passing Elijah-like into paradise, made him resolve to follow him and enter a monastery. From that day he entered Old Melrose monastery, not the beautiful Melrose Abbey of a later day founded by David I., but a much humbler religious house, almost enclosed by the windings of the Tweed, near St. Boswells.

A few words regarding Old Melrose Abbey may be interesting. This monastery was begun by St. Aidan, to whom we have already referred, and was the most important religious house planted by that great missionary in the south of Scotland. St. Aidan, then Bishop of Lindisfarne, on the north-east coast of England — "the Iona of the east coast" — planted Old Melrose Monastery about 645 A.D.

The name "Mailros," the old and more accurate spelling of Melrose, signifies the "bare headland." It was colonised from Lindisfarne, St. Aidan's own monastery, which it must be remembered had nothing to do with Rome or Roman Catholicism, but was one of the parent seats of the Celtic Church. This Old Melrose Abbey became brilliantly famous in later days. It became in time the mother of Ripon, as we shall see later. The first Bishop of Ratisbon, St. Gailbald; the apostle of the Germans, St. Boniface; and the Abbot of the Benedictines of Pavia, John of Mailros, all studied within its walls. In 839 Kenneth II. burned the monastery

down. When on its way to Durham Cathedral, the body of St. Cuthbert rested here. Old Melrose remained for many years in ruins, till in 1073 some monks from Winchcombe, who had settled for a time at Monk Wearmouth, rebuilt it. Subsequently the Abbey became dependent on Coldingham Priory on the east coast, and thus it remained until 1136. In that year David I. granted it to his new Abbey of Melrose further up the river—the great Cistercian Abbey, made famous by Sir Walter Scott—and gave in exchange for it St. Laurence's, Berwick. In the reign of Robert I. it was again burned down by the English. It was afterwards rebuilt, and even in the fifteenth century was famous as a place of pilgrimage. This Old Melrose Abbey has altogether disappeared, save for the fact that in the modern village of Old Melrose the ancient Abbey stones can still be traced, with their antique carvings and moulded capitals. The site of the building is still called "The Chapel Knoll." A particular road led from the north exit out to the "sanctuary" or "girth," within which criminals were safe. A wall stretched across the narrowest portion of the river-peninsula on which the Abbey stood, and can still be traced. In later days Old Melrose was dedicated to "St. Cuthbert," and the little town of St. Boswells hard by, takes its name from the St. Boisil, under whom St. Cuthbert studied, and who was connected with the house when the great saint of the east coast first took upon him religious vows. The only abbots whose names have come down to us in connection with this most interesting old Abbey are Eata, a disciple of St. Aidan, Abbot of Lindisfarne at a later date, and consecrated to Hexham in 685; St. Odunald, who, it is related, had on his deathbed the vision of an angel comforting him; St. Ethelwald, a disciple of St. Cuthbert, who, in 724, was consecrated Bishop of Lindisfarne; St. Theynan, who was counsellor to King Eugenius VI., and died on September 26th; William Douglas, who was confessor to King Malcolm III., and who built the cloister. The glories of Old Melrose soon disappeared after the rise of the magnificent Abbey of New Melrose, which, under David I., as a Roman monastery, took the place of the ancient Celtic house, which did not own the Roman doctrine or supremacy. We must regard Old Melrose, therefore, as the parent seat of primitive Christianity in this part of Scotland.

It was in the year 651 A.D. that young Cuthbert, after all his experiences as shepherd and soldier, entered Old Melrose Abbey. Eata was abbot of the house, and Boisil was provost. Cuthbert rode to the monastery spear in hand—perhaps natural in an age of turmoil and ferocity, and perhaps from old custom, having to protect his flocks by night from ravaging plunderers. When he arrived, Boisil was standing at the monastery door, and received him with much kindness. A few days after, Eata, the abbot, who had been away, received Cuthbert as one of the brotherhood, and from that day Cuthbert was numbered as one of the family of Old Melrose.

It must be distinctly remembered that at this time the Church of Scotland had nothing whatever to do with the Roman Catholic Church. The Church of Rome entered Scotland with Queen Margaret (who became the wife of Malcolm Canmore, circa 1070), and their son, David I., 1124-1153. Before that time the Church was primitive and pure—truly national and independent of all external rule or authority. The authority of the Pope was not acknowledged—indeed, never thought of—and it was not till after a severe and prolonged struggle that the ancient Culdee or Columban Church of Scotland was conquered, overshadowed, and absorbed by the Church of Rome. Old Melrose represents the primitive, independent, national Church of Scotland; New Melrose (the existing ruins of which are still beautiful in decay) represents the triumphant Church of Rome.

But to return to St Cuthbert. After his admission to Old Melrose he became an earnest missionary. "In reading and praying, working and watching," he excelled all his brethren. He abstained from everything which would unfit him for his laborious work, and even yet his strength and vigour are proverbial.

Years passed away, and Eata, the Abbot of Old Melrose, took Cuthbert with him to England, and together they founded the monastery of Ripon, over which Cuthbert was appointed provost. A story is related of him at this time, that one morning very early a traveller arrived at Ripon Monastery cold, wearied, and hungry. Cuthbert washed his feet, and begged the strange visitant to remain till nine in the morning, when the brethren had their first meal. The stranger waited. When the bells sounded out their summons, Cuthbert left his

guest, to fetch bread for the refection: on his return the guest was gone, and three loaves lay on the table. Then Cuthbert knew that the visitor had been an angel. Such is the tradition of Ripon Abbey.

A controversy was then raging in Western Christendom as to the right date of Easter, and the Celtic Church generally took a different method of calculating it from the Roman Church. The controversy reached Ripon, and divided the house. Cuthbert and some other brethren decided to return to their Scottish home, rather than accept what they believed to be an error. In course of time the Roman style of calculating Easter came to prevail over all Western Christendom, and it does so still—the Greek or Eastern Church keeping the festival of Christ's Resurrection on a different day, arrived at through different methods of calculating. And yet Cuthbert was no follower of divisive courses, for he said once, "Have no communion with those who err from catholic unity. I would rather that you took my bones from the tomb to reside wherever God may direct you, than that you should consent in any way to the wickedness of schismatics." Another point of dispute between the Columban and the Roman Church was as to tonsure—the correct way of cutting ecclesiastical hair. In that age churches seemed to spend their superfluous energies on hair-cutting, to-day they spend them in hair-splitting.

Returning to Melrose, he found the country devastated with plague. Boisil, who had first received him in Christ's name for Christ's work, sickened and died of it,—Cuthbert cheering his closing hours with the Gospel of St. John, reading probably from a copy of the very translation which the Venerable Bede had made at Jarrow, and which was almost certainly the first English translation of any part of the Bible. Bede only translated St. John's Gospel; and his own closing hours and last moments were spent in dictating the precious words which in time were to change both England and Scotland into bright provinces of the Redeemer's kingdom. Cuthbert likewise sickened; but with characteristic energy he rose from his simple bed, from which he had heard the distant murmur of the brethren's voices lifted up in prayer for his sake, and said, "Why do I lie here? We cannot think that God will despise the prayers of so many good men. Give me my staff and sandals."

Having recovered from his serious illness, Cuthbert was, by the unanimous voice of the brethren, elected successor to St. Boisil, one of his own spiritual parents. Having assumed office, Cuthbert assiduously preached all through the Tweed valley, making long journeys to sequestered places, and gradually bringing in the heathen peoples of the east and south-east of Scotland to the obedience of Christ. "He now," says a biographer, "gave full scope to that love of souls which his long retreat had fostered, emerging from it, like his Divine Master from the desert, to spend and be spent in their behalf. As he went about doing good, and proclaiming with many a miracle the power of the Gospel, his sunny cheerfulness and loving sympathy attracted all men, while the peacefulness of his soul and his hatred of all schism won them to find their rest in God and His Holy Church."

Some account must be given here of the visit of St Cuthbert to the ancient Priory of Coldingham. Its magnificent remains (now the parish church) still stand above the sea cliffs, a few miles below Dunbar, near St. Abb's Head, which takes its name from Ebba, the Saxon princess who founded it. She was the daughter of Ethelfrid the Ravager, and great granddaughter of Ida, "the Man of Fire," who founded the kingdom of Bernicia. It is first mentioned in history in 642 A.D., and is one of the most interesting of the early Christian churches in Scotland.

The earliest notice we have of Ebba's monastery from the Venerable Bede is in his "Life of St. Cuthbert." When Cuthbert was Provost of Mailros, the fame of his holiness had reached Ebba, "who ruled a monastery situated in the place which is called the *City of Colud*, and was esteemed by all alike for her piety and her nobility. She was the uterine sister of King Oswy. She sent to Cuthbert praying him to visit her and her community, that they might profit by his exhortations. He could not refuse to grant the request of the handmaid of God, so he came to the place, and remained some days, setting forth the way of righteousness alike by his deeds and his words. It was his wont, when all were at rest, to go out alone to prayer during the night, and when he had thus passed the watches of the night, to return home when the community met for morning prayer. One night a brother of the monastery saw him going quietly out, and

curiosity tempted him to follow. Cuthbert went down to the sea, on the margin of which the monastery stood, waded into deep water till the waves covered his arms and reached his neck, and passed the dark hours of the night singing psalms to the accompaniment of the melody of the waves. When dawn approached, he came to land, and bent his knees in prayer on the shore. As he was thus employed, two sea-otters came out of the water, lay down before him, and began to warm his feet with their breath, and to wipe them with their hair. Having rendered him this service, and received his blessing, they returned to their native element. He then went home, and joined the brethren in the morning lauds. The brother who had been watching him was so struck with terror that he could hardly find his way home. The first thing he did was to prostrate himself before Cuthbert, and with tears to entreat pardon, having no doubt that the holy man knew all. Cuthbert replied, 'What aileth thee, my brother? What hast thou done? Hast thou been tracing my footsteps in my night journey? On this sole condition I pardon thee, that, as long as I live, thou never tell any one what thou hast seen.' The brother promised, and kept his word; for never, while Cuthbert lived, did he speak of the matter to any one." Such is Bede's story.

After Coldingham Priory had been ruined by the Danes, like almost every other coast church in Scotland, the place lay deserted for two centuries, save only for the screams of the sea-fowl, the same to which Ebba and her sisters had listened; and the roll of the North Sea, the old accompaniment to St. Cuthbert's nocturnal psalm. After some two centuries it was rebuilt as a Benedictine monastery further inland, and dedicated to St. Cuthbert. Founded and endowed in 1100 by Edgar, King of Scots, he gave it, as the charter says, "To God and to St. Cuthbert, to the church of Durham, and the monks serving God, and to them who should hereafter serve Him in that church, for ever, and for the souls of his father and mother, and for the health of his own soul and body, of his brothers and sisters, and for all his ancestors, and successors."

Another incident is related of St. Cuthbert's missionary work and labours in Scotland. When journeying, probably near the river Teviot, accompanied by a boy, without any

provisions, Cuthbert asked the lad, "Are you thinking who has prepared your dinner for you to-day?" The boy answered in the affirmative. "Be assured, my son," said St. Cuthbert, "that the Lord will provide food for those who trust in Him, for He has said, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.' And again in the Prophet, 'I have been young and am now old, yet saw I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread'; 'For the labourer is worthy of his hire.' " He had just spoken when an eagle came in view bearing a large fish caught from the river. The lad ran forward and brought the fish to St. Cuthbert, who chided him, saying, "Why did you not give part to our hungry fisherman?" Then the lad gave the eagle part of the fish, and the rest they took themselves, giving thanks to God for His loving-kindness and tender mercies.

We now reach a new period of St. Cuthbert's life. Having spent many years at Old Melrose, and ruled it as provost with great ability, preaching the Gospel in all parts of the east and south of Scotland, and planting churches everywhere, many of which are still dedicated to his memory, as in the case of the venerable and sacred establishment beneath the shadows of the Castle rock, St. Eata, Prior of Old Melrose, thought it right that St. Cuthbert should be transferred from the south of Scotland to the north of England—from Old Melrose to Lindisfarne. St. Cuthbert's influence can still be traced in Scotland in many ways. Scores of churches in the east and south of Scotland were dedicated to him; in almost every Scottish cathedral an altar stood to St. Cuthbert. The name of a great county is called after him—"Kirkcudbright," or the "Kirk of Cuthbert," and the Tweed valley and east coast of Scotland are still redolent of his memory. An honourable perpetuation of the name and worth of the great missionary is the stately church recently restored in Edinburgh, on the site of one which, as Skene believed, and there is no reason to doubt, was planted by St. Cuthbert's own hands.

In Scotland the early Christian, Celtic, or Culdee Church was vigorous, powerful, and catholic; and it was not till a corrupt age (the eleventh century) that the Church of Rome stepped in and ousted the ancient branch of Christ's Church in Scotland. It may be interesting to mention the chief seats

of this primitive Church in Scotland :—Whithorne (“*Candida casa*”) in Galloway—also Kirkmadrine near it; Hoddam, Jeddart, Old Melrose, Lindisfarne, Coldingham, Tynninghame, Abercorn, Edenburg (“*St. Cuthbert’s*”), Cathures (Glasgow’s ancient name), Dumbarton, Kilpatrick (near Glasgow), Bute, Jura, Himba, Oronsay, Iona, Mull, Tiree, Eigg, Lismore, Skye, Applecross, Dornoch, Rosmarky, Deer, Inverness, Monymusk, Aberdeen, Abernethy, Laurencekirk, Fordun, Brechin (where a Celtic round tower stands), Monifieth, Methill, Strathfillan, Dunblane, Kilrymont (St. Andrews), Lochleven, Isle of May, Inchcolm, Inchkeith, Dunfermline, Culross. These were the chief of the early seats of Christianity in Scotland ages before the Church of Rome was known in the land—and this Christianity was fostered and spread by St. Columba and the Culdees and the other leaders of the Celtic Church—“*Meek Eata, prophetic Boisil, austere Cuthbert*”—by St. Mungo in Clydesdale, and, in an earlier age, by St. Ninian in the extreme south-west of Scotland.

To resume St. Cuthbert’s story. On being transferred to England, he was appointed Provost of Lindisfarne, “the Holy Island of the east coast,” whose beacon fires answer the holy isle of the west coast in the proclamation of the Cross. St. Aidan had been seventeen years Bishop of Lindisfarne—the chief seat and centre of Christianity for the Angles of Bernicia (a kingdom extending from the south-east of Scotland down to the middle of Yorkshire, on the coast, and half-way inland). His successor, Finan, built in Holy Island “a church worthy of the see,” but it was only composed of split oak shafts covered with reeds, a very primitive affair. This was probably the church to which St. Cuthbert fell heir in Lindisfarne, and of which in time he became bishop.

The island, according to tradition, was infested by evil spirits before he came, but “his presence dispelled them.” He dug a well in the island, and supported himself by his own hands, preaching to the heathen inhabitants—“modest in the virtue of patience and affable to all who came to him for comfort.” For long St. Cuthbert was Bishop of Lindisfarne, and from this lonely “Holy Isle,” near Longstone island, famous in later days for its Grace Darling, he evangelised the north of England with such singular success that his name is found associated still with scores of the parish churches of North-

umberland, Cumberland, York, and Durham, and northwards as far as Edinburgh, where, at the foot of the Castle Rock, he planted the earliest church in Dunedin. As the one saved with her lifeboat many shipwrecked mariners on that storm-scourged coast, so the other by the Ark of Christ's Church rescued multitudes in the northern kingdom from the darkness and peril of heathendom. That little island, seen for a moment from the windows of the "Flying Scotsman," or from the deck of a passing steamer, or by the devoted pilgrim from the sandy beaches of the mainland, stretching out at low-tide so far that, as a few years ago, a band of three thousand pilgrims could wend their way through the salt pools and rippled sandbanks almost dry-shod to the ruined church, which still rises like a sentinel from the lonely group of rocks—that little island must always possess for the reverent mind a singular charm, second only to that of Holy Iona on the west coast of Scotland.

This Scottish pioneer of Christianity passed quietly away to the bosom of Christ in the year A.D. 687, and his body was laid to rest in the church which afterwards became Durham Cathedral, where also rests the Venerable Bede, one of the earliest translators of the Gospels into English, who died literally with the pen in his hand.

A most romantic story attaches to the remains of St. Cuthbert. During the incursions of the Danes they were stolen, and after many vicissitudes and changes were at last restored to their old resting place, where they lie at this moment, behind the altar, as the Venerable Bede's dust sleeps in the Galilee Chapel, at the west end of the Cathedral. A special charm was supposed to belong to the communion cloth which St. Cuthbert used, and for centuries it was brought forth on great and momentous occasions, and used as a banner in battle. When his coffin was opened in 1827 to satisfy curiosity, a small Greek cross was lying on his breast, proving that ecclesiasticism was a less thing to him than Christendom, that his sympathies were abroad, and that he held communion, as we learn from other sources, with the Eastern Church, and was not a bigoted partisan of the Western.

It is pleasant to think that Durham Cathedral, so long associated with a distinct, and yet a liberal, Christianity, and which mourns still the loss of its Bishop Lightfoot, who

combined both the missionary zeal of Cuthbert and the critical scholarship of Bede, should owe its existence and be dedicated to the Scottish missionary—"The Cathedral Church of St. Cuthbert, Durham." It is also pleasing to think that, not only during the Middle Ages, when the North of England and Scotland were under one episcopal rule, till the latter became a separate Church with a separate organisation, but down to later times, even to our own day, there should be a friendly and charitable relationship between two parts of the island which owe their conversion to the same burning spirits. The appointment of another Scotsman to be Archbishop of York, and of Dr Davidson to be Primate of all England—both brothers of elders in the Church of Scotland—will not lessen the kindly feeling between the two countries and Churches.

In a little volume of sacred poems on the early Scottish missionaries, published some years ago, the writer has this hymn opposite St. Cuthbert's name, written amid the pillared calm and dim religious light of Durham Cathedral:—

"What shrine can be more glorious
Than that where Cuthbert rests in peace?
Beneath the altar's holy shade
He waiteth for his full release,
Until through vault and aisle shall ring
The final summons of the King.

"Grand place of rest for him who spent
His days the soul of man to save,—
On rugged moor, on lonely isle
Where wild birds soar above the wave,
Strange Patmos, where, far o'er the sea,
Float echoes from eternity.

"What worship should be ours, what prayers,
What praises and what triumph high,
Where towards the east sleeps Cuthbert blest,
Where at the west St. Bede doth lie;
O sure a guard of angels bright
Must keep the shrines of saints in light.

"But chiefest, Lord, we praise Thy name,
Who show'dst Thy saint the glorious road,
And planted him within Thy fold—
'None other than the House of God.'
And thus most blest, to him was given,
To find it too 'the gate of heaven.'

"And now what recks he of the storms
That broke upon the lonely isle?
What recks he of temptation fierce,
Of trials sore and fears meanwhile?
Now round him spread the waters still,
The pastures 'neath the Holy Hill.

" Full soon shall shine the glassy sea
Upon those saintly eyes that sleep;
Full soon the victor's harp-notes clear
Across its crystal depths shall sweep;
Full soon : now peacefully they wait
Their summons through the golden gate!"

The grandest monument to St. Cuthbert in Great Britain is this stately, glorious Cathedral of St. Cuthbert's, Durham, occupying the summit of a peninsula, overlooking the River Wear on the east and on the west, with rapid declivities reaching down to the river, and covered over with hanging woods and gardens; its great central tower, 212 feet high, and the two western towers, 143 each; its length 420 feet, and its glory such that only York and Westminster excel it. The seeds of this magnificent structure were laid there by the great Scottish saint who evangelised both northern England and southern Scotland—and there is a delightful appropriateness in the fact that his ashes rest under these stately cathedral towers, arches, and pinnacles, along with the ashes of the Venerable Bede, with the words of whose translated Gospel of St. John, Cuthbert had in his early career comforted the dying spirit of St. Boisil, his master, at Old Melrose. There is also a delightful appropriateness in the fact that probably the finest panegyric on St. Cuthbert was written by one of his successors—the lamented Bishop Lightfoot of Durham, whom the Christian world still mourns. "What was it," said the scholarly Bishop of Durham of our day, "that won for Cuthbert the ascendancy and fame which no churchman north of the Humber has surpassed or even rivalled? He was not a great writer like Bede; he was not a great preacher like Aidan; he founded no famous institution; he erected no magnificent building; he was not martyred for his faith or for his Church. His Episcopate was exceptionally short (two years) and undistinguished by any event of signal importance. Wherein, then, this transcendent position which he long occupied, and still to a certain measure maintains? He owed something, doubtless, to what men call accident. He was on the winning side in the controversy between the Roman and English observances of Easter. Moreover the strange vicissitudes which attended his dead body served to emphasise the man in a remarkable way. But these are only the buttresses of a great reputation. The foundation of the reverence entertained for Cuthbert must be sought elsewhere. Shall we not say that the secret of his

influence was this :—The ‘ I ’ and ‘ Not I ’ of St. Paul’s great antithesis were strangely marked in him? There was an earnest, deeply sympathetic nature in the man himself ; and this strong personality was purified, was heightened, was sanctified by the communion with, the indwelling of, Christ. His deeply sympathetic spirit breathes through all the notices of him. It was this which attracted men to him ; it was this which unlocked men’s hearts to him. We are told that he had a wonderful power of adapting his instructions to the special needs of the persons addressed. He always knew what to say, to whom, when and how to say it. This faculty of reading men’s hearts, sympathy alone can give ; and Cuthbert’s overflowed, even to dumb animals. The seafowl which bear his name (the eider-duck, called, ‘ St. Cuthbert’s duck,’ which breeds on the Farne Islands) were his special favourites. [When the saint’s tomb was opened in 1827, figures of these birds were found worked in cloth of gold on the episcopal vestments which wrapped his body.] Other tales, too, are told—perhaps not altogether legendary—which testify to his sympathy with, and power over, the lower creation. We are reminded by these traits of other saintly persons of deeply sympathetic nature—of Hugh of Lincoln followed by his tame swan ; of Anselm protecting the leveret ; of Francis of Assissi conversing familiarly with the fowls of the air and the beasts of the field, as with brothers and sisters. But if the ‘ I ’ was thus strong and deep, the ‘ Not I ’ was not less marked. ‘ Not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ His fervour at the celebration of the Holy Sacrament manifested itself even to tears. ‘ He imitated,’ says Bede, ‘ the Lord’s Passion, which he commemorated, by offering himself a sacrifice to God in contrition of heart.’ He died with Christ that he might live with Christ.”

This Old Melrose seems to have been the original home of Christian influence in the south of Scotland. The present village of Old Melrose is full of carved stones and ecclesiastical relics of this once world-famous seat of Christianity. This Old Melrose became a Cistercian foundation under David I., that “ sair sanct for a croon,” who raised churches and abbeys everywhere. Wyntoun, the famous Scottish chronicler who says that “ Scotland always loved a way of her own,” says of King David :—

"He illumynyd in his dayis
His landys wyth kyrkys and wyth abbayis.
Abbays he founddit nyne or ten,
And set in thame relygyws men."

In Old Melrose the chief names of Abbots were St. Eata, a disciple of St. Aidan, Abbot of Lindisfarne, consecrated to Hexham in 685; St. Odunald, who had a vision of an angel comforting him on his death-bed; St. Ethelwald, a disciple of St. Cuthbert (696), who in 724 was consecrated Bishop of Lindisfarne; St. Theynan, counsellor to King Eugenius VI., who died on September 26th, but the year is not stated; and somewhere after 1000 A.D., William Douglas, confessor to Malcolm III., who built the Abbey cloister.

The great and beautiful New Melrose Abbey, founded by David I., some three miles further up the Tweed, for the vigorous and popular Cistercian Order, on April 1st, 1136, has become famous as the mother-house of Balmerino, Cupar, Kinloss, Mauchline, Newbottle, and other Cistercian seats, but the wizard wand of Sir Walter Scott has invested it with a charm and attraction of which, compared with the beautiful and wonderful Cistercian houses of Kirkstall, Fountains, Rievaulx, and others, it is quite unworthy. There can be little doubt that Melrose is the parent seat of the Cistercian houses of Scotland, and that New Melrose Abbey, founded in 1136, having become too full, the fathers overflowed, and, headed by one Ralph, a person of beautiful presence, travelled up the Gala Water and through the Borthwick valley, and at last settled down in the Newbottle valley—on the Esk shore, so reminiscent of the original home on Tweedside, with the silvery river and soft rolling hills and genial climate. Melrose and Newbattle in all these respects are practically identical. It has been said that the Newbattle Cistercians came not from Old Melrose (the Eldbottle some three miles down the Tweed from Melrose Abbey), but from Eldbottle on the east coast near Dirleton. The Cistercians had a house at Gullane, the beautiful remains of which are still standing ivy-clad as you enter beautiful Dirleton village, and this bore the name of Elbotil or Eldbotel (the old dwelling), and was dedicated to Ss. Mary and Nicholas. It was a cell from North Berwick, and was founded by David I., who also founded the abbey here. Two things seem to militate against the view that the Cistercian fathers of Newbottle came from this Eldbottle, namely, first,

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that the two houses were founded by the same sovereign, David I., about the same time, so that the one was about as old as the other; and secondly, the Eldbottle at Gullane was not a house for men at all, but for the white-robed Cistercian nuns, who had houses also at Coldstream, Haddington (St. Mary's in Nungate), Eccles, Muiravonside, and elsewhere in Scotland. The Cistercian settlement at Old Melrose was of a much earlier date, and was intimately associated with the early Christian missionaries like St. Cuthbert, St. Aidan, and St. Boisil (whose name appears in the modern "St. Boswell's"). This old Christian settlement, the home of St. Cuthbert and St. Boisil, St. Odunald, St. Ethelwald, St. Theynan, and the other Christian missionaries of the seventh century, "almost enclosed by the windings of the Tweed," at what is now called Old Melrose, was colonised from Lindisfarne in 854, and was the mother of New Melrose Abbey, founded in 1136, and of Newbattle, founded in 1141. That at any rate is the final verdict of Mr Cosmo Innes in his admirable preface to the Newbattle Chartulary, published by the Bannatyne Club (1848), under the guidance of the learned and accurate Dr David Laing.

The great and beautiful Cistercian foundation at New Melrose, every arch and pillar of which has been lined out in gold by the magic pencil of Sir Walter Scott, was really the mother house of all the Cistercian houses in Scotland, of some of which a cursory notice may be given.

The Abbey of Balmerino in Fife was one of the earliest Cistercian houses to be founded from Melrose, and was dedicated to St. Mary and Edward the Confessor. It stood on the south side of the Firth of Tay, and commanded a beautiful view of the Firth and of the Carse of Gowrie. A few ruins still remain of this once-famous establishment.

Probably somewhere about 1142 a band of Cistercian fathers came up from the rich and beautiful Abbey of Rievaulx in North England, and settled at Dundrennan. Newbattle was an offshoot from Melrose in 1140 or 1141. In 1164 another band of monks from Melrose crossed the Firth of Forth and settled down at Cupar in Fife [Cupar-Angus], where King Malcolm the Maiden gave them his patronage and aid, as he also did at the very same time to Manuel and Soutra. The church stood within a Roman Camp, and some few traces of it are still in evidence.

Dundrennan in Galloway, near the Solway Firth, was founded in 1142 from Rievaulx by David I., who also founded Newbottle. While all the Orders had his royal patronage, the Cistercians were specially favoured by him. The remains of Dundrennan are extensive, and rich from an architectural point of view. The beautiful ruined pile rises up on the bank of a rocky, sparkling burn, surrounded by hills, and over the walls there has gathered a beautiful pale grey moss. It was within these walls that Mary Queen of Scots spent her last night on Scottish soil. No less than two Abbots of Rievaulx became Abbots of Dundrennan, one of them Silvanus (1167), having, it is believed, when a monk at Melrose, composed the earlier part of the famous chronicle bearing his name.

Kynlos, or Kynflos, was founded on 13th May, 1156, from Melrose. This beautiful sanctuary near Elgin was a mitred Abbey, and received its name from the miraculous flowers which blossomed near the place where the body of King Duffus lay hidden. Boece says the house was famous for the splendour of its buildings, which were so massive as almost to suggest fortifications, as well as for the exemplary lives of the inmates. The stones were largely used in 1652 to build the citadel of Inverness. King Edward was at Kynloss in 1361, and kept Christmas there. One of its abbots, Nerins, who previously was Abbot of Melrose, was invoked as a saint by pilgrims and travellers because he restored to life two men who were killed on their pilgrimage to some holy place. A branch house was started at Deir by the fathers in 1219 by Abbot Ralph, who had the vision of the huge "Æthiop passing through a closed window and smelling with delight the breaths of the sleeping abbots who were attending a general council, and through the inadvertence of the cook had eaten broth into which some fragments of meat had been strained." In 1274 the Prior of Newbottle was made Abbot. Thomas Chrystal, Abbot in 1530, was a munificent benefactor of the house, and gave many vestments and ornaments, as well as adding to the conventual library a number of French books, a Bible in six volumes with glosses, Chronicles of Antony, St. Jerome's Epistles, the writings of St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Chrysostom, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, the sentences in the Canon law.

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The Cistercian house of Deir was an offshoot from Kynlos, as Newbattle was of Melrose. It was founded in 1200 by the Earl of Buchan. Deir is more intimately associated with the earlier Culdee Church, for St. Columba called the primitive religious home there "the Monastery of Tears," because of his sorrowful parting with St. Drostan. James VI., after the Reformation, gave the sacred site to the Earl Marischal Keith, but his wife besought her lord to have nothing to do with the sacrilege. The striking legend of the House of Deir tells the tale of how the sacrilege was avenged. The Countess dreamt that she saw a vast crowd of white-robed monks surround the huge crag on which their house, Dunnottar Castle, stood, and cut it up with their monastic knives. In her dream she ran to her husband to stay the destroying mob of white religious, but when she returned from her search she saw to her dismay that the rock over the German Ocean had fallen, carrying the castle with it, and a few fragments tossing on the waves of the sea, which makes the Bullers of Buchan sound. The sacrilege received its reward in 1715, when the noble family fell. One Abbot gave his office up and returned to Melrose, preferring the sweet, green Tweedside sanctuary to "that poor cottage of the monks of Deir." Robert Keith, the Abbot in 1543, died in Paris; while the Prior, who was a distinguished mathematician, and regarded as a magician, died in 1567, and was buried at Roslin.

Glenluce—"the vale of light"—in Galloway, was founded on February 16th, 1192, on the east side of the river of Luce, by Rothland de Galloway, Constable of Scotland, and colonised from Melrose or Dundrennan. Michael Scott, the magician, who cleaved the Eildon Hills into three peaks, lies buried with his magic books among the walls, and tradition says that some one who disinterred his skeleton found it in a sitting posture, and the sight drove him mad.

On St. Matthew's Day, 1217, the Cistercian Abbey of Culross was founded, dedicated to Sts. Mary, Andrew, and Serf, on "the back of the peninsula," commanding a fine view of the Firth. St. Thenaw, mother of St. Mungo, had been driven thither from her father's home underneath the shadow of Traprain Law. King Loth, who gives his name to the Lothians, banished his daughter Thenaw (whose name still appears in St. Enoch's Station in Glasgow), and her son

was born at Culross, which in after centuries had the prescriptive right to forge girdles for Scotland. St. Servanus, or St. Serf, had so strong an influence over Culross that on every first of July, long after the Reformation, the people walked in procession through the town, carrying green boughs, early in the morning, in memory of St. Serf. Culross Abbey, which is now being restored, was colonised by Kynloss, and to-day is an imposing and beautiful ecclesiastical edifice.

The lonely Cistercian Abbey of Sandal, or Saggadil, stands on the eastern shore of Cantire, and very few remains of the establishment exist. Founded by Reginald, son of Somerled, King of the Isles and Lord of Argyle, in 1220, and colonised from Rushen, it was raided in 1263 by Haco of Norway. The church measured 136 by 24 feet, and the transept 78 by 24 feet. The dormitories, study, and cloister garth can still be traced. James IV. in 1507 annexed the abbey to the Bishopric of Argyll.

Sweetheart or New Abbey, seven miles from Dumfries, was founded in 1275 by Devorgilla, daughter of Alan de Galloway, in the valley of the Nith, almost at the foot of Criffell. Melrose contains the heart of Bruce, Rouen Cathedral the heart of Richard Cœur de Lion, Shelley's heart after burning remained whole, and Devorgilla took the embalmed heart of her husband, John de Balliol, and having shrined it in silver and ivory, placed it in an aumbry near the altar. At first the Abbey was founded on Loch Kender—"Sweetheart"—but on removal to the site in the Nith valley the name was changed to New Abbey. The Abbey has a saddle-back tower as usual, and a crow-stepped gable. The cellarge and chapter-house also remain. The arms were two pastoral staffs in saltire: in chief a heart: and the motto—"Choose time of need." Abbot John made submission to Edward I. Sweetheart or New Abbey seems to have been colonised originally from Dundrennan.

There were also several Cistercian priories under the same rule and order. Friar's Carse (meaning "a watered plain") was a cell from Melrose, and was granted by the last commendator to the Laird of Ellisland, a district made famous for ever through the trials and struggles of Robert Burns.

Hassendean or Hassingdean was another cell from Melrose, where was a beautiful Norman church. Mauchline in

Ayrshire, nine miles from Kilmarnock, was also a cell from Melrose, founded by the Stewarts and David I. in 1165. There are no traces left of it, and tradition says that it was dedicated to Sts. Mary and Cuthbert. There was also a peculiar order of "Val de Choux" founded in 1193 at Val de Choux in Burgundy, and brought to Scotland in 1230 by the Bishop of St. Andrews, W. Malvoisin. It was a very strict order, and between worship, work, and self-abnegation, the whole twenty-four hours were amply employed. "Sack-cloth was worn next the flesh, and over it a thick woollen habit; at night a tunic with a girdle, a cowl and boots. No bolsters were allowed. From Matins until the working hours, and from Vespers to sunset, reading, prayer, and meditation were to occupy all the time."

Another Priory was Ardchattan—St. John the Baptist's—on the shore of Loch Etive, near Connell Ferry, and within sight of the mysterious Falls of Lora. A very fair amount of the old establishment remains, and is well preserved. Robert Bruce held a Parliament here, and Gaelic was spoken on the occasion.

Beaulieu or Beaulieu, ten miles from Inverness, was another Cistercian Priory, and extensive remains still exist. It was founded in 1232, and the church to-day is surrounded by venerable elms and rich historic memories. Oliver Cromwell made it a quarry for a fort at Inverness.

Pluscardine ("the hollow in the hills") was founded in 1230, in Morayshire, six miles from Elgin, by King Alexander II., and was colonised direct from "Col de Choux." It is still a beautiful seat of worship, and full of richest reminiscence.

The Cistercian Order, in addition to these various monasteries and priories, had about a dozen houses for women—white nuns. At Coldstream the house of St. Mary in the Merse, founded by Cospatrick, Earl of March, was famous, more especially through the royal residence of Queen Margaret in 1515. In Edinburgh, St. Mary's in St. Mary's Wynd, founded in the twelfth century, was famous. Marion Clark in 1530 was drowned in the "Quarrel Holes," close by, because she concealed the fact that she was plague-stricken.

Eccles, in Berwick, founded by the Countess of March in 1155, is still traceable. Elbotil ("the old dwelling"), Sts.

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Mary and Nicholas, in Dirleton, was founded by King David for Cistercian nuns. Elcho, in Strathearn, was founded by David Lindsay of Glenesk, who went to the Crusades with St. Louis and his mother. The Earl of Ross in 1346 assassinated Reginald of the Isles in Eccles Monastery.

Manuel is well-known as a station on the North British Railway, which traverses very much the old Roman (Antonine) wall between the Clyde and Forth. The proper name of the place is Emmanuel—St. Mary's Emmanuel, in Muiravonside, near Linlithgow, and was founded by King Malcolm IV. the Maiden, for ladies of rank. The west end of the nave remains. In 1788 the south walls were swept away by a flood. Emmanuel finally became "Manuel," and was erected into a lordship for the Earl of Linlithgow.

Gullane is famous now more for its golf than its monasteries, and yet the beautiful ruin of St. Mary's, at the entrance to Gullane, commemorates the ancient Cistercian house of sisters who lived and served and prayed there. It was a cell of South Berwick, and was founded by King David, as Newbattle was.

Haddington had its Cistercian convent of nuns—St. Mary, Nungate, founded by the mother of King Malcolm IV.—Ada, Countess of Huntingdon. At the dissolution there were eighteen nuns. The village of Garvald, built round the conventual grange, had a peel tower, and was called Nun-row.

Halystan, St. Leonard's, near Berwick, was another Cistercian nunnery, in which Edward III. erected an altar to St. Margaret after the victory of Halidon Hill. St. Leonard's, Perth—a hospital and priory—was also a Cistercian house. South Berwick convent was founded by King David I., and was suppressed by King Robert III., as it was loyal to England, in 1391. St. Bothan's, in the Lammermoor Hills in Berwickshire, was another, — a cell from South Berwick, and dedicated to St. Bothan, who was a cousin of St. Columba. A mile away from St. Bothan's the convent of Trefontanez, or the three fountains, stood—founded by David I., and a cell of South Berwick, the lands of which were in 1436 given to Dryburgh Abbey.

In Iona there was a Cistercian convent, where the white-robed missionaries prayed and laboured, and were a source

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of Christian influence and blessing to the islands and lands all around. The "Iona Press," under skilful and patriotic guidance, has produced many beautiful works—the results of native effort, regarding the Columban Church and missionary labour. One Iona hymn sung by the children in Gaelic may be translated as showing the simple spirit of the sacred island and its aspirations:—

"We infants, feeble and mild, are gathered,
We come to seek knowledge of Thee;
In the morning of our day,
O Father of Mercy,
Whose magnificence knows no bounds,
Look Thou down in kindness
On the babes of Iona.

In the days of St Columba
This was the happy isle:
It was reputed for its learning,
As the learned do aver:
O Father of Mercies,
Still in Thy infinite dignity,
Look down in kindness
On the babes of Iona.

Though humble our dwellings,
'Mid hills and 'mid glens;
Thine Own Son was in trouble,
Without rest for His head:
For His sake O may Thou,
In Thy infinite dignity,
Still in kindness look down
On the babes of Iona."

In beautiful Lochawe, with its many islands, like Loch Lomond, and its wonderful play of sunshine and shadow, the lovely green island of Innishail,—“Holy Island,” rests in the centre, under the shadow of Ben Cruachan, and before the gloomy Pass of Brander is reached,—one of the old resting-places of the Cistercian nuns in the Highlands. The whole place is redolent of interest and piety. St. Conan drove the dragon from the district, and Bera the fairy huntress of the hills which gather round Ben Cruachan, throws her poetic charm over the place. The sweet, green island stands as the witness of Christian faith and hope and love amid the dark frowning glories of Cruachan and Brander, and speaks of peace and joy and gladness.

Restful and green the Holy Isle
Sleeps in the summer sunshine smile;
A guard of firs close gathered stands
Above the rippled rocky strands.

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And the ruined walls of the abbey gray,
Where the holy nuns spent many a day
Of prayer and praise, rise there alone,
Though the Cistercian robes are flown.

The gray old cross of Iona stands,
And still lifts up its time-worn hands;
And the sculptured stones with their figures quaint
Lie, covering many an unknown saint.

Three knights in armour carved lie still,
And sleep their long sleep in that holy hill.

Sweet Innishail! a fragrance sweet
Lingers around thy mercy seat,
Where piety for ages dwelt,
And drew to Christ the untutored Celt.

And if the world in time to come
Shall doubt—and e'en with boldness some
Shall sneer at Christ, and never quail—
An answer comes from Innishail.

For here with nought to cheer or bless,
No homely ties or tenderness,
Sweet lives were spent which found all loss
Save what had glory from the Cross.

The charming island of Innishail still contains in its limited area the ruins of the Cistercian convent, with some three fine Iona crosses. It was here that Philip Gilbert Hamerton, the artist-poet, set up his home, living largely under glass in a conservatory-house built by himself, with his young French wife, watching the wonderful play of light and shadow on the hills and moors and waters of Lochawe. Many years earlier, Duncan Ban Macintyre, whose cenotaph overlooks Lochawe at the Kilchurn Castle end, sang in Gaelic of the inspiration of the place where the white-robed Cistercians sang their lay. To-day a Cistercian house stands at Jaffa, where, at the end of the Mediterranean, after fifteen hundred miles of journey, the pilgrim lands in surf and confusion, and is welcomed by the white-robed brothers. It is a far cry to Lochawe, but it is a farther cry to Jaffa; but in both places the white-robed Cistercians were to be seen, and at Jaffa or Joppa are to be met still. Such was the influence of the Order which made its aim nearness to God, likeness to Christ, and service to man.

III.

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BOTH St. Benedict and St. Bernard sought as sites for their monasteries spots withdrawn from the haunts of men. But they differed in the character of the localities which they affected. The great Benedictine monastery crowns the summit of an Italian Rigi—Monte Cassino—for St. Benedict loved heights and towers that rose to heaven, whence a wide prospect could be commanded. The writer has more than once been profoundly impressed by the spacious majesty and reposeful splendour of Monte Cassino. St. Bernard, on the other hand, preferred valleys girt round with trees and woodland and pleasant meads and streams. All Cistercian Abbeys are thus situated, and Newbattle was an ideal spot for a house of the white-robed fathers. "The Abbey," says Mr Cosmo Innes, "was not placed so as to command a prospect. It lies where the South Esk, escaped from the green hills of Temple and the woody ravines of Dalhousie, widens its valley to give room for a long range of fair level haughs. At the very head of these meadows, and close to the brook, the Abbey stands. Behind, to the north are the remains of the ancient monastic village, once occupied by the hinds and shepherds of the convent, but separated from the Abbey gardens by a massive stone wall ascribed to the time and personal care of William the Lion (1165-1214), which still forms the boundary of the park on that side. The river banks have probably always been covered with a growth of native oak. What was the clothing of the level lawn of old we can only conjecture. As it is, situated at the bottom of its narrow valley, close by the brook, hidden among beeches and venerable sycamores, it gives an idea of religious seclusion such as St. Bernard sought at Citeaux." The South Esk has its rise in the beautiful glen of Powbate

or Bowbate, in the Moorfoot Hills, some ten miles up country. In course of time the Newbattle fathers came into possession of this charming hill-country, with its green rolling mountains rising to a height of some twelve hundred feet, and built a convent and chapel, which they called Morthwaite or Moorfoot, the remains of which still stand surrounded by venerable trees. The old shepherd of Lord Rosebery's Moorfoot farm is full of reminiscences of the convent and the Herondean. The Earl referred the writer to him for reminiscences of the place. The Powbate Glen is an ideal place for the geologist to study the action of the glaciers, the dunes and rounded stones and smooth hills all carrying one back to the ice age.

A small glen, also with a stream, unites with the Powbate between the hills known as the Kipps, and bears the name of the Herondean or Hirendeane, from the fact that it then was, and still is, the favourite haunt of herons, which sought for the minnow in the two sweet streams flowing from the two glens and uniting at the foot, passing the ancient convent, and then hurrying into the great Gladhouse reservoir, with its two islands and lovely expanse—the main source of the water supply of Edinburgh. Herondean Castle, a picturesque ruin, stands on a knoll above the water bearing that name, and even in recent years was inhabited. The Newbattle fathers had admirable fishing in these Moorfoot streams, while the green hillsides provided magnificent pasture and cover for game of all sorts. The South Esk escapes from the Gladhouse reservoir and flows through rich woodlands and romantic glens, till it reaches Newbattle, where it assumes larger proportions, and then continues its journey, till below Dalkeith Palace it unites with the North Esk, and, together, the united rivers journey on their way to the sea, running beneath the ancient Roman bridge at Musselburgh, which was crossed by Prince Charlie and his Highlanders, and thence to the German Ocean.

The Powbate or Bowbate glen, where the South Esk has its rise, has a curious legend. Thomas the Rhymer's prophecy that Powbate, which legend says completely fills the great hill in which it is situated, will yet break out and flood all the country around, refers in its last line to Newbattle Abbey :

“Powbate an ye break,
Tak' the Moorfoot in yer gate,
Moorfoot and Mauldsleie,
Huntleycote, a' three,
Five kirks and an *abbacie*.”

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The five kirks are Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith. the abbacy being Newbattle.

Newbattle Abbey, the 152nd House in the roll of the Cistercian Order, was founded by David I., the "sair sanct for the Croon." The following is its earliest Charter of foundation:—"David, King of Scots, to the Bishops, Abbots, Knights, Barons, representatives, and to all his faithful in his whole kingdom, greeting. Be it known unto you that I have given and made this grant forever to God and Holy Mary, and to Monks of Newbattle. In witness whereof, Ruchal; Alwinus, Abbot of Edinburgh; Gilbert, prior; Edward, chancellor; Duncan, knight; Hugo de Morewyll; and Macbeth of Liberton. Given at Edinburgh." It was founded in 1140 or 1141 for Cistercian monks, brought from Melrose, which had grown too full, hence the necessity of founding a new colony [Newbattle, or more properly, Newbottle: new residence; *cf.* Morebattle, &c.], Melrose being the old residence. Melrose had become so full in the new Cistercian revival and enthusiasm that it could not contain the numbers of those who sought in its cloisters at once a refuge from the temptations of this world and a rule of life under which they might be fitted for a better: "the children which thou shalt have . . . shall say again in thine ears, the place is too strait for me; give place to me that I may dwell." Accordingly, Ralph and a small party of Cistercians said farewell to Melrose and journeying up the Gala Water, arrived at the Esk side, and called the place Newbottle. The name is spelt in more than three dozen different ways. There are several places called "Newbottle" in the north of England, one parish in Durhamshire, the best known township of which is Fencehouses, and letters frequently arrive there which are intended for the Midlothian parish; one in Northamptonshire, and one in Germany.

In volume I. of "*Originum Cisterciensium*," by Father Leopold Ianauschak, O. Cist. professor of ecclesiastical history and of Canon Law in Vienna, Newbattle Abbey is described as No. 152 of the Cistercian abbeys of the world, and the different names of the monastery are to be found in various manuscripts existing in public libraries and private collections throughout Europe—thirty-six in number.

I quote this learned Cistercian writer's list *verbatim*:—"Neubottelium, Newbottle, Newbottel, Newbottell,

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Newbottele, Newbothelium, Newbothele, Newbotil, Newbottil, Newbottill, Newbode, Nembode, Nembodt, Nembodel, Neubode, Neubote, Newbothe, Neubotle, Neubolla, Neubothle, Neublothe, Neublott, Neobottle, Neubothel, Neubothelle, Neubotel, Neubotil, Neubotile, Neubotyl, Neubottil, Neubatil, Neubattle, Neuboune, Neurotel, Maria Neunboil."

After enumerating these names which ring the changes exhaustively and exhaustingly, and which would make an excellent mathematical puzzle for our higher grade schools, as they certainly are a striking proof of the easy methods of mediæval spelling, he adds in Latin, "This house (the name of which comes from a Saxon word 'bottle'—that is 'villa'—as at Eld-bottle (Old-bottle) in East Lothian), Newbottle is on the shore of the South Esk, not far from the town of Dalkeith, in Mid-Lothian, and in the diocese of St. Andrew in Scotland, and was founded by David I., King of Scotland—the mother-house being Melrose (of the line of Claravallis, or the Vale of Light), and in the calendar the date is given as 1140. First among the many prelates who occupied the post of chief pastor was Ralph, to whom, as with his successors, writers refer as having been exceedingly strict in discipline."

From the foundation of Newbattle in 1140 until the Reformation of 1560, there were in all thirty-six abbots, which gives an average of about twelve years' rule for each.

The first abbot,—Ralph or Radulphus—was "a person of beautiful presence. He was continually occupied in divine meditation, for from his youth he had loved his Creator with all his heart. It is said that once, when he was engaged in prayer in his cell, the devil appeared to him as black as pitch." It is a stretch of more than seven hundred years between Abbot Ralph and "Camp Meg," the eccentric horse-doctor, who early in the nineteenth century lived a solitary life on the Roman Camp hill above Newbattle, and yet these two shake hands across the ages as having had each a personal vision of the Prince of Darkness, only to the half-witch he made his compearance, not "black as pitch," but in colours. Some time before 1150 Ralph took part in the adjustment of terms of peace between the Abbots of Kelso and Holyrood, in a conference at the Crag of Treverlen. In all probability Ralph's old association at Melrose with the neighbouring Kelso, and his new association with the neighbouring Holyrood, accounts

for the fact of his being called upon to arbitrate between the two contending abbots and abbacies. Pope Innocent II. granted the Abbey entire immunity from tithes during his rule, and ratified the grants of land already made by King David. It was a wonderful church-founding and church-building age. The saintly Queen Margaret imbued her son David with the desire to establish the Christian Church more thoroughly than had been the case with the earlier Culdee or Columban Church, and it was she who supplanted the somewhat effete and decaying Culdee ecclesiastical rule and polity by the vigorous missionary Church of Rome, which up till her reign had had no place in Scotland, the Church of S. Columba being independent of the Roman see. Mother and son divided Scotland into dioceses with bishops, parishes with Roman priests, and founded monasteries all over the land. It was an age of revival all over Europe,—the age when many of the great universities were founded, and when the Knights Templar and other Crusaders were on fire to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the grasp of the infidel, whose officers are still sitting, as the writer recently noted with sorrow, at the entrance to that wonderful Jerusalem Tomb-Church, reading aloud prayers from the Koran and raising their voices higher as humble Christian pilgrims enter the holy place, where they believe the Lord was crucified and buried.

Many years later the Crusading Knights-Templar founded a house farther up the Esk from Newbattle, called Balant-radoch, and latterly called Temple, which with Torphichen formed one of the chief homes of those martial-monks, who combined the life of devotion with a military ardour in the Crusades.

When Ralph became Abbot of Newbottle the house must have been of the very simplest description. Whether there was a Culdee Church there already or not is hard to say, but St Mungo's influence in the district spread far and wide, and there are traditions that a Culdee religious establishment existed there prior to the arrival of the Cistercians. The country around was the rough, wild Caledonia pictured by the Roman soldiers, — the thick Caledonian forest of short, stunted oaks, some remnants of which can still be traced in Newbattle and Dalkeith.

Here is a description of Caledonia by a Greek writer of

the sixth century, whose information evidently came from the reports of Cæsar's returned legions. "On the North side of the Wall of Hadrian, all is different, insomuch that it would be impossible for a man to live there, even for half-an-hour. Vipers and serpents innumerable, with all other kinds of wild beasts, infest that place. And, what is most strange, the natives affirm that if any one passing that Wall should proceed to the other side, he would die immediately,—unable to endure the unwholesomeness of the atmosphere; death also attacking such beasts as go thither, destroys them. They say that the souls of men departed are always conducted to this place, but in what manner I will explain immediately, having frequently heard it from men of that region, relating it most seriously."

Is it not rather strange to read these words of the Byzantine historian, Procopius, reproducing the awe-struck sentiments of the Roman sentry on the Scottish Wall, as he peered out into the dim unknown land,—a land to-day possessed of two great cities, one of which rivals Rome in population, and the other Athens in culture. But such were their views of poor Scotland; and so, wearied of the constant feuds with the indomitable Picts, the Roman eagles went south and made way for the standard of the Cross,—and the soldiers of Cæsar were supplanted by the soldiers of Christ.

No sooner did the legions leave than the missionaries of Jesus arrived: and what Rome with all its power could not effect, the peaceful faith of Christ accomplished, and savage Scotland, which had set its teeth against Cæsar's spearmen and archers, threw its soul at the feet of Emmanuel. "Nazarene," as the Emperor Julian said on dying, feeling himself powerless against the calm power of the religion of peace and goodwill, and unable to do what it could do—"Thou hast conquered!" "*ἐν τῷ σταυρῷ νικᾷς*," to echo the other church legend—"in this (the Cross of Christ) thou shalt be victorious!"

Possibly the Roman soldiers who tramped all over Midlothian, and whose roads and camps and bridges,—notably the Maiden Bridge over the South Esk at Newbattle, and the Old Bridge of Musselburgh, over which in a later age Prince Charlie and his Highlanders passed,—may have brought some notions of Christianity to the district, as they did to other

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places. St. Mungo's wide influence all over the Lothians had definite results in various places in the foundation of churches. In Midlothian alone half-a-dozen churches are dedicated to him. The remains of his cross are still traceable at Borthwick. So that it is extremely probable that a simple religious house,—as tradition declares,—stood by the shore of the South Esk, where the Culdee faith was preached and the Nazarene was worshipped.

The country around was then in its primeval roughness. The vast Caledonian forest, with its stunted oaks, stretched all over the Esk valley. The few people who existed were rude and uncivilized. There still remains at Crichton an underground dwelling,—the only one in Midlothian—where a primitive family lived,—secure from the attacks of the wild beasts which then infested the woods—wolves, boars, and other beasts of prey. How strange must that early man's feelings have been, as with sunrise on the sea and the golden bars across the sky, he rose from his bed of death, this earth-tabernacle, and gazed out in wonder on the Moorfoots and the Pentlands, with their traces of the ice age in rounded hills and dunes, and of volcanic activity in the sugar-loafed Carnethy, and the other extinct burning mountains around. At the very time that the wonderful and magnificent natural developments were in progress,—earthquake and upheaval, glacier movements and ice pressure, — there were few eyes to behold the wonderful miracle of world-building. The solitary human being looked out in awe on the magnificent panorama, of which he knew nothing. His rude wonderings as to God were to receive a fresh direction by the advent of the Cross and the preaching of the Crucified, and Newbattle is the mother church of the district, for in the Esk valley was constituted the first important settlement for the diffusion of the Christian faith, and the civilization of the race, which had so long pined in darkness. One can hardly wonder at Ralph having a vision of the Power of Darkness when one thinks of the gross darkness which then covered the land.

The second Abbot was Alfred, who took office in 1159. The simple ecclesiastical establishment of Ralph by the banks of the Esk must have felt keenly the removal of its semi-inspired head. A beautiful picture might be drawn of the

decease of the one who founded the place, and brought celestial influences to bear upon the valley. One might quote the lines of the American poet Will Carleton when he describes the last journey and death of the roving pastor in the back-States, who amid many discouragements tried to influence the backwoodsmen for God and Heaven, and to whom his people had given a holiday to Switzerland to recruit his enfeebled health :

“ Our parson lay 'mid garden's smiling scent,
And the patient face within it preached a final sermon to us ;
Our parson had gone touring on a trip he'd long been earning,
To that Wonderland whence tickets are not issued for returning.
O faithful, true-heart shepherd, your sweet smiling lips half-parted,
Told of scenery that burst on you just the moment that you started ;
Could you speak once more among us, you could tell us without
fearing ;
You could tell us tales of glory we should never tire of hearing.”

Alfred took part in 1173 in a synod of abbots and bishops which was held in St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh,—one of the oldest seats of Christianity in the Scottish Metropolis, and probably founded by the Saint of Lindisfarne himself,—and his name is mentioned several times in connection with it. He was a true abbot, and enriched Newbattle in many ways. He acquired many saintly relics, which were then in large request, and made a religious house famous and great, and had them enclosed in a silver chest. He adorned the chapter-house, the foundations of which, like the church, were a few years ago unearthed by the Marquess of Lothian, with handsome seats and “ menologies,” and he himself died on October 17th, 1179,—after a rule of about twenty years, during which the Abbey greatly increased in power and reputation.

Abbot Hugh succeeded him, and his life seems to have been spent very largely in settling civil and ecclesiastical controversies. On Mid-lent Sunday, 1180, he attended the Court of William, King of Scots, held at Haddington, and assisted in the settlement of a fierce quarrel between the monks of Melrose and the lords of Lauderdale regarding their rights in the forest which stretched between the Gala Water and the Leader. In the Acts of the Scottish Parliament the whole controversy is detailed. In 1190, another controversy took place between the monks of Kelso and the rector of Lilisclue regarding ecclesiastical jurisdiction ; and so hot at last did the quarrel become that it was carried to the Vatican and settled

by the Pope himself,—an interesting side-light on the subject of the ecclesiastical position of the Scottish Church, which the late Pope in a pastoral declared to have been “the special daughter of the Roman see,” and subject directly to the Bishop of Rome, without any intervening authority. Baronius (xii. 833) says:—“St. Andrews, Glasgow, Dunkeld, Dunblane, Brechin, Aberdeen, Moray, Ross, and Caithness, are immediately subject to the Apostolic see”: while Gervase of Tilbury says:—“In our time the sees of Scotland are enrolled as immediately dependent on our lord the Pope”; adding bitterly that in this respect Scotland is better off than England. This special position of the Scottish Church arose from the disputes with the see of York, which claimed Scotland; and the very division of the island into two nearly equal parts accounts, doubtless, for the double Primacy of the English Church: the somewhat secondary position of York nowadays being due to the fact that the largest part of the original arch-diocese is cut off.

In the dispute referred to, the Pope appointed three commissioners to report,—John, Bishop of Dunkeld; Symon, Archdeacon of Glasgow; and Hugh, Abbot of Newbottle,—and these three settled the controversy to the satisfaction of all parties. Hugh also assisted in settling a controversy between the monks of Jedburgh and Adam Fitzger, regarding Hutton Church; another between William the Lion and Jocelin, Bishop of Glasgow, regarding Hassendean Church and its patronage, which resulted in the patronage being given to Melrose; and a third between the Prior of St. Andrews and the Newbottle monks regarding the lands of the latter in Haddingtonshire. Abbot Hugh brought Newbattle Abbey into public notice, and his name stands out, not so much as a home administrator like Alfred, but as an ecclesiastical judge and disposer of disputes. In 1201 he resigned.

Adam succeeded him, being promoted from the post of master of the lay brethren, whose duty it was to till the fields and look after the general interests of the monastery. It was probably about this period that the event took place which Sir Walter Scott has immortalised in his poem, “The Gray Brother.” It was certainly one monk about this time who committed a grave moral offence, and Heron of Burndale, near Gilmerton, in revenge had him and a confederate burned to

death. In the Melville estate the House of Burndale or Burntdole once stood. The story has been immortalised by Sir Walter Scott's "Gray Brother." Sir John Herries was Baron of Gilmerton in the reign of David II. His beautiful daughter, Margaret, being of a strong religious disposition, frequented Newbattle Abbey and she and a young monk there,—although Sir Walter Scott makes him the Abbot,—became enamoured of one another. In the valuable work,—“Memory of the Somervilles,” it is said,—“this rascal by his devillish rhetoric and allurements so far prevailed upon the simplicity of this gentlewoman that at length he betrayed her.” Sir John Herries discovered that a guilty intrigue was being carried on between his daughter and the young monk, with the connivance of her nurse,—a widow, who lived at what is now called Burndale,—and threatened Margaret that if ever again she frequented the grange, death would be the result. One dark night he discovered both his daughter and the widow-nurse in an intrigue there with two Newbattle monks, and, filled with rage, he and his servants set fire to the thatch, and all those inside were burned to death. The place was ever afterwards called Burntdool or Burndale, and the lodge of Melville Castle on the roadside is called to-day Burndale Cottage. Sir Walter Scott's account in the “Gray Brother”—one of his earliest attempts, written when he lived at Lasswade Cottage close by—is a vivid and striking pictorial description of the scene. For burning these two monks,—an act of sacrilege,—Sir John Herries or Herring had to flee the country, and his estate was forfeited to the king. His friend, Sir Walter Somerville, interceded with the Abbot of Newbattle, and represented the scandal of those two monks which fell on the whole order. Sir John Herries and his other daughter, Giles, went to live at Sir Walter Somerville's castle at Conthally, and the latter, who was a widower, fell in love with Giles, and bargained with her father that if he procured his pardon he would get his daughter as a reward, and that “half the lands of Gilmerton should be settled on him and his wife and the heirs of that marriage, or any other marriage past or to come, irredeemable for ever.” Sir John Herries was pardoned on these terms:—“That Sir John should make over for him and for his, the merk lands of the Grange where the murder was committed, to and in favour of the abbey of Newbattle,

claiming no right therein, neither in property, superiority, nor vassalage, in all time coming : and further that the said Sir John Herring (Herries) should, bareheaded and barelegged, in sackcloth, crave the absolution at the bishop's and abbot's hands, and stand in the same manner at the principal door of St. Catherine's chapel every Sabbath and holy day for one year, paying forty pennies at every time to the poor of the parish, and one hundred merks to the monks of Newbottle to pray for the souls of those who died through his transgression." Sir John agreed, received the king's pardon, was absolved by bishop and abbot, and had his estates restored. Sir Walter then married the other daughter, Giles, who became heiress to her father's properties, although half of the lands of Gilmerton were disposed to Sir John Herring's nephew, Patrick Herring. Thus both the Drum estate and part of Gilmerton passed from the house of Herring or Herries into that of Somerville.

Sir Walter Scott in his poetic romance makes the Abbot the offender, and he escapes death by burning and fled and sought to get absolution for his sin ; and at last in St. Peter's Cathedral in Rome knelt with the multitude in worship. And the story goes how the Pope, celebrating "the high, high mass," became aware of the presence of a grievous sinner ; and being found out, the penitent begged absolution. The reply was, that only the "Gray Brother," *i.e.*, Death, could absolve him. The Abbot, after many wanderings, returns to Newbottle :

" And the convent bell did vespers tell
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingled with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song.

" The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind ;
And on the pilgrim's ears they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

" Deep sunk, in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

" He gazed on the walls so scathed with fire
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a gray friar
Resting him on a stone.

" The pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began to saye :
When on his neck an ice cold hand
Did that gray brother lay."

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The old story still goes in Newbattle that on certain nights of the year the "Gray Brother" is seen moving among the brushwood round the "Mary Burn," and the great oaks and beech trees which still form the glory of the Newbattle valley. Nothing could exceed in beauty the loveliness of the Newbattle valley, especially in May, with the marvellous variety of colour and richness of foliage. Artists from every corner of Britain have vied with one another in endeavouring to reproduce the lovely fresh olive and green tints, and the rich colours of lilac and laburnum and rhododendron. It is no wonder that Sir Walter Scott spoke of it as the most beautiful valley in Scotland. The wonderful transformation scene of Autumn, with the woods touched by the early frost's fiery finger, is truly a divine revelation.

Alan succeeded Hugh, having previously been sub-prior at Melrose, but he only remained a year, returning to Melrose on June 8th, 1214, and spending the rest of his days there.

According to a frequent custom, which showed the importance of the office, if the holder of it was an expert in viands and household provisioning, the cellarer (Richard) was promoted to fill Alan's place, in 1214. It was a compliment to a good housekeeper, and a token of the monks' appreciation of his culinary efforts on their behalf, to give him the highest office. The cellarer was a most important functionary, and no names are more frequently referred to in monastic chronicles than those of good and tasteful caterers. It is interesting to note in this connection that the Scottish names Durward and Usher are simply forms of the names of two other monastic officials, viz., the "Door-ward" or door-keeper—a unique office, which in Arbroath Abbey passed altogether into the hands of one family; and the usher or beadle, of which name also Wishart and the French "Huissier" are but varieties.

So successful were Richard the Cellarer's efforts that, on his retirement in 1216, the cellarer was again promoted to the abbot's chair,—still further proof of the taste of the Newbattle, as of the Melrose, monks in good cheer. Within recent years, in excavations round the Abbey, great ash-pits filled with huge oyster-shells have been discovered, the oysters having been brought inland from the monastic seaport at Morison's Haven, some four miles off, to which the old "Salters' Road" still runs, as in early monastic days. Oyster-shells are to be

found built into many of the walls, having been used by the Cistercian monks where the modern mason uses a piece of slate between stones which do not exactly fit. Seakail is to be seen carved out on several pillars and stones. The monks had deer forests near Callander, and excellent fishing in the River Esk, which flows beside the Abbey, and used to overflow and flood the crypt. These are trifles, but at the same time are proof of the monks' careful housekeeping and interest in the temporalities.

Adam Halcarres,—for such was this Abbot's name,—was placed in the abbot's chair on the 13th September, 1216. He was one of those who, in 1218, went to York to have the national interdict and curse, under which Great Britain then lay, removed. In 1219 he was made Abbot of Melrose, where he died, covered with honours, in 1245. His character might be well summed up in the language of the old Battle Abbey chronicle, which describes, in quaint and most beautiful language, the life and death of an abbot whose reign was in the same century :—

“ Though he continually governed those who were under his authority, yet he himself was subservient to the rules, and commanded no one as a master. He sustained the infirmities of others, and called them forth to strength. His acts corresponded with what he taught. His example preceded his doctrine. He inculcated a prompt attendance on Divine Service, and, supporting his aged limbs on his staff, preceded his young men to it. Ever first in the choir, he was ever last to quit it. Thus he was a pattern of good works,—a Martha and a Mary,—a serpent and a dove. He governed the clean and the unclean. He knew how to bear with Ham, and how to bestow his blessing on Shem and Japheth. Like a prudent husbandman, he caused occupied lands to be promptly cultivated, and those that lay waste he added in, and by this means increased their value by the sum of twenty pounds. Meanwhile he overlooked not the spiritual husbandry,—tilling hearts with the ploughshare of good doctrine in many books which he wrote ; and although his style was homely, it was rich with the beauty of morality. Neither his racking cough, or his vomiting of blood, nor his advanced age, nor the attenuation of his flesh, availed to daunt this man, or to turn him aside from any purpose of elevated piety. But, lo ! after many

agonies and bodily sufferings, when he was 84 years of age, and had been a monk 60 years and 36 days, the Great Householder summoned him to the reward of his day's penny."

His successor, Richard, had, like Abbot Adam before him, been master of the lay brethren, and was elected in 1219, dying on April 9th, 1220, after a very brief term of office. Another Richard succeeded him in 1220; he had been a prior. During his reign, on May 19th, 1223, Alexander II., King of Scots, visited the Abbey—the first royal visit; though in after ages Newbattle Abbey was a favourite resort of Scottish kings and queens. Alexander bestowed on the house many valuable gifts, and his queen lies buried still within its precincts.

Marie de Couci was the second wife of Alexander II., King of Scotland. On the last day of August, 1241, the young Queen made a kind of will, and bequeathed her body to be buried in the 'Abbey Church of Newbattle'; and for this privilege, as well as to provide the monks with a 'pittance' on the King's birthday (St. Bartholomew's Day), and on the day of the Nativity of the Virgin, the most solemn festival in Cistercian Abbeys (of which Newbattle was one, and which were all dedicated to St. Mary), the King granted to the Abbey 'the vale of Lethan (Innerleithen), with all the streams that flow into it.' After Alexander's death she married again. Her second husband was John de Brienne, son of the Emperor of the East. But the rest of her life is unrecorded in history. It is, however, stated that she came from the East and visited Scotland, in 1272, along with her brother, Enguerran de Couci, in order to place her young nephew, the heir of Guines, at the Scottish Court. We do not know whether she ever left Scotland again or not. It is asserted by some historians that she died in France, and that her body was brought over to Scotland; but it is certain that, wherever she breathed her last, her dust was laid to rest in the Abbey Church of Newbattle, under the pavement, and a splendid monument was erected over it, which was one of the sights of the old monastery, consisting of a foundation of six marble lions, and over the monument her effigy in marble,—the whole surrounded with an iron grating. It must have been a striking object on entering the splendid church, with its two long rows of massive pillars, to see the tall white figure bent in perpetual tears over a dust which no human power could ever vivify. For nearly

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300 years it stood there,—a sermon in stone, a preacher in marble. The effect which its perpetual presence in their midst must have had on the monks,—the weeping form above, and the supporting lions below,—the one speaking so eloquently of human grief and broken hearts, the other of the strength of God and the powerlessness of death to destroy the soul,—would be very much akin to the effect produced on a visitor to Westminster Abbey as he sees around him the crowd of still stone figures in a hundred various attitudes, and especially that marble monument to a famous English Duchess,—one of the most awe-inspiring and affecting pieces of sculpture ever produced,—in which Death, a hideous skeleton, is represented as having burst open a black iron gate below, and is crawling up on all fours to the upper elevation, where two white figures, a man and a woman, are described. He is aiming, with his hand of bare bones, a dart at a dying woman who rests on her husband's knee. The husband has his hand stretched out pleadingly, and with a fearful earnestness, to shield his dying wife from the horrible spear which the relentless monster from below is aiming only too unerringly. No one can ever see the poise of that outstretched hand,—speaking so wonderfully the language of an affection which would do anything and everything to save its object,—and forget it. It was something similar which stood above Queen Marie de Couci's vault in Newbattle Abbey: but who knows how much teaching that sorrowful figure may have accomplished, and who knows but that the thought, of which it was so pregnant, of the vanishing frailty of all earthly pomps and royalties, may have led some worshipper up to those higher realities over which Death has no power, but which live on through the ages and survive the wrecks and ravages of Time.

Now, alas! the fair queen's resting-place is unremembered, unhonoured, and, save for its general locality, unknown. How true it is, true both for king and commoner, that 'the dust returns to dust.' But the lion on her tomb spoke of the 'Lion of the tribe of Judah,' who has vanquished Death: who is the 'strong Son of God, immortal Love': who is the 'King of kings and Lord of lords.' "

About a dozen years ago, when important changes were being made in Newbattle House at the corner of the Abbey

next the Esk, so as to form an entrance to the new billiard-room, a quantity of human remains were found in the wall, and in the floor of that crypt (the most complete part of the Abbey extant), just between the central pillar and the wall next the billiard-room, a tomb was discovered, placed as usual from east to west, and bones inside it. The opinion of some antiquarians was that this was the royal tomb. For more than three hundred years the monks enjoyed the royal pittance.

Another royal personage is buried in Newbattle Abbey,—Catherine Mortimer, the paramour of David Bruce, King of Scots; she was stabbed by a hired assassin employed by the Scottish lords, as she journeyed from Melrose to Soutra: “whereupon,” according to the chronicler, “Bruce took great dolor, and caused her to be buried honourably at Newbattle.” It is said that his father, King Robert the Bruce, owned a field in Newbattle.

Alluding to distinguished people buried in the Abbey precincts, I may add that in the Abbey churchyard (now the flower-garden) the famous Douglasses of Dalkeith are buried in many cases,—having been great benefactors of the monks. On St. Bride’s Day, February 1st, 1329, “good Sir James Douglas,” on the eve of his pilgrimage to the Holy Land with the heart of Bruce, bestowed on the monks of Newbattle his half of the lands of Kilmad, the other half of which they had already received from Roger de Quincey; and in return the monks had to sing a mass at St. Bridget’s altar, on her festal day, “yearly for evermore,” and to feed thirteen poor folk, so that the saint might make special intercession for the weal of the good knight. He was buried at the foot of St. Bridget’s altar. The Scots were great pilgrims, and probably performed these acts of devotion from the days of St Columba. They were well-known figures on the Continent as they made their way to Rome or the Holy Land. But for every one who went to foreign parts, hundreds must have gone to holy places in the homeland. It was not, however, till the fifteenth century that any detailed account was to be found. After the birth of James IV., his mother, and perhaps his father, set out with a large retinue on a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. Ninian at Whithorn, which already had a great reputation. Judging from the elaborate preparations which were made, it must have been looked on as a pleasant trip rather than a pene-

tential exercise. Of the visits which James IV. paid almost annually to Whithorn, there are many interesting particulars, the extracts from the Accounts casting a vivid and sometimes amusing light on the modes of life and travel in these days. Only second in fame to the shrine of St. Ninian was that of St. Duthac at Tain, which was the refuge of the wife and daughter of Robert the Bruce when they were compelled to flee from Kildrummy. Of the journeys thither many details could be gathered from the Accounts,—the routes taken, the time the journey took, and so on. The pilgrimage of 1507 was rather remarkable. It was probably the one alluded to by Lesley, who stated that His Majesty rode 130 miles in one day. The Accounts, without actually confirming that statement, proved the great rapidity of the journey. On the 31st of August the King was at Perth on the way north, where his horse required shoeing, and on the 14th of September a man was sent to Aberdeen "to speir of the King's incoming," which seemed to show that his attendants were not sure of his movements. The incident was a curious illustration of the impetuosity of the young King, and of his personal activity. It was nonsense to call James IV. a debauchee, as had sometimes been done. The roads must have been wonderfully good to allow a man to ride 130 miles in one day, as he seems to have done. There were other places scarcely less venerated, but as they were within easy reach of Edinburgh, there were fewer references to them in the Accounts. Whitekirk, in East Lothian, was at one time a place of much resort. In 1413 no fewer than 15,563 pilgrims visited the place, and the offerings were equal to 1422 merks. In 1430 James I. had houses built for the reception of the pilgrims, and it was likely that his successors visited it from time to time. The Isle of May was another place of resort. But these did not nearly exhaust the list of places which James IV. visited; in fact, he never passed a holy place without remembering it. These pilgrimages were by no means on ascetic lines, and were really equivalent to our modern summer trips. Falcons, horses, dogs, and weapons of the chase were invariably part of the Royal equipment, and the days were spent in hunting and hawking, as was shown by such entries in the Accounts as "2/8 for pokes to put the laverocks in," while the amusements of the evening were supplied by the King's troop of Italian minstrels, or by local

harpers, singers, and story-tellers, while the King himself would occasionally touch the lute. Cards and chess were also played to pass the time. Of the religious influence and significance of these pilgrimages, it was impossible to judge in our day. Among the thousands of pilgrims, many no doubt felt their spiritual life quickened and edified. As to King James IV. himself, though we could hardly call his life saintly, there was nothing necessarily insincere in these acts of devotion. The mediæval mind was a curious mixture; pleasure and penance followed each other in quick succession. In 1390, this pilgrim, Sir James Douglas of Dalkeith, made a will, dated September 30th, in which, commending his soul "to God and to the Blessed Virgin Mary and All Saints," he ordered his body to be buried at Newbattle Abbey, beside his first wife, Agnes of Dunbar. He bequeathed the monks an "ouche" or jewel of St. John, worth 40 merks, and in addition £23, 6s 8d for the building of the Abbey Church and wages to masons. For the refectory he gave 12 solid silver dishes costing 18 pounds 6 shillings sterling, and left orders that none was to remove them, but that they were to be a possession for ever. He left £10 to the monks to pray for his soul, and £26, 13s 4d for an offering, and lights and other necessities for his funeral.

In 1230, Abbot Richard, under whose rule Alexander II. visited Newbattle Abbey (the first royal visit of many,—the latest being those of Queen Victoria and of the lamented Duke of Clarence, who planted a little tree, which still struggles to grow, under the shadow of the church), was succeeded by Constantine, under whose rule the great Abbey Church, hitherto small and poor, was dedicated to Almighty God on March 16th, 1233, by the Bishop of Moray. The foundations of that church were, in 1878, re-discovered, for at the Reformation the church was moved and re-built a stone-throw off. Many of the ancient fragments remain in sculptured stones and pillars; and the present parish church is mainly composed of the stones of the old abbey church.

In 1237, Roger, who had been cellarer at Melrose, was elected; he afterwards went to France and died at Vaudey in 1256. During his reign, the Lord Chancellor of Scotland, Robert de Keldelach, having become implicated in the "Durward Plot," was obliged to resign his high office; and, dis-

Mark Ker, son of Sir Andrew Ker of Cessford, was lay Abbot at the Reformation of 1560. He became a Reformer at the dissolution of the monasteries, and was made Commendator of the lands, and thus became the founder of the House of Lothian. He was among those lords and barons who subscribed the "contract to defend the liberty of the Evangell of Christ" at Edinburgh on the 27th April, 1560. In the roll of the Parliament on the 1st August of that year which ratified and approved "The Confession of the Faith and Doctrine believed and professed by the Protestants of Scotland," he is styled "Commendator" [or caretaker until the troubles of the time had passed over] of Newbottle." In course of time he married Helen Leslie, of the House of Rothes, and died in 1584. He was buried in a vault now called the Lothian Vault," and over which the new church, — that of Leighton, — was raised, where generations of his descendants sleep, and where the body of the beheaded Marquess of Argyll lay for two months. Mr Mark Ker left the Abbey and its properties, of which he was temporary caretaker, to his son, but to make assurance doubly sure, he had been "provided" to them by Queen Mary in 1567. Since then Newbattle Abbey has been the residence of his descendants, the Kers or Kerrs of Newbattle, now represented by the Marquess of Lothian. It is a fine stately residence, the original ecclesiastical walls and buttresses being covered over with a facing of plain stone, with oblong windows to give the ecclesiastical buildings a baronial and domestic appearance. The fine vaults, consisting of kitchen, cellarage with small pillars and arches and barrel-roof, have recently been restored from end to end of the house, and are very impressive. But the church is wholly effaced, having been removed to the site a stone throw off, and thence again to its present position. The late Marquess of Lothian, whose antiquarian and ecclesiastical tastes were refined and learned, had the foundations of the church excavated and marked out in gravel, so that walls, pillars, doors, &c., can be easily traced. The church must have strongly resembled the parent Melrose Abbey, and the stones of it are to be met with all over the valley. Many of the remains of its furnishings,—pieces of stained glass, portions of the great bell (which was found smashed on the ground amongst the charred ruins), earthenware vessels, uten-

sils, and implements,—have been recovered. The Abbey never really recovered the fire of 1544, and with the troubles of the Church, and the shadow of destruction resting upon her, no one had the heart to begin the re-building and restoration. The Reformation of 1560, therefore, found Newbattle Abbey partially a blackened ruin, and hasting to decay of every kind.

In a small room off the dining room in Newbattle House as it at present stands, there are several interesting pictures and portraits. Chief among these are the cabinet-sized panels representing Mark Ker, Abbot, and afterwards Commendator and owner, of Newbattle, father of the first Earl of Lothian; and the companion portrait of his wife, second daughter of the fourth Earl of Rothes,—works that are both ascribed to Sir Antonio More. The Commendator is seen in half-length, with his face in three-quarters to the left. He wears a black cap, and is clad in a plain black dress, with small white collar and ruffles at throat and wrists. The hands are both visible in front, the left holding a brown glove, and wearing, on the index finger, a gold ring set with a skull in white enamel. The face, with its short brown beard, dark blue eyes, and long, firmly-set mouth, wears a particularly resolute expression,—and one can believe the original of the picture to have been quite a man apt to bear hardly upon the poor expelled monks, who complained that he “wald nevir gif thame worth ane penny ti leif on.” His spouse is a pleasant, house-wifely little figure, wearing a prim white cap and a black dress with crimson sleeves. Her left hand supports a small black tablet or slate, upon which musical notes are marked in white, and she points towards it with the forefinger of her right. Both pictures bear the date of 1551, but the inscriptions have hardly the appearance of being contemporary with their execution; and in the year named the painter to whom the works are ascribed had not yet been in England. More came to London about three years later, just before the marriage of Mary Tudor, on the 25th of July, 1554, when he was commissioned by Philip II. of Spain to paint the portrait of that Queen, which is preserved in Madrid. It has been suggested that the Commendator may have visited Holland in 1551, and been then painted by More, and that the portrait of his wife may have been executed in Scotland by another artist, though on a similar scale, and as a companion work.

The statement in Douglas's Peerage that Mark Ker took holy orders seems to be a mistake. It appears probable that he was never more than lay Abbot of Newbattle,—for on his appointment on the 5th of December, 1547, the original mandate for which is reprinted, from the Papal archives, in Maziere Brady's "Episcopal Succession," the jurisdiction and the revenues (except such part of them as was necessary to enable him to maintain the dignity of his office), were especially reserved to his predecessor, John Hasmall, who was alive and exercising his functions in 1554. This would account for Ker's appearance in the picture in a civil, not an ecclesiastical, dress, and accompanied by his wife in a similar panel, indicating that his marriage did not date from a period after he had cast in his lot with the Reformers, and figured, as recorded by Throckmorton, in the Scottish Parliament of 1560, which overthrew the Roman hierarchy. The fact is further corroborated by our knowledge that his son, afterwards first Earl of Lothian, was of sufficient age in 1577 to be appointed Master of Requests. The date of the marriage is, however, doubtful.

The church, having fallen into decay, was rebuilt a stone-throw from its ancient site (at the spot now known as the Lothian Vault), and was again removed and rebuilt where it now stands,—the same stones for the most part as constituted the old Abbey church.

WORSHIP, LIFE AND WORK IN THE ABBEY.

THE earliest worship in the Newbattle valley is shrouded in the deepest obscurity. Whether St. Mungo or any other of the earliest Christian missionaries proclaimed Christ in the valley cannot now be determined. Certainly the early Culdee Church had its place and footing all over Eastern Midlothian. Some account of it and of the transition to the Roman period of Scottish Church history seems to be called for.

The Roman period of the Church of Scotland, when it came under the shadow of St. Peter's, stretches from 1100-1500. In the old church of Ruthwell, a few miles from Dumfries, there stands an enormous stone cross more than seventeen feet high, which has a history of almost unparalleled interest and charm. It is a richly-carved Runic cross, similar in appearance to those which are found in Iona and the West Highlands, and is all covered over with sculptures and writing. So strong had the Puritan influence from England grown in Scotland, about the middle of the seventeenth century, that the General Assembly of the Church ordered this cross, which from time immemorial had stood inside the church of Ruthwell, to be removed, as a monument of idolatry. The relic was ignominiously thrown down on its face, and left lying for about a hundred years on the pavement of the church; but in 1772 some zealous parishioners took "the accursed thing" out and threw it into the graveyard, where it was broken into several pieces, and where it lay for many long years, as neglected and forgotten as the ancestral graves which formed its resting-place. No one knew or cared to know what a priceless witness to the faith of Christ, whose distinctive emblem and crest it was, — an emblem of which no true Christian can ever feel ashamed,—lay covered up with rubbish and overgrown with grass in that neglected God's Acre.

But in the year 1802, Dr Duncan, the enterprising and enlightened pastor of the parish, — the founder of

savings - banks, — raised it up and pieced it together, and lately it has been re-erected in its pristine position inside the church, where it had stood before for nearly a thousand years. The deciphering of what has now become famous as “The Ruthwell Cross” is a marvellous story, and one of the greatest triumphs of scholarship in modern times. The stone is all covered with sculptures of Scripture scenes, most of them from the life of our Lord; but round the edge of the arms of the cross are long lines of inscription in Runic letters, and the interpretation of these has been at last arrived at in the following extraordinary manner. In the year 1823, a German scholar was making a literary pilgrimage through Northern Italy, and in the old conventual library of Vercelli he by accident came upon an ancient yellow parchment, on which, among other things, was written, in the Anglo-Saxon language, a short poem, entitled “The Dream of the Holy Rood.” He felt deeply interested in discovering this scrap of old English sacred minstrelsy in a land so far away, and in so unlikely a quarter; and after rendering it carefully into modern English, he saw to his infinite surprise that it was almost identical with the hypothetical translation of the Runic letters on the old stone in the Dumfriesshire church. After a great deal of elaborate research, it has been finally settled that the Runic writing on the Ruthwell Cross is a copy of an ancient English poem, composed probably by Caedmon, and was carved about the year 665 A.D. Indeed, on the top of the cross the words are written—“Caedmon made me.” It was therefore about the close of the seventh century of our Christian era that this religious poem—which seems to have been quite current and popular in England and the south of Scotland—was put into a more durable form on this stone cross. It is the “Story of the Cross,” as told by a British Christian of the seventh century, in simple language, and with genuine feeling.

Here is the Ruthwell inscription put into modern English. The idea is that a Christian falls asleep, and sees the Cross, in a vision, surrounded by angels; and the Cross breaks forth into a soliloquy, and tells the story of what happened to it and its Divine Bearer on the ever-memorable Crucifixion Day—the darkest day in history:—

WORSHIP, LIFE AND WORK IN THE ABBEY.

"'Twas many a year ago,
I yet remember it,
That I was hewn down
At the wood's end.
Then men bare me upon their shoulders
Until they set me down upon a hill.
Then saw I tremble
The whole extent of earth.
He mounted me;
I trembled when He embraced me;
Yet dared I not to bow earthwards.
I raised the powerful King
The Lord of the Heavens.
They pierced me with dark nails.
They reviled us both together.
I was all stained with Blood,
Poured from His side,
The shadow went forth
Pale under the welkin.
All creation wept,
They mourned the fall of their King."

This is the "testimony of the rocks" to the faith of Christ,—a sermon in stone, preached twelve hundred years ago; but still its voice is heard proclaiming that faith wherein we stand, the faith of the Church of Scotland of to-day, as it was in that early Christian age. It is the same old Gospel to-day as it was yesterday, and as it will be for ever.

Towards the middle of the eleventh century (about 1060) the Culdee Church, however, which was then about five hundred years old, showed unmistakable signs of decay and dissolution. Scottish Christianity seems to march in epochs of five hundred years:—five hundred years of heathen darkness; five hundred years of the Culdees; five hundred years of Rome; and now we are in the midst of another such cycle.

But the old enthusiasm of the first Iona missionaries had gone off, and the torch which they had lit showed signs of flickering; the Story of the Cross as was told by them with so much zeal and fire to the heathen Picts, ceased to interest them. Their numbers fell off; their doctrines became loose and erroneous, and they ceased to perform their ministerial functions with vigour and effect. There was a *dead pause* in the history of Scottish Christianity in the last half of the tenth and the early years of the eleventh centuries; Christianity ceased to spread, and there was a danger of a lamentable relapse into heathenism. In many cases the monasteries were deserted, and the revenues which had accumulated in course of ages were used and enjoyed by laymen. At Dunblane

(founded by the Culdee, St. Blane), religion sank so low that the voices of devotion ceased altogether, save for one solitary chaplain who mumbled off a lifeless office in a roofless church.

And now, when the Scottish Church showed symptoms of failing health and vigour, *Rome* stepped in. The Church of Rome was then by far the most vigorous, as it was also the largest branch of Catholic Christendom, and as yet it was almost entirely free of those peculiar errors which afterwards disfigured it, and finally worked its doom. Its monastic orders were spreading all over Europe, and by their vigorous preaching and earnest lives of devoted self-denial, were bringing in the nations one by one to the obedience of the Church. And thus the "Shadow of St. Peter's" stretched westwards and westwards, till, first the Gallican Church of France, which used to be distinct and independent of Rome, came under the Pope, and then the shadow crossed the narrow silver streak that separates our little rocky isle in the north-west of Europe from the great mainland, and next the Church of England, which for ages had been free and national and self-ruled, of which the thirty-seventh article of the English Church was quite as true then as it is now,—“that the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England,”—was drawn in, and the Roman Ritual ousted the ancient Saxon characteristics; and then the shadow moved northwards, and covered Scotland, so that by the end of the twelfth century, almost every trace of the old Culdees had vanished, and the Church of Caledonia, like the Church of the South, had conformed to the law and order of what was really the strongest, the greatest, and the most missionary Church of mediæval ages; and the end of it was that all Europe, save Russia, Turkey, and Greece, lay under the shadow of St. Peter's.

In the Acts of the Apostles it is related how, when St. Peter walked abroad at eventide in Jerusalem, his shadow, as it fell on the sick and maimed in the streets of the Holy City, caused them to be healed. They even brought the sick out and laid them on couches in the streets and lanes, “so that at the least the shadow of Peter passing by, might overshadow some of them.” Whatever evil and deadly influence the shadow of that Church which claims to be founded on St. Peter may have had in later times,—however true it may be that it became a *deadly night-shade*,—its influence at this time was all for good.

Wherever the shadow reached, it left behind it enduring memorials of its presence. We are still surrounded by, and many of us worship every Sunday in, stately sanctuaries built by her hands; the present parishes of Scotland were all planned and mapped out by her; three out of the four Scottish Universities, and most of our great schools, were her creations; almost all our national institutions were of her invention; the very soil on which we live, and which is nourishing us to-day, was reclaimed by her assiduity from being a rocky dreary waste, covered over in many places with the impenetrable Caledonian Forest, into a rich agricultural possession; the monks of Newbattle were the first workers of coal in Scotland, and by developing the resources of the earth, became the fathers of Britain's industrial greatness; all over the country still, there are remains of her wisdom, her energy, her unwearied and well-directed labours. "This land that was desolate is become as the garden of Eden." We dwell in that land which God gave to our fathers, and we have entered into their labours.

This was how the great ecclesiastical change from Culdeism to Rome was effected. After the Norman Conquest of England (1066) thousands of Englishmen sought refuge in Scotland from the tyranny of William the Conqueror; and these brought with them across the Border their customs, their rites, and in some cases their priests, who, like the whole of England, had become subject to Rome. But the proximate cause was the marriage of Malcolm Canmore, King of Scots, in 1070, to Margaret, the granddaughter of an English king. She too had been brought up in the English Church, and she became the great leavener of Scotland.

Her name signifies "a pearl,"—and a pearl she was, for her life, though spent in the luxury of the Royal Court of Scotland, never dimmed its saintly lustre; in the midst of her manifold queenly avocations, her pure and beautiful soul often stole away to Him who had bought it with His precious blood. Her heart was firmly fixed where true joys were alone to be found. In the midst of a beautiful country, of which she was the beloved sovereign, she sighed for a better country, that is an heavenly. Though wearing the crown of a land of heroes and patriots, — Duncan and Macbeth, Ossian and Columba,—she reached forth to the Crown that fadeth not away.

She built numberless churches and monasteries, and placed a useful and vigorous ministry in them, sweeping out the few weak and corrupt Culdee clergy that were left; she would not rest until she saw the laws of God and His Church observed throughout all her realm. She was devoted to her husband, and when on her dying bed she received news that he and her three sons were slain on the battlefield, she gave God thanks in these words:—"I thank Thee, O my God, that in this last period of my life, Thou makest my soul pass through terrible trials. But I hope they will serve to cleanse and refine it, and consume the dross of my sins. O, my Saviour Jesus, who by the will of my Father, and co-operation of the Holy Ghost, didst blot out my sins and deliver me from my evils, by Thy Sacred Body and Precious Blood, grant that I may adhere to Thy holy commandments, and never suffer me to be separated from Thee." And having whispered, "Lord Jesu, deliver me," she gently took her departure to the Bosom of Christ!

She was laid to rest in Dunfermline Abbey, which she herself had built in the place where her royal nuptials had been celebrated, and it was a great shrine for pilgrims for ages. Her dust was afterwards laid in the chapel in Edinburgh Castle, still called "St. Margaret's Chapel," from which, it is said, there breathed out the fragrance of odorous spices and the flowers of spring. She was for several centuries regarded as the Patron and saintly Protectress of Scotland, as she undoubtedly was the restorer of the Faith of Christ in our land. There is a legend that before the battle of Largs (1263) a poor crippled soldier saw her in a vision, with crowned head and stately steps, and followed by a train of the white-robed, going seawards to do battle for Scotland, her beloved fatherland; just as once, at Glastonbury in England, the monastery sacristan at dusk entertained two strangers in white, who declared they had to be off betimes in the morning, to strike for Scotland at Bannockburn. It was firmly believed long ago that it was through St. Margaret's influence that the Norse galleys were swept on to the fatal rocks, and that the land of the Thistle and the Heather, and the Burning Bush, remained free and unfettered as the waves that boom around its iron-bound coasts!

After her death, the work of establishing the Church was

taken up with almost as much vigour by David I., well called by his successor in the throne, "the sair sanct for the Croun," because of the enormous sums which he spent from the royal exchequer in erecting bishoprics, and building and endowing cathedrals and monasteries. The whole country had been divided into parishes, the same as exist to-day, and in hundreds of cases the same old gray arching roof covers God's worshipping children as covered their ancestors in that dim and distant age of long ago.

But the greatest step of all was the division of Scotland into dioceses, over which a bishop or chief pastor was placed. St. Andrews was founded by Queen Margaret about 1090, and in time it became the "Canterbury of Scotland," and the seat of the Archbishop of all Scotland north of the Forth. It is chronicled that its ritual and discipline and learning were unequalled all over the world. One of its earliest bishops was described on a stone slab which was raised near the high altar, as "a straight pillar of the Church, a bright window, a sweet censer, and a melodious bell." Ever after 1329 the Archbishop of St. Andrews had the right of crowning the kings of Scotland on the old coronation-stone at Scone.

The See of Glasgow was established about the year 1100, and in time it became the seat of the Archbishop or Primate of all Scotland south of the Forth. The noble cathedral of St. Mungo, as it now stands,—*"The Salisbury of Scotland,"*—though preceded by several stately churches, was built in 1225, with the proceeds of a collection made all over Scotland, in every church, by order of the Provincial Council. Vast sums came in from other countries; indeed it may be said that it was built with the offerings of universal Christendom. The Bishoprics of Galloway, Aberdeen, and Moray were founded by Queen Margaret about 1080-1090; Caithness in 1153; Brechin, Dunblane, Dunkeld, Dornoch, and Ross by King David, "the sair sanct," about 1150. For long the Orkney and Shetland isles were under the Norwegian Bishops, and were quite separate from ecclesiastical Scotland; their Cathedral was Christchurch in Bergen. Every new bishop on coming over from Norway was first put to the test of draining, at one draught, an ancient goblet, which was said to have belonged to St. Magnus, the Orcadian patron. In 1471 these northern isles were joined to the Scottish Church and made into a Bishopric under the primacy of St. Andrews.

It was not without a struggle, but in course of time the Roman Canon law and constitution became universal, and were found to work well. A great question, however, arose in the twelfth century as to the ecclesiastical authority to which the Church of Scotland was amenable. The Archbishop of York claimed to have jurisdiction over all Scotland, and asserted his right to consecrate the Scottish bishops. After a severe contest, in which Scottish national feeling was more strongly intensified and consolidated than ever it had been before, and King, bishops, priests, and people all stood shoulder to shoulder, as one man, for their land and liberties, it was decreed by Rome that the Church of Scotland should be responsible to no ecclesiastical power whatever, but be directly subject to the Pope, and be his special child. The late occupant of the Papal chair (Pope Leo), in a recent famous pastoral, says:—"The Roman Pontiffs took these sees under their especial protection, and treated them with special favour, and the Church of Scotland was the special daughter of the Apostolic See, and subject to no other." Hence, pilgrimages to Rome became very frequent on the part both of prelates and nobles,—as also to the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. So that just as wise men came from the distant East to see where Christ was born, so devout men journeyed from the far West to see where He had been buried !

During all this age, we are told that preaching could not be heard for the sound of hammers and trowels, so great was the zeal and energy of the Church in rearing ecclesiastical edifices. The stately houses of God, which to-day are dotted all over this land of mountain and of flood, were largely the offspring of this age of wonderful activity, and absolutely unparalleled generosity and self-sacrifice. God received the best of everything ; the Church did not keep her alabaster box all to herself ; she gladly broke it over the Redeemer's feet ; and the House of God was filled with the odour of the ointment.

I have not space to speak of the *Monastic* system, which became so widespread, so powerful, and so useful. The white-robed Cistercian Monks were found at Melrose, Newbattle, Sweetheart, Culross, &c. ; the black-gowned Benedictines at Dunfermline, Arbroath (whose good-hearted abbot hung the renowned Inchcape bell to warn storm-tost mariners

off the fatal rock), Coldingham, &c. ; the Cluniacs at Paisley and Crossraguel; the Augustinians at Jedburgh, Holyrood, Cambuskenneth, Scoon. Hundreds of such religious houses were scattered over broad Scotland from lonely Kirkwall in the far north, to the yellow Solway shore; and they were for long centuries centres of learning and labour, of sweetness and light, both in spiritual and temporal affairs, homes of devotion and contemplation, calm refuges for human spirits wearied of the world.

These men combined both the pious and the practical; they were both Marthas and Marys, serpents and doves; their crest was not a mere bent knee, but an uplifted hand as well. They looked well to their spiritual harvest, and yet neglected not the husbandry of the fields around them, which, even after the lapse of three centuries, are still rich and bountiful.

"It is good for us to be here," was the inscription written over the arched doorway of every Cistercian monastery, "where man lives more purely, falls more rarely, rises more quickly, treads more cautiously, rests more securely, dies more happily, is pardoned more easily, and rewarded more plentifully." It was by one of the same Cistercian Order which colonised Melrose and so many other southern Abbeys, that the beautiful hymn (so great a favourite in the Church of Scotland to-day) was written,—*"Jesus, the very thought of Thee, with sweetness fills my breast."* If you look up on one of the transept walls of Melrose Abbey, you will see an inscription, which embalms and embodies the same exalted sentiment and everlasting truth, carved up by some old monk of Melrose ages ago; it still stands, though worn and weather-beaten, in these words, *"When Jesus comes, the shadow goes!"* In the stately pile of St. David's, lying at the foot of the green swelling Eildon Hills, over which Thomas the Rhymer had roamed, the writer of that line may have watched the ever-changing lights and shadows sweeping across the hills on a summer day, with the sweet breath of the snow-wreathed hawthorn blossom coming in at his little groined window, and the thought occurred to him, that when Jesus, "the Light of the world," shines into the soul, the shadows flee away, just like the fleeting patches of darkness on these rolling hills, as the day strengthens. Or it may have been at night, when the gloom was over mountain and valley, and the silvery Tweed

rippled on in the darkness, singing its grand old eternal song of "men may come and men may go, but I flow on for ever," as it is doing just now as I write by its banks, when all at once the monastery bell rang out for the midnight office; and on that ancient altar, beneath which Bruce's heart lay buried, and before which many a Scottish king had thrown his soul at Christ's feet and begged succour for battle and pilgrimage, the tapers slowly twinkled into flame, and the great dark echoing house of God was brightened with the kindly glow; so Christ, thought that solitary watcher, is the light of the world and of the soul. "O happy lights," was the language of his heart (the language of a great soul only lately removed from being an ornament in the same communion), as he knelt in adoration, making intercession for the silent world, which lay asleep around him,—

"O Happy Lights! O Happy Lights!
Watching my Jesus livelong nights,
How close you cluster round His Throne,
Dying so meekly one by one
As each his faithful watch has done!
Could I with you but take my turn,
And burn with love of Him, and burn
Till Love had wasted me like you,
Sweet Lights, what better could I do?

"O Happy Flowers! O Happy Flowers!
How quietly for hours and hours,
In dead of night, in cheerful day,
Close to my own dear Lord you stay,
Until you gently fade away!
O Happy Flowers, what would I give
In your sweet place all day to live,
And then to die, my service o'er,
Softly as you do, at His door!"

For five hundred years the Church of Rome permeated with its institutions the whole of Scottish life; but towards the close of that period, what happened five centuries before to the Culdees, happened to Rome,—the shadow of St. Peter's began to be a shadow of death and decay, and Scotland began to languish under it. Secondary doctrines of the Church were exaggerated into importance, and doctrines which had no right whatever to be there, and which Christ and the Apostles never sanctioned, took up the chief place in the Roman Theology, to the humiliation, if not practical exclusion, of Him who is the centre of Christianity, for Christianity is Christ and Christ only. The Church had built its tabernacles, and beautiful tabernacles they were,—on the hill of vision, but

it began to look at Moses and Elias and the poor human followers of the Saviour, rather than at "Jesus only!" And so it happened to them,—as it will always happen under similar circumstances, in whatever Church and age it may be,—that the old Melrose inscription was reversed, "Jesus *went*, and the shadow *came*!"

In its best and purest days the worship of the Cistercians at Newbattle consisted of the stated observance of the "Hours" at which all the brethren were expected to be present by day and night. Nocturns at midnight were said in memory of Christ's Nativity, when "It came upon the midnight clear, that glorious song of old." At three in the morning Lauds were sung in remembrance of Christ's Betrayal and Resurrection. At six in the morning came Prime, recalling Christ's Mockery before Pilate, at which the hymn, "Jam lucis," was sung, as well as Psalms i., ii., cxix., with a few prayers. Terce succeeded at 9 a.m., in commemoration of Christ's sentence to death and the descent of the Holy Spirit, when Psalm cxxi. and the hymn, "Nunc sancte nobis spiritus," were sung. At mid-day Sext was offered, in memory of the Crucifixion, at which were sung the hymn, "Rector potens," and Psalm cxxv. Nones followed at 3 p.m., in memory of Christ's Death,—"the ninth hour," when the hymn, "Rerum Deus tenax rigor," and Psalm cxxxviii. were sung. Vespers came at six in the evening, in commemoration of the Descent from the Cross; and the sacred day,—every day was sacred,—was completed, with Compline at 9 p.m., to recall the rest of Jesus in the grave, with Psalms iv., xci., cxxxiv., and the beautiful hymn, "Te lucis ante terminum." Masses of all kinds for the living and the departed were celebrated at the various altars of the Abbey, many of them having special provisions and endowments for their support, some of them from royal personages.

During meals the brethren heard read to them lives of the saints and martyrs. At various intervals during the day they had a respite for spiritual communion and meditation.

The rest of the day was taken up with manual labour of various kinds,—agriculture, building, writing and illuminating, carpentry, tree-planting, mining, mechanical labour of various kinds. In a word, the whole day was filled up with work and worship, acting on the belief that for a happy life, as the present Pope declares, worship and work are the two essentials.

The voice from Rome corresponds with the voice from New York, for Henry Ward Beecher in a memorable passage declares,—“It is not work that kills men, it is worry. Work is healthy; you can hardly put more upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.”

In the seventeenth century a monk who had travelled much in Scotland described the race as an indolent and lazy one. Among the curious letters in the latest volume of the Historical Manuscripts Commission,—the manuscripts of the Duke of Portland, preserved at Welbeck,—is one from Denis de Repas, an ex-Capuchin monk, to Sir Edward Harley. It is dated September 13, 1672, and gives an amusing account of his wanderings in Scotland. This is how he writes of the then residents beyond the Border:—“I may assure your honour that in all my travels—whereof you shall have an account hereafter—I never saw a nation in general more nasty, lazy, and least ingenious in matter of manufactures than they are, as by word of mouth I may in time the better relate to your honour. In several places, though nature doth afford them all manner of materials to build houses, they are so lazy that they had rather lay in cabins covered hardly with earth and turfs, and so be exposed to the injury of the weather, than to take the pain to build, as they do anywhere else; nay, amongst the Highlanders they live like savages, and go half-naked.” The Scotch people were so lazy, the monk goes on to say, that they did not so much as bake bread, “though they may have plenty of corn.” “They make nastily a kind of stuff with oat half-grinded, which they do call,—cake,—which hath no more taste or relish than a piece of wooden trencher. I was forced for two months’ time, in the north, in a place called Rothimay, to live altogether upon pap for want of bread. The Scotchmen and the Scotch horses live altogether upon the same diet, I mean upon oats, for there is not a horse in thirty to whom hay is afforded; their bread is made with oats, and so is their bonny ale. The monk adds that if he was to give his friend a “whole” description both of their humours and of their “nasty way of living,” he would have matter enough for a dozen letters.

Certainly in the best days of Newbattle Abbey there was no idleness, and this description could not apply. Worship and work were constant and unremitting, and the enormous

practical works in fields and mines and otherwise which were carried on, bear the most ample testimony to the zealous activity and strong intellectual power of these old Cistercian fathers, whose motto seems to have been,—

“Worship as if thou wert to live for aye,
Work as if thou wert to die to-day.”

It has often been remarked how the monastic chronicles are silent regarding the great events of contemporary history, but record trifling details of the Abbey's inner history,—proving the truth of the proverb,—“Blessed is the nation which has no history.” And yet in history, the true life of a nation is nourished, fostered, and developed in these years of halcyon calm; wars are the physic—peace is the health of a people; happiness, like light, is colourless when unbroken. In the monastic annals there is not one single reference to the epoch-making Battle of Poitiers in 732, which effectually checked the spread of Mohammedanism across Europe, and saved the west from being brought under the sway of the Crescent instead of the Cross; but these cloister chronicles teem instead with small petty details, temporal and spiritual, of the life of great calm and peace divine, spent in the dim retreats of many a Gothic monastery. And who shall say which events are the more important,—the story of war or the story of worship,—and which the more useful in the history of a nation or an individual,—the life of stir or the life of silence!

In Longfellow's “Golden Legend,” the monk whose meditation that day was on the eternal joys of heaven listens to the bird's song in the greenwood tree, and so enraptured was he that a hundred years passed away, and when he returned to the monastery every face was changed. So quietly and silently the years passed over the old house of Newbattle in worship and work. The old spirit comes back as one thinks of their life of quiet, steady duty:—“This have I done for thee; what doest thou for Me?”—Stenburg's great picture, which has moulded history: “Hadst thou not gone I had fled”—the voice of the Master to the father who in his cell was rivetted by the vision of Christ, when the Abbey bells called him away to feed the poor at the gates, and on his return the vision was there still with a new message and call to duty. A hundred such thoughts crowd into the mind as one thinks of these quiet days which were summed up in the motto,—“*laborare est orare.*”

THE ABBEY ESTATES AND PROPERTIES.

THE great business abilities and resources of the Cistercian fathers came out in nothing more remarkably than in their acquisition and management of their very many estates. These included not only the whole of the Newbattle Valley, but many properties close at hand, while they gradually acquired vast stretches of land further away, where they developed their agricultural, industrial, pastoral, or mining industries, teaching the people their arts and raising chapels on the various estates for divine worship. The rule of the Order prescribed manual labour as a portion of every day's work, and it did not matter what it was, —digging a field, building a wall, constructing a cart, winning the coal, or herding the sheep, so long as the motto of the Order was carried out,—“In all things let God be glorified.” The angel whom the Almighty sent to sweep a street-crossing was as highly honoured by High Heaven as the angel who was sent to rule an empire. One can see through the dim distance of the centuries the white-robed field worker dropping his hay-rake and implements and on bended knee repeating the celestial annunciation, as at noon the Angelus bell rang out from the grey saddle-back Abbey tower, and called the soul for a moment from the withered grass, so typical of life, to the angelic lily of immortal beauty and everlasting glory.

In their Newbattle property, besides working the fields and planting trees, they worked the coal from the face of the river-bank, marks of these horizontal or diagonal workings being traceable in the banks, both of the South Esk at Newbattle, and of the North Esk near Melville,—the holes in the banks being undoubtedly primitive attempts at coal-mining. The well-known historian, Æneas Sylvius or Piccolomini, who resided in Scotland for two years, and spent the winter of 1413

amid our mists and storms, describes Scottish life in the first quarter of the fifteenth century very vividly,—the small hardy men, the fair complaisant women, the ox-hide doors of the cottages, the thatched houses, and unwallled towns. But more wonderful to him than anything was the relief given to beggars at church doors in the form of black stones or coal,—the great discovery of the Newbattle fathers.

Cockpen (Kokpen) was an adjoining Abbey property, and the sweet and charming ruin covered with ivy, which to-day stands not far from Dalhousie Castle, was a chaplaincy of Newbattle. The fathers had also a large and imposing residence at Newton, a mile or two from Dalkeith, which still stands and bears the name of Monkton Hall. The lower part of the house is arched. The two large mansion-houses at Inveresk, known as Inveresk Lodge and Halkerston Lodge, were residences for the Newbattle abbot and fathers,—giving them a pleasant change from the mild, soft air of the Newbattle valley, and a breath of the sea breezes, as well as a place from which they could carry on their extensive agricultural and mining enterprises along the coast. Their coal was shipped at Morison's Haven, where they had a good harbour and quite a small fleet of vessels for carrying their coals. Further down the Firth, at Prestongrange, they had another residence and extensive coal and salt industries. And so down the coast other small properties were dotted, until Haddington was reached, where they owned a considerable estate.

In Leith they owned considerable property, to-day covered by great store-houses; also at Greenside, in Edinburgh, these having been acquired in 1256 by Abbot William. It is said they had also the right of cutting wood in Glenartney, which even yet is famous for its "hazel shade." The Newbattle monks were famous as carpenters, and a "Newbottle cart" was considered about as good and workmanlike a production as could be had in that age. There must have been large numbers of these carts about the Abbey, as many would be needed for conveying coals, field work, bringing salt from Prestongrange, and otherwise. Grangemouth had its name from the "Abbot's Grange," still standing in that enterprising shipping town, which owed its origin to the mining industry of the Newbattle fathers. Newton Grange was another and nearer property, and was the special farm of the monastery.

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The Abbey property included practically all the Moorfoot Hills, and the remains of the chapel and convent of Moorfoot are still traceable at the farm bearing that name, situated at the foot of the Powbate glen.

From an interesting work, "Folk-lore of Scottish Lochs and Springs," by James M. Mackinlay, M.A., F.S.A. (1893), I take the following extracts:—"A singular superstition is or was till lately cherished, that Powbate Well completely fills with its water the high hill on which it is situated." Chambers, in his "Popular Rhymes of Scotland," gives the following particulars about the spring:—"The mouth, called Powbate E'e, is covered over by a grate to prevent the sheep from falling into it; and it is supposed that if a willow wand is thrown in, it will be found some time after, peeled, at the water-haugh, a small lake at the base of the hill, supposed to communicate with Powbate. Of course, the hill is expected to break some day like a bottle and do a great deal of mischief. A prophecy, said to be of Thomas the Rhymer, and bearing evident marks of his style, is cited to support the supposition:

"Powbate an' ye break,
Tak' the Moorfoot in yer gate,
Moorfoot and Mauldslic,
Huntleycote, a' three,
Five kirks and an *abbacie*."

In explanation of this prophecy, Chambers remarks,—
"Moorfoot, Mauldslic, and Huntleycote are farm towns in the immediate neighbourhood of the hill. The kirks are understood to have been those of Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith; and the abbacy was that of Newbottle, the destruction of which, however, has been anticipated by another enemy."

The other portion of the Moorfoot Hills, with the fine Herieth or Heriot glen, was also the property of Newbattle Abbey, and there a chapel stood to serve the district. The shepherds, ploughmen, and artizans belonging to Moorfoot and Heriot were directed by fathers skilled in pasturage and agriculture, who brought, according to the Cistercian rule, their practical skill to bear on the lands and hillsides around them.

Over the Moorfoot Hills,—which practically all belonged to Newbattle Abbey,—on the other side there was another rich pastoral possession,—the Vale of Leithen, which leads down to the picturesque town of Innerleithen, the "St. Ronan's

Well" of Scott. The valley was gifted to the Newbattle monks by Alexander II., King of Scots, as a return for the privilege of having his Queen, Marie de Couci, buried in the Abbey. King Alexander was the Abbey's chief royal patron, and bestowed upon it many gifts and privileges. On 19th May, 1223, he visited the Abbey, Abbot Richard being then reigning, and ever afterwards he entertained the warmest affection for it. Marie de Couci was his second wife, and he married her in 1239. In 1241 the young queen said that in the event of her death she had a strong desire to be buried in the Church of Holy Mary at Newbottle. Her husband died before her, and she married again, her second match being with John de Brienne, son of the Emperor of the East. It is supposed that she died in France, but it is certain that her body was brought to Scotland, in performance of her vow; and she was buried in the Abbey which her first husband dearly loved, and which both he and she had enriched with princely benefactions. In what part of the Abbey she was buried is a vexed question. A mediæval writer, quoted by Father Hay, says:—"In the midst of the Church was seen the tomb of the Queen of King Alexander, of marble, supported on six lions of marble. A human figure was placed reclining on the tomb, surrounded with an iron grating." Mr Innes, in his preface to the Ballantyne Club's *Chartulary of Newbottle*, says she was buried in what is now the flower garden. The princely gift of the Vale of Leithen was the offering of Alexander to the religious house, which was to guard his queen's remains. A chapel, the ruins of which are still traceable, stood in the Vale, which was a great pastoral land then, as now.

The whole of the Moorfoots would in these mediæval centuries be rich in game, large and small. In all probability the wolf, the boar, and the wild cat were denizens of the glens and lonely rock-retreats of Powbate and Leithen, while even at the present day game of all kinds abounds, and in the streams among the hills there is the best of fishing. The Hireden glen, just above the ruined Moorfoot convent, forming one line of defence for the old castle, still beautiful in decay, had its name from the fact that herons in large numbers made it their home, drawn to the shelter and hill streams, with their abundant minnow and trout. The fathers would leave

none of these resources unutilised, but would find scope for energy and skill, and even enjoyment, in the grand hillsides and moorlands of the Moorfoot, or Morthwaite, as it was sometimes spelt.

Newbattle owned several large estates in Haddington, for which the Abbot paid "suit and service at the Three Head Sheriff Courts." On July 13, 1540, Alexander Belsis, a tenant of Newbattle, appeared in the Burgh Court with a Commission of Bailieny to repledge a certain man (name omitted) to the Court of the Abbot of Newbattle; the prisoner was, I am certain, only one of the Abbot's tenants, as if he had been a monk it would have been noted.

Even in hilly, well-watered Peeblesshire the Newbattle fathers' estates were to be found, more especially at Romanno Bridge, the story of which may be told. Among the Anglo - Normans who settled in Scotland during the twelfth century was a person named Vermel, or Uermil, who received from David I. a grant of the lands of Romanoch. His son, Philip de Vermel, granted a portion of the lands to the monks of Newbottle between 1179 and 1189, and there were similar grants to the canons of Holyrood. One of the oldest spellings of the name is Rothmaneie, meaning in Gaelic the dwelling of the monk. There is no record nor trace of ecclesiastical building. Two braesides, one of which is still on the shrunken estate, while the other has been sold, suggest by their terraces that monkish agriculture has been there. At a mile's distance, a small hamlet with a U.F. kirk is called Mountain Cross for Monkton Cross. The original estate of the de Vermels had evidently included that spot, with its cross roads and cross, though there are now neither cross nor cross roads.

The great coal and iron district in the West of Scotland, known as Monkland, received its name from the monks of Newbattle, whose property it was. The population of the two present-day parishes of Old and New Monkland is something like 20,000, and it is interesting to think of the Newbattle fathers as having laid the earliest foundations of the giant commercial enterprises of that part of Scotland. From the Monkland Wall at Newbattle, they carried a road across country to Linlithgowshire and Lanarkshire, and gradually annexed fresh properties of great commercial value. All the tract of

ground from West Lothian to the Barony parish of Glasgow seems to have been granted by Malcolm IV. to the monks of Neubotile. Hence its name. But no remains of the monks' rule here exist, save the name. The monks do not seem to have settled here. They had indeed a chapel, about a couple of miles from New Monkland Church, but it seemed to have been used for the most part for levying their rents and the like. This district was distinguished for its Reformational zeal, and therefore, I presume, every trace of the monks' presence has been obliterated. With the changed conditions of the population of the two parishes of the Monklands, there is not even a legend of them extant in this parish. The Monkland Well still exists. It is about half a mile from the Manse of New Monkland. The mineral workings have, however, diminished its flow greatly. It is now but a small affair. At the beginning of last century it seems to have had considerable vogue for its medicinal qualities. It gave its name,—“The Virtue Well,” to a famous seam of coal, and that has done more to perpetuate its fame than its own virtues have done.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL BUILDINGS OF NEWBATTLE ABBEY.

THE growth of Newbattle Abbey as an ecclesiastical pile was a gradual affair through the centuries, and when in 1385 it was burnt down by Richard II. of England it had accommodation for eighty monks and seventy lay brethren. There was ample room for guests, and very often the Bishop and the whole Synod of the Diocese were entertained by the Abbot. The Abbey, indeed, at the height of its greatness and magnificence, was a favourite residence of royalty. In 1544 it was burned down for the second time during the disastrous expedition dispatched by Henry VIII. to punish the Scots for their refusal to betroth the infant Queen Mary to his son. On that occasion the bonfires of what were known as the "bloody betrothal" were a line of blazing abbeys from Holyrood to Dunbar.

An old record says:—"Upon the 15th day of May the horsemen raid to Newbottill and brynt it, and oversaw Dalkeith be the moyane of George Dowglas, and brynt many other tounes theirabout. Na skaith was done to any kirks, exceptand thae destroyit the Abbey of Newbottill, and the same nicht they returnit to Leith." The burning of such a pile of masonry was perhaps but a partial destruction. In any case, it is related that a few years after the rough handling it received from the English, the Abbey buildings were sufficiently restored to be thought a convenient place for the reception of a Convention of the Lords of the party, which the Queen Dowager in person held there preparatory to declaring war against England in 1557,—an interesting historical occasion which connects Newbattle with the great international history. The subsequent disappearance of the ancient Abbey buildings cannot be accounted for in the usual way by alleging the violence of a Reformation mob. The Abbot of Newbattle of that day, Mark Ker, whose portrait hangs in the mansion-

house, embraced so heartily the principles of the Reformation that his dwelling would probably have been respected by the most zealous reformers; and as Newbattle has been a mansion for his descendants continuously since, we may rather seek the cause in a preference for modern comfort in a newer building, to the picturesque architecture and pious and historical associations of the old Abbey.

At the time of the Reformation, Mark Ker, as has been said, was Abbot of Newbattle. He was the second son of Sir Alexander Ker of Cessford. Renouncing the Roman Faith, he expelled the monks, giving the aged ones a pension for life, and retained the lands as "Commendator of Newbattle,"—which title, with all its privileges, was confirmed to him by the Scottish Parliament in 1581. Scott of Scots-tarvit states that Mark Ker and his eldest son of the same name, who, in 1606, was created first Earl of Lothian, "did so metamorphose the building, that it cannot be known that ever it did belong to the Church by reason of the fair new fabrick and stately edifices built thereon, except only that the old name and walls of the precincts stand"; and more recent members of the house of Lothian have further extended and modernised the structure, the late Marquess having added a sumptuous robing room and other buildings for the visit of Queen Victoria and the Duke of Clarence, besides otherwise beautifying and adorning the mansion.

The form and design of the ecclesiastical buildings were of the usual Cistercian type, and almost identical with Melrose Abbey. The Gothic Church stood with its great west door, pillars and arches, and at the side near the river the quadrangle with its open court surrounded by cloisters, probably in two, possibly in some places in three storeys. On the south side of the court was the Refectory, and on the east side the official apartments stood, consisting of chapter-house with pillars connected by a pillared arcade with the great hall. The library, scriptorium, and guest-chambers were probably quite near. The exact measurements of the Abbey are kindly supplied by Mr John Ramsay, clerk of works at Newbattle estate, who had much to do with the recent excavations and explorations as to site, architecture, and otherwise.

Church—Extreme length east and west outside walls, 253 ft. 3 in.
Extreme length east and west inside walls, 239 ft. 3 in.

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Extreme width north and south outside walls, 66 ft. 7 in.
Extreme width north and south inside walls, 57 ft. 1 in.
Extreme length of nave, 161 ft. 6 in.
Extreme width of nave, 31 ft.
Extreme width of aisles, 13 ft. 0½ in.
Extreme length of crossing, 41 ft. 9 in.
Extreme length of chancel, 36 ft.
Extreme width north and south between transepts, 117 ft.
North and south transepts, east and west (inside), 45 ft. 6 in.
North transepts, north to south, 32 ft. 3 in.
South transept, north to south, 28 ft. 2 in.
North wall in north transept is 8 ft. thick.
Other walls in church and transept, 4 ft. thick.
South wall of church, next cloisters, 3 ft. 6 in. thick.
West front wall of church, 6 ft. 6 in. and 8 ft. thick.
Buttresses on the north aisle, 4 ft. by 5 ft. out from wall.
Angle buttresses at north transept, 16 ft. 4 in. by 10 ft. 4 in.
Corner buttresses at east end of church, 12 ft. by 3 ft. out from wall.
Buttresses north and south side of chancel, 8 ft. by 3 ft. out from wall.
Buttresses east of chancel, 6 ft. by 3 ft. out from wall.
Octagon—Base of four pillars under the great tower, 10 ft. by 10 ft.
Base of two pillars in chancel, 10 ft. by 10 ft.
Base of pillar in north transept, 7 ft. 10 in. by 8 ft. 3 in.
Refectory, length inside, 106 ft.
Refectory, width, 33 ft. 6 in.
Kitchen, 33 ft. 6 in. by 12 ft. 6 in.
Cloister quadrangle, 125 ft. 10 in. by 123 ft. 10 in.
Width of chapter house, 28 ft. Extreme length inside, 57 ft.
Width of great hall, 43 ft. Length inside, 144 ft.
Width of sacristy, 18 ft.

From the north wall of the Abbey Church to the south boundary wall of the river is 378 feet 4 inches, and from the south boundary wall to the wall at the culverts is 186 feet 6 inches.

The present mansion-house occupies a portion of the area of the ancient monastery; and though ingeniously hidden by modern improvements, the ancient masonry is still visible at parts of the walls, while here and there an antique moulding peeps out from its later setting. The picturesqueness and variety of line of the mansion-house show that it has gradually and in only a half-premeditated way grown to its present dimensions. The details of the architecture bear an Early English character, and have been assigned by a high authority, —Professor Wills, of Cambridge—to the middle of the thirteenth century. This seems to show that the superstructure at least of the old Abbey survived the successive burnings by the invading armies, the marks of whose fire are still traceable.

The excavations for the church were begun in 1878, with the result that nave, aisles, and south transept were found. In 1892 the north transept was discovered, with two angle buttresses similar to those of Furness, in Lancashire. These landmarks are now laid out in gravel, revealing the great thickness of the east wall and chancel pillars.

Extensive excavations were again continued in 1893 and 1894, both in the interior of the mansion-house and round about it. In the former case the excavations were connected with the complete restoration of the crypt. Those who know Newbattle will remember that from the entrance hall a grand wooden staircase leads to the spacious vestibule on the first floor, where are hung so many of the valuable art treasures of the mansion. But on each side of the grand staircase there are flights of stairs leading down into the stone-vaulted and stone-ribbed crypts. Part of these had been dealt with in a former excavation; now the crypts have all been opened up, and extending across the mansion-house from north to south, form a beautiful addition to this interesting pile. The crypts, both on the south and north sides of the portion immediately behind the grand staircase, had been built up, and certain portions of them used as servants' rooms and lumber stores. The whole, as has been said, has been cleared out from end to end, with beautiful artistic effect. Arches, where necessary, were thrown over the openings, and in the course of the work the bases of the old pillars were revealed in line with those now remaining in the crypt, which had a connection with the south transept of the church. After being hidden for centuries, these bases are still in perfect preservation, with the masons' marks upon them. Masons' marks are still to be traced on many of the old Abbey stones still preserved under the neighbouring yew trees, and elsewhere in the valley. At this, the north end, in what is called the Armour Crypt, an old chimney was discovered, which measured about 8 feet at the under side. At another place was discovered the old kitchen chimney, the under side of which measured 12 feet 6 inches by 6 feet. Both flues had the smoke of the old fires still upon them. The crypt pillars are octagonal. The plain shaft measures 3 feet 6½ inches in length, and each side of the pillar 7 inches. From the top of the capital, or spring of the arch, to the floor, is 6 feet. From the pillar to the foot of the corbel, going from east to west, measures 13 feet 1 inch; from pillar to pillar, going from north to south, 9 feet 7 inches. The arches are circular. The ribs show five plain sides, each measuring 5 inches. The keystones,—now all plain—may possibly have been at one time enriched with bosses, as some fine specimens of bosses were found while excavating the crypt.

One of these old bosses is preserved and placed inside the crypt. From the keystone of the rib to the floor measures 12 feet. The inside length of the crypt now open from north to south is 100 feet, by 27 feet 7 inches wide. The crypt, it is conjectured, had extended from the south transept southwards towards the river for about 200 feet, inside measurement. The bases of the pillars of the great hall and chapter-house are preserved.

The whole of the crypts, save one, have been laid with polished oak, and, being appropriately furnished, they form quite an addition to the show portion of the mansion-house. The exception made is a small crypt on the west side, which apparently was the old Abbey kitchen, for it was here that the great chimney was found, and at one side of it is also an ancient oven. The flooring of this has been treated in quite a novel way. During the excavations at Newbattle Abbey, a large number of old and curiously-shaped flooring tiles were found. They were hand-cut, from $1\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick, with a fine glaze or enamel of various colours, such as yellow, green, red, black, and brown of different shades. These, of course, along with other curiosities found, have been carefully preserved. The Marquess instructed his clerk of works to have the floor of the kitchen crypt, as it may be called, covered with an inlaid wooden floor, the pieces of wood of which were to be made of the size and shape of the old tiles found. No pattern was to be used, unless there was an old tile design to correspond to it. The designs were geometrical in character, but some of the tiles had inlayings in the shape of fleur de lys, conventional roses, &c. The work of reconstructing a design for the flooring conformable to the old patterns was a task of great difficulty, but it was successfully accomplished, and the greater part of the inlaid flooring was laid with effective results. The flooring was made and laid by Mr John Ramsay, on whose taste it reflects great credit. All the wood used was grown in the park; and a fine effect has been secured by using various coloured veneers, such as yew, oak, maple, laburnum, plane tree. The great fireplace has been boarded over, carved screens set at each side; and with a step up from the floor, where the great hearth of the fire had been, the little crypt, which is well lighted by modern windows on the front of the mansion-house, has assumed quite

an ecclesiastical appearance, and is now the private chapel, consecrated by the funeral of the late Marquess of Lothian.

Passing outside again, it may be noted that at the west end of the Abbey Church, towards the south, were found the foundations of the west wing, with a portion of the old stair leading from the dormitory to the church. The width of this wing inside the walls is 28 feet 6 inches. About the centre of this wing, 80 feet from the north wall of the Abbey Church, the main entrance to the cloisters was found. Outside the doorway were three steps, 5 feet 6 inches by 10½ by 6 inches deep, and the size of door between the jambs was 4 feet 9 inches, and the width of passage through to the cloister garth was 6 feet 2 inches. The walls were of ashlar work. The outside wall of this wing is 3 feet thick, and of that next the cloisters 2 feet 6 inches thick. One of the chambers south from this entrance to the cloisters was 68 feet long by 23 feet 9 inches wide ; it seems to have been groined, and would possibly be a continuation of the dormitory. The bases of four pillars were found in this chamber, and as all were of different design, the shafts would also be different. The one next the south was like a quatrefoil ; the second to the south was circular, with zig-zag moulding round the base ; the third from the south was octagonal ; and the one at the north end was a circle, with dog-tooth moulding round the under shaft. About 40 feet from the end of this chamber, a wall was found extending east and west, having on each side a stone-built arched culvert of ashlar work, 2 feet 6 inches wide by 2 feet 6 inches high. It was about 4 feet from the present surface, and had evidently been the old underground waterway for cleansing purposes of the Abbey. The foundations of the refectory walls were found extending east from this chamber, not north and south as they usually are placed. They contained a fine moulded doorway near the south-west corner of the cloister quadrangle. The moulded jambs had a bay of 3 feet from the door outwards. The jamb moulding was Early English Gothic. Unfortunately, these excavations were right in front of the main doorway of the mansion-house, and after careful examination had all to be covered again with soil. The door just mentioned was found right in the middle of the carriageway ; but of it a full-sized drawing was made by the clerk of works. The south boundary wall was found

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extending east and west by the bank of the South Esk, near to which the Abbey stands, while the boundary wall from the west wing already referred to extended southward and joined the other by the river bank. They were 3 feet in thickness. As the excavations proceeded, Mr Ramsay, clerk of works, made most careful measurements of the walls and foundations, and from these he has prepared a ground plan of this grand old Abbey, which, if not quite complete, is approximately so. and gives one a true appreciation of the dimensions of this ancient pile. The length of the great hall and the size of the chapter-house cannot be ascertained, as the east end of both are covered by the present mansion. As already stated, the walls and pillars and transepts of the church have been carefully marked on the lawn over the buildings. A brown glazed fireclay edging, unobtrusive in colour, has been used. The great door on the west front has also been outlined with this edging.

The foundations of the outside wall of the old burial ground, which was on the east and north of the church, were also found,—not straight, but with a gentle curve from north to east by south. They were three feet thick. While digging in this portion of the ground, a number of stone coffins were found, principally outside the chancel and north transept. These were mostly of loose slate. One coffin of polished ashlar was discovered near the south transept entrance from the cloisters. One or two of the coffins were opened, and were found to contain the bones of well-built men. All the coffins disturbed were carefully replaced, and like the other excavations, this part has also the grass growing upon it again. In the cloister quadrangle was found an old stone-built well, 3 feet in diameter and 14 feet deep. Below that it was full of rubbish. Several interesting relics of the last burning of the Abbey were found in the shape of pieces of the charred beams and of the old bell of St. Marie de Newbottle, which had been molten by the fierce heat. One of these pieces weighs about 16 lbs., and there were many other fragments,—pieces of stained glass windows, pottery, nails, tools, &c., were also found. A small silver coin of the reign of James IV. of Scotland, whose young bride, Margaret Tudor, was entertained at Newbattle on her journey to Edinburgh, was also found.

A fine arch still survives, covered with ivy, near the river,

—the end of what was probably a subterranean passage between the Abbey and the river,—a means of getting water from the Esk when the house was attacked or blockaded. It is said that a subterranean passage also existed between Newbattle Abbey and the Moorfoot property, but this on the face of it seems to be impossible. The “subterranean passage” idea has been in this case, as in many others, carried out to an ideal extent.

The Abbey Scriptorium was a room of no little importance, for there the fathers copied manuscripts, breviaries, missals, and all sorts of ecclesiastical books. Many of these are preserved in Newbattle House to-day,—some of them of great beauty and value. In mediæval times it was considered a special act of grace, worthy of special divine favour, to copy a Gospel manuscript. The Jewish proverb,—“blessed is he that planteth a tree,” was transmuted into,—“blessed is he that copieth a Gospel.”

The guest-chamber was an important room in the house, for here the weary pilgrim and sojourner was entertained. One can imagine the peace and calm and rest of a worn-out traveller, who, arriving at the Abbey, could claim refreshment and hospitality. The beautiful words which are hung on many a modern inn,—so suggestive of Leighton,—seem appropriate for such a home of rest and house of peace:—

“Sleep sweetly in this quiet room,
O thou, whoe’er thou art,
And let no mournful yesterdays
Disturb thy peaceful heart.

Nor let to-morrow mar thy rest
With dreams of coming ill;
Thy Maker is thy changeless Friend,
His love surrounds thee still.

Forget thyself and all the world:
Put out each garish light:
The stars are shining overhead—
Sleep sweetly then—good-night!”

Especially if after the solemn evensong the pilgrim had come to rest, with praise and prayer in his heart,—whether he had journeyed from lonely Soutra on the Lammermuirs, or from some other distant shrine and home, he would have the feeling so beautifully expressed by Phillips Brooks, Bishop of New York, and author of the beautiful hymn,—“It came upon the midnight clear,”—“Pray the largest prayers. You cannot think

of a prayer so large that God, in answering it, will not wish that you had made it larger. Pray not for crutches, but for wings. Pray that, whatever comes,—trial, doubt, failure or success, hope, joy,—it may all work together to make your soul fit, first to receive, and then to shine forth with the light of God !”

The water-passage and tunnels conveying water from the Esk are undoubtedly of monkish origin, also the fish-pond, now the Lothian private burial-ground. In the old Monkland wall and elsewhere in the valley, many of the old monastery stones are to be found, some of them with the masons’ marks. All along the park from the Abbey to the Maiden Bridge, traces can be found of the monastic village for shepherds, masons, wrights, and artizans of all kinds, who served the Abbey. The “ Monkland Wall ” surrounding the Abbey on one side is the most striking and picturesque remnant of the old days, along with the “ Maiden Bridge,” which may possibly go back to the days of the Roman soldiers. Near the river, and beside the present billiard-room. there are many remains of the old institution,—two figures of ecclesiastics with their heads knocked off, clad in ecclesiastical robes, carefully worked out,—alb and amice and cope, besides a realistic carved representation of wine-making, with grapes, barrel, bag, spoon, and strainer. There are also some other ecclesiastical remains in the shape of wells, store-houses, conduits, &c.

THE EARLIEST SCOTTISH MINERS.*

COAL and limestone mining in Newbattle has been pursued from an early period, and indeed the monks of Newbattle may be said to have been the pioneers of mining in Scotland, not only in the parish of Newbattle itself, but in the surrounding district. In one respect, indeed, the Newbattle fathers may be regarded as the pioneers of Britain's industrial greatness, discovering the mineral which has made Britain great by land and sea. The early workings of the monks can still be traced in the banks of the river Esk,—the methods used to recover or "win" the coal being of the very simplest description. A hole was driven into the bank where the black traces of the mineral were observable, and the coal hewn out with chisel, hammer, spade, and drill. It was Abbot James (1531) who, however, developed this monastic industry, and in the Chartulary there is an entry of the contract made with the monks of Dunfermline regarding the Prestongrange workings. The coals were driven down in the famous Newbattle carts, and shipped in wherries belonging to the monks to various places on the coast. Their little harbour is now called Morison's Haven, and the road leading from Newbattle to Morison's Haven and Prestongrange ["the grange of the priest's town"] is still a right-of-way, and is to-day known as the Salters' Road, from the fact that along this highway salt was brought from the salt pans of Prestonpans, probably in the same carts which had driven the coals down from Newbattle to the sea. In order to superintend the various industries of Newbattle Abbey along the coast, the Abbot held two houses in the Inveresk or upper part of Musselburgh, which are still standing, and are to-day known

* The facts and figures regarding the Newbattle coal mines have been generously furnished by Mr John Morison, one of the directors of the Lothian Coal Company, and formerly manager of Lord Lothian's collieries, and may therefore be accepted with the fullest confidence, as coming from one so eminent in his profession.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBATTLE.

as Halkerston Lodge and Inveresk Lodge, splendid solid mansions, with thick walls, and containing crypts, chambers, and subterranean passages. Father Hay in his gossipy letters mentions as a curious fact that the monks of Newbattle gave to the poor "black stones." Before the coal was discovered or largely used, the fuels used were wood, of which there was abundance in the Esk valley from the presence of a great portion of the Caledonian primeval forest, of which traces are still met with in the Newbattle and Dalkeith policies; and peat, which even yet is abundantly met with on the moorland parts in the neighbourhood, vast reaches of it spreading in the Moorfoot property of the Newbattle fathers at the foot of the Moorfoot Hills, beside the present Gladhouse Reservoir, which is Edinburgh's main source of water supply. In all probability the Newbattle fathers were also the pioneers of mining in Lanarkshire, the wide mineral district of Monkland receiving its name from the Newbattle monks, who held wide properties all over that part of Lanarkshire, to which they drove a road direct from their home by the Esk, where, even yet, the great primitive-looking wall, portions of which are still standing opposite Newbattle Church, is called the "Monkland Wall," from the fact that the road to the west ran alongside of it. In the ecclesiastic records of various Monkland and other Lanarkshire parishes there are frequent references to the Newbattle monks' presence and coal industry.

The industry has been continuously pursued since their days, and, fostered by the enterprise of successive proprietors of the land, has always provided employment for a large proportion of the population of the parish, and maintained the position of a large and leading centre of coal mining in Scotland.

The early discovery and working of the seams of coal is due to a very large extent to the geological formation which exists in the neighbourhood of Newbattle, whereby not only are the seams of coal numerous, thick, and of high quality, but, owing to the inclination of the strata, they become one and all exposed at the "outcrop," although lying where now worked at very great depth, the deepest pit in Scotland being at present situated on the Newbattle estate.

Owing to this conformation, the seams of coal were at their "outcrop," proved with little expense, and absolute

knowledge gained by gradual experience of the nature and value, as well as of the best methods of working the various seams.

The coal seams worked are entirely embraced in the formation described in the geological survey as the carboniferous limestone formation. The base of this formation is known as the No. 1 Limestone, which corresponds with the D'Arcy limestone at present being worked near the village of West-houses. The seams of coal in ascending order from this basis which are workable, are as follows :—

The " Parrot " Seam -	3 feet 3 inches thick.
The " Kaleblades " Seam -	about 4 feet to 5 feet thick.
The " Splint " Seam -	4 feet thick.
The " Coronation " Seam -	3 feet 6 inches thick.
The " Siller Willie " Seam -	2 feet 6 inches to 4 feet thick.
The " Diamond " Seam -	1 foot 10 inches thick.
The " Great " Seam -	7 feet 6 inches thick.

The " Parrot " seam embraces a band of cannel-coal, used for enriching gas, and of dry, high quality.

The " Kaleblades " seam varies in workable thickness owing to a band of fireclay which is contained between two beds of the seam ; which in parts of the coal-field thickens to such an extent as to render the two beds of the seam unworkable together.

The whole of the remaining coals are of a bituminous, non-caking nature, of good quality.

The outcrop of the No. 1 Limestone which has been referred to may be seen in the old quarry near D'Arcy Farm steading, the full dip of the strata being towards the River South Esk. At the Lady Victoria Pit the vertical depth from the surface of the same seam of limestone is about 1860 feet, showing a " dip " of the strata between the two points of 1860 feet, the corresponding dip on the surface formation being about 320 feet.

Along the course of the Roman Camp hill the exposed strata may be observed for some distance to be flat, and then on the other side of the hill to dip in the opposite direction, on towards the valley of the Tyne.

In places the strata has been bent over without breaking, in others it has cracked, leaving fissures. At one point along

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

the Roman Camp hill a quaquaversal dip of the strata has been produced ; that is to say, the strata dips in every direction from a common centre. There are various explanations by geologists to account for the position and dip of the minerals, these, however, are too long to enter into. The most reasonable theory appears to be that at an epoch in their formation, and when supported by a mass of molten lava, the various dips were produced by the volcanic eruptions which were at the time taking place in the vicinity of Arthur Seat, the Pentland Hills, and other volcanic hills in the neighbourhood.

The outcrops of the various seams of coal occur at intervals, according to the position of the seams, between the road near Mansfield and the old house known as Maisterston.

The history of the working and opening up of the seams in the earliest years of the industry would, if details could be obtained, be a very interesting one. Such details as may be obtained from old existing books in connection with the work are necessarily devoid of details further than those necessary for keeping accounts ; but extracts from some such books which exist in the nature of pay books so far back as 1744, or 150 years ago, may prove interesting to the reader, and are as follows :—

1st Extract from an old pay book, embracing the period from June, 1744, to November, 1745—

LONG LAW COL ACCOUNT FROM JUNE THE 8TH TO THE 15TH, 1744.

Hendray Drayodel	92	To 559 lod and 3				
Robrt Mitchel	90	countos				
Thomas Shanban	94	1 At tu pns p Lod	4	13	3	2
Hendray Nesmeth	93	To 33 bols of Lime				
James Dick	78	Col				
James Smeth	52	2 At 2 pns p bol		1	10	
Charals Smeth	59	1				
	559	3	4	15	1	2

(Opposite page of book.)

THE ONCOST.

To James Wilson Col grive	5			
To Robert Dick redsman 6 days to the reding at 4 pns p day as the on half of his weag	2			
To the above man one pound of candls		5	2	
To the 2 therds of 4 carts of Lim col at 6 pns p cart	4	8		
To Charles Smeth for working foull col	1	8		
To James Smeth for working foull col	1	8		
To on pound of candls for veouing the work		5	2	
To James Dick on day with the birer	1	2		
	17	1		
	3	18	..	2

THE EARLIEST SCOTTISH MINERS.

2nd Extract from an old pay book, embracing the period from January, 1744 to July, 1746:—

(Left page of book.)

BRYANS COALWORK ACCTS. FROM 7TH TO 14TH JULY.

1744. COALS WROT.	LOADS. COUNTERS.	DEBTOR.			
John Duncan	36	Thursday, 10th July			
Charles Campble	7	Run away from ye work			
John Penman	6	Run away			
David Richardson	5	Run away			
James Thomson	6	Run away			
William Watson	5	Run away			
Andrew Weir	36				
William Young	5	Run away			
Andrew Young	7	Run away			
David Penman	6	Run away			
David Allan		Run away			
Peter Robertson	35				
			Sterling		
			£	sh.	d.
To said	154 loads sold at 4d. each		2	11	4
By Ballance Deu to Creditor				9	9½
			£3	1	1½

(Right page of book.)

1744. CHARGE CAIRING ON SAID WORKS SAID TYME.	Sterling.		
	£	s.	d.
By Robt Wilson Coal grieve and overseer of said work		6	8
By Tho. Begbie Cheque		5	
By John Duncan assistant below Ground		2	
By Alexr Young 5 days taking down Stone		4	2
By John Allan 5 days Redding ye Rooms		2	1
By Will Robertson 6 days Redding ye Levell		5	
By John Thomson 6 days at Do		4	
By Andrew Weir 2 days Redding of Mynd		1	8
By John Duncan 2 days at Do		1	8
By James Brown 2 days Bearing from Do			8
By Manna Wilsson 2 days at Do			8
By Helen Wilsson 2 days at do			8
By Janet Robertson 3 days bearing Wood		1	3½
By 5 pound candles to above work people		2	3½
14 July. By for mentioned 12 men for working and bearing ye forsd 154 loads at 3 half d lod		19	3
By on shilling givn to . . . in Dalkeith as Justice-mount (?) money account Sir John Ramsay of Whitehill for Detaining ye Coaliers		1	
By 3d for new pylling (?) strong			3
	2	18	3½
		2	10
	3	1	1½

By Coals to ye family this week pr actt

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

3rd Copy of pay bill, April, 1788 :—

BRYANS COAL ACCOUNT FROM THE 19TH TO THE 26TH OF APRIL 1788.

To the Coal Grieve - - - - -	0	7	0
To the Check - - - - -	0	5	0
To James Thomson Banksman - - - - -	0	7	4½
To Geor Heasty pit botam man - - - - -	0	7	4½
To Geor Heasty and the other 2 redsmen - - - - -	0	19	4½
To And Richardson 2½ fath in the level - - - - -	0	8	9
To Thos Weddell 9 foott in the leven head - - - - -	0	3	0
To James Brown for carring the pinch to the mynd - - - - -	0	0	6
To 3 oncost bearers - - - - -	0	1	0
To James Brown for sclute - - - - -	0	0	10
To Thos Weddell for do - - - - -	0	0	5½
To John Richardson for do - - - - -	0	0	9½
To Geo Young for do - - - - -	0	0	9½
To David Richardson for reding - - - - -	0	3	0
To Helen Penman 3 darg - - - - -	0	1	0
To 7 pound of candle - - - - -	0	4	4½
To Jo Wilson for takeing care of the work - - - - -	0	2	6
To James Stewart 6 darg at the gin - - - - -	0	3	0
To John Hunter 6 do at the pin - - - - -	0	5	0
To Da. Richardson for ale and meat to the Coaliers - - - - -	1	1	0
To Do for Drink to the oncost men - - - - -	0	8	0
To the Coalbearers - - - - -	0	7	6
To halters and binders to the gin horses - - - - -	0	0	10½
To the workmanship of the Coal - - - - -	10	4	8
Carriages to New pr Geo Adamson 6 tubs - - - - -	0	5	0
	<hr/>		
	16	8	2

The books from which the foregoing extracts are made are in good preservation, and have been carefully kept. It would appear that able-bodied men were paid at the rate of 10d per day, and the women who worked as bearers in carrying the coal out from the workings were paid about 3d per day. Little or no change appears to have been made in the rate of pay up to 1788. It would appear, however, from the entries in the latter pay book, that attempts were being made at the latter date to lighten the labour of bearing the coal by the use of "gins." This apparatus was worked by a horse, and consisted of a rough upright post working in sockets, and with a cross tree attached, to which the horse was yoked, and similar apparatus was used until steam engines were brought into use at mines for raising the material.

The system of working in the earliest times would appear to have been by driving in near the outcrop of the coal seam and carrying the coal out, the women of the family being used for this purpose. As the coal which could be so obtained got deeper, drainage would have to be provided, and

pits sunk, up which the coal was carried. Drainage would be provided by cutting in a level mine by which the water ran off. By this means the workings appear to have attained a considerable depth; indeed, a level drainage mine, of which, so far as can be ascertained, the date of commencement is not known, is driven from the "peth" below Mill Hill right up to Bryans pit, a distance of about 500 yards. From the marking on the sides of this mine, which is known as the Newbattle day level, it must have been driven at great labour with very inferior tools, and without explosives, and must have involved great patience in its projectors and the workmen employed. It had, however, the effect of entirely draining the minerals without pumping to a depth of 180 feet at Bryans pit, and is still made use of to that depth.

Reverting to the early workings as shown in the pay books, it would appear that in 1744 the colliers were working under laws by which they were practically slaves.

In Bryans' pay book for the week following the one which is here extracted, it is recorded against the names of all the colliers who "ran away,"—"All in Dalkeith Prison except Pet Robertson and Andrew Young." It is not recorded whether these individuals escaped ultimately or were forgiven for "running away."

It appears to have been enacted in 1775 (the 15th Geo. III., ch. 28), that this state of servitude or bondage should come to an end, and this would alter the condition of the workers in the Newbattle mines. The preamble of the Act referred to is as follows:—"Whereas by the statute law of Scotland as explained by the judges of the courts of law there, many colliers and coal bearers and salters are in a state of slavery and bondage, bound to the collieries or saltworks where they work, for life transferable with the collieries and saltworks, etc."

The emancipation, however, was to be gradual, and varying from three to ten years for those already employed, but no person commencing work as a collier thereafter was to be bound.

The Act of 1775 does not appear to have been completely effective in freeing the colliers, as it was found necessary in 1799 to pass another Act, which enacted "that from and after the passing of this Act all the colliers in that part of Great

Britain called Scotland, who were bound colliers at the time of the passing of the said Act, shall be, and they are hereby declared to be, free from their servitude."

The moral effect of such degradation upon the colliers at this period may be easily conceived. It is not therefore to be wondered at that by improving the condition of employment a gradual change on the condition of the employees in the mines has had the effect of transforming the colliers from what they were in 1744 to their present condition in Newbattle, and at the present time in every respect the colliers in Newbattle will compare favourably with any artisans or workmen in any other trade in any other district. In many respects,—moral, physical, and intellectual, they stand far in advance of similar industrial communities.

It is recorded that in 1837 the workings in Newbattle were suspended for four months, owing to a strike for higher wages. The working of the minerals and their development has since 1744 been vigorously pursued by the Marquesses of Lothian in succession. The first large development appears to have been in the vicinity of the present Bryans pit, where a mine was cut to the Parrot seam, and large quantities worked. Following this, Bryans pit and the two pits at Lingerwood have been sunk and developed, the new extensions having apparently at all times kept pace with the times.

In 1890 the minerals were taken over by the Lothian Coal Company, Limited, in conjunction with other coal fields, and since that time, by extensive sinkings, notably the Lady Victoria pit, to reach large areas of coal, works have been developed which promise for many years to come to maintain in the parish of Newbattle the reputation which it has had for so many years as one of the leading mining centres of Scotland.

According to the most recent computations, there are 5,000,000,000 tons of coal in the Edinburghshire portion of the Lothian coalfield, which extends from the Firth of Forth inward to Penicuik, a distance of $17\frac{1}{2}$ miles. The field is between four and five miles broad, and contains thirty-seven seams, with an aggregate thickness of 105 feet of coal. It represents the richest coal district in Scotland, and taking into account the coal to be worked under the Firth of Forth, and calculating on the present output as a basis, there is enough coal in the district to last 2000 years.

THE MONKS OF NEWBATTLE AND INVERESK.

THERE are many things to connect the two historical parishes of Inveresk and Newbattle. If the interesting old church of St. Michael is the "visible church"—a city set on a hill,—that of Newbattle (or, more properly, Newbottle—new residence, Melrose Abbey being the "old bottle," or old residence, from which the Newbattle monks came) deserves the title of the "invisible church," lying deep down in the Esk valley, surrounded on all sides by great woods, and hemmed in on every side by gentle undulating hills. Such were the sites always chosen for their monasteries by the Cistercian monks. Another connection lies in the river Esk,—the South Esk flowing past the old monastery, whose inmates used to love a Thursday's fishing in view of a Friday's fast,—and which, after uniting with the North Esk below Dalkeith, expends itself at Musselburgh, bearing itself past Delta Moir's monument, and the quaint old-world town which has three mussels and the word "Honesty" for its crest. "The honest town" is surely not only proud in its possession of "the visible kirk," but also a little bold in its historic utterance,—

"Musselburgh was a burgh
When Edinburgh was nane;
And Musselburgh'll be a burgh
When Edinburgh's gane."

Another interesting connection between the two places is in the Roman remains to be found in both. Across the Esk at Newbattle there is built the "Maiden Bridge,"—favourite haunt of artists, probably built by the Roman soldiers. The route by which the great road from Newbattle Abbey to the east coast passed was not over this bridge, but by a road which can still be traced a little higher up, and entering the grounds near the present East Lodge, and thence passing to the Esk

opposite the Abbey, where a ford made a connection between the two sides of the river. The great gates of the Abbey stood near the East Lodge. A minor road passed across the park through the monastic village, and over the Maiden Bridge towards Dalkeith, in all probability. A vigorous controversy has been waged over the name of this bridge, which, crossing the South Esk about a mile from the Abbey, so picturesquely reminds one of the Brig o' Doon in Ayrshire. Various antiquarians have held various views about it; but possibly the bridge, whether the work of the Roman soldiers or not,—and there was a Roman camp on the hill,—was baptised the “Maiden Brig” after the great historical event so beautifully depicted in the Italian painting which adorns one of the mantelpieces in the drawing-room of the present mansion. Robert Burns sets one of his sweetest songs to the air, “Dalkeith's Maiden Bridge.” Some are of opinion that it is the “Madonna Brig” or “Bridge of our Lady,” to whom the Abbey was dedicated, and that the Princess Margaret never crossed it at all, but entered by the “Queen Margaret Gate,” still standing. Musselburgh, too, has its Roman bridge, deeply interesting to antiquarians. In fact, the whole district lives with memories of the Roman legions. The “Roman Camp” above Newbattle can still be traced, and even in names of neighbouring places, such as “Chesters” (castra — camp), “Dalhousie Chesters,” Chesterhill (the old name of Edgehead—the camp hill), &c.; the influence can be seen. A chain of Roman camps seems to have run across this whole district. “Jupiter” Carlyle is undoubtedly right in declaring that St. Michael's Church, Inveresk, was built on the site of a Roman camp on the hill, and of the very bricks and stones of the older structure. The prætorium is still traceable. Roman remains have frequently been discovered on the hill, and the fact that the church was built on the hill, so far away from Musselburgh, is almost certainly due to the existence of the building materials already there. Probably St. Baldred, the apostle of East Lothian, brought Christianity to this district in the sixth century, and the early Saxon monastery of Tynningham, dedicated to St. Balther, had diocesan authority over all East Lothian. The chain of camps can be traced from Inveresk Hill to the Roman Camp Hill of Newbattle, thence to “The

Chesters," near Tynehead, and thence to Heriot, on one of the hills of which there are still remains of an extensive camp.

There are some other interesting points of connection between Inveresk and Newbattle. When Archbishop Leighton was incumbent of the latter parish, Mr Colt ministered to the former. Complaining of his "heavy charge" at Musselburgh, Colt received the pleasant and humorous reply from Leighton—"It is too bad to put such a heavy load upon a Colt,"—one of the many grave pleasantries attributed to the saintly divine.

Three battlefields, all disastrous to Scotland, surround Inveresk Hill—Pinkie (1547), at the very foot; Carberry (1567), where Mary surrendered to the lords; and Prestonpans (1745), where Colonel Gardiner fell. It has come down by tradition, that when the last of these was being fought, a number of people belonging to Newbattle ran along the ridge of the Roman Camp Hill till they came within sight of the battle, which they followed with eager interest.

There are few belonging to the district who have never heard of "Camp Meg," a sort of witch who lived on the Roman Camp Hill at Newbattle early in last century, and, dressed in man's clothing and armed with a scythe or a sickle, rode astride her white mare to all the fairs and races in the neighbourhood,—the terror of the district. She was universally regarded as an uncanny person, and lived in absolute solitude in the loneliness of the Camp Hill. A curious sight it must have been to see her riding her white mare at Musselburgh races, as she sometimes did.

A much more intimate connection, however, than any of these, existed between Newbattle and Inveresk; for the abbot and monks of Newbattle Abbey had, amongst their many other possessions, two residences in Inveresk. These were to some extent coast-houses for the fathers, just as Pinkie House was originally built for the abbot and monks of Dunfermline, into whose possession Musselburgh was given by royal charter. This practice of a monastery having an extra or dependent house is quite common still on the Continent. The great St. Bernard monastery in the heart of Alpine snows has a dependent house at Martigny, at the head of the rich and beautiful Rhone valley, to which the sick and aged of the St. Bernard monks in the upper house are sent for refreshment and change.

But the Newbattle monks had these houses not only for pleasure ; they carried on, as we shall see later, an extensive trade in the district, working coal in the near neighbourhood of Inveresk, carting coals from Newbattle, where the monks first discovered and worked the mineral, shipping the coals to other places, exporting and importing various products of the soil, and generally carrying on commerce with the outside world. The two houses of which the abbot and monks were proprietors are known to-day as Inveresk Lodge and Halkerston Lodge, but these names are comparatively recent. Built in the old Scottish style of architecture, with high pitched roofs and crow-step gables, they have all the appearance of great antiquity and monastic origin. Two shepherds' houses beside them are also monastic.

Inveresk Lodge, the property now of the Wedderburn family, was the residence of General Sir William Hope, Bart., C.B., before he succeeded to the baronetcy of Craighall, his lady being a Wedderburn. It is a commodious house internally, and shows that the early churchmen had sound ideas of domestic economy and architecture. Like most ancient buildings, there is a diversity of levels in different parts of the house. It is even at the present day, however, a fine residence, and the arrangements of three or four hundred years ago are found to be suitable even for the present generation. There is a large wine-cellar in the house, and the whole air of the building is monastic and mediæval. It reminds one very strongly of the monastery of St. Maurice on the banks of the Rhone, a few miles above Bex, which both in internal arrangements and general style and size is very like it,—a curious "cross" between a monastery, properly speaking, and a good, serviceable dwelling-house.

The same is true of Halkerston Lodge, which has one or two dark chambers in it, which, it is believed, were used for the confinement of those guilty of breaches of discipline. A subterranean passage is believed to exist between the two houses.

In the rent-roll of Musselburgh for 1561 the Abbot of Newbattle stands chargeable with 20/, probably the feu payable for these two houses. In the same roll the town of Edinburgh figures for £5, and Haddington for 40/. Blaeu's atlas, published about 1600 at Amsterdam, shows the road by

the Esk which connected Newbattle with Inveresk, and that the policies of Dalkeith Park only extended to where the north and south Esks meet, near the stables. Here, then, were the two residences of the Newbattle monks—only a small portion of vast possessions which stretched down to Gala water and Peebles, and Monkland in Lanarkshire, and even to the pine-clad slopes of Glenartney.

This part of Midlothian was famous for its wealthy religious houses. The canons-regular had Soutra monastery,—"the St. Bernard's of Midlothian,"—built not only to offer a life of peaceful meditation to the religious, but as a shelter in snowstorms and rains to the wearied travellers coming from the south across the bleak moors of the Lammermuir and Moorfoot Hills towards Edinburgh,—a useful hôspice then, as, even now, something of the kind might be, as has been proved by many travelling disasters in that very region. Such monastic resting-places were by no means uncommon in our islands. For example, at the barest and most dangerous part of Glenshee there is still standing the "Spittal of Glenshee,"—the hospital or hôspice where once a monastery stood, and where weary travellers were housed and fed by the monks. The "Spittal of Glentilt" also recalls a monastic hôspice which once stood in that treeless, solitary Highland valley. The village of Spittal has a similar origin. In Ireland, Lord Morris of Spittal has his title from a similar hôspice; in London, Spitalfields recalls the same connection. Soutra Monastery, of which only a small aisle stands, though the whole hillside is marked with mounds and ruins, was wealthy, and had Trinity College, Edinburgh, as a dependency, and eventually as a superior.

Crichton College, beside Crichton Castle, was wealthy. The fine old building still remaining, with its curious carvings of monks laughing, crying, sneering, and winking, is interesting as the last building constructed by the Church before the Reformation; the crash came in 1560, and the church was left half-built. Borthwick is notable, like Crichton, not only for its castle inseparably associated with Queen Mary, as its manse is with Dr Robertson, the great Scottish historian, but also for its church, a portion of which remains full of interest and historic charm.

Temple has its beautiful story of the Knights Templars clinging around its ivy-clustered walls, as the memory of these

martial monks lingers in the lovely valley which has its name from men of war who took refuge in this beautiful vale of peace. Mount Lothian, away out on the moors beyond Rosewell and Carrington, has its interesting tale. Roslin College (St. Matthew's) is world-famous. Restalrig Abbey, originally a great place, of which only the chancel remains, the Nether-Bow of Edinburgh having been built of the stones of its nave and transepts after the Reformation, was wealthy beyond many, and had Lasswade as a chapel under it.

Many another rare old abbey dotted this part of Midlothian, and became a centre of civilisation and energy and light. But not only the most wealthy, but the most powerful socially, was the Cistercian Abbey of St. Mary, Newbattle; and some account of its works, chiefly in connection with Inveresk and Musselburgh, may interest the reader.

The monks of Newbattle took a great part in the cultivation of the ground, and of fruits, vegetables, crops, and trees. Almost all the rich forests in Midlothian had their beginnings thus. The Cistercians always planted their abbeys in low-lying places near rivers, and the primeval woods were trained and extended till vast forests covered hill and valley. The one great exception to this is, of course, the "Caledonian Forest," which in pre-Christian, and in early Christian ages covered the great heart of Scotland, and of which traces can still be seen at Rannoch, at Cadzow, and elsewhere, as well as at Dalkeith and Newbattle. This was the original rugged oak-forest which clothed savage Scotland, and into which the rude Caledonians rushed on the approach of the Roman legions. Now the great forests of Scotland are in many cases made up of imported trees. For example, larch forests cover vast tracts of Perthshire to-day, —ten thousand acres in Athole alone; but the first two larches ever introduced into Scotland were brought thither from the Tyrol so recently as 1737, and were nurtured in flower-pots placed in a green-house. These two trees are still growing a little to the west of Dunkeld Cathedral. Birnam Woods, and the other vast forests which clothe Scotland with verdure, are all to be dated within the last few hundred years. The great beech tree in Newbattle—the largest beech tree in Great Britain—is only one of multitudes planted in the Esk valley by the Cistercian monks of Newbattle, one of the principles of

whose life was that every brother should engage in manual labour. "Blessed is he who plants a tree," was their motto. Doubtless many of the fine trees in and around Inveresk and Musselburgh had monastic origin. The rich forests, as well as the richly-cultivated fields of Midlothian, have these men for their fathers and first patrons. Doubtless the monks of Dunfermline, who owned Musselburgh, did much in the same direction. The trees around Pinkie House, — originally a country seat of the abbots of Dunfermline, — probably owe much to their fostering care, as also the trees round the Inveresk hill to the care of the Newbattle abbots, whose residences still remain under the names of Inveresk Lodge and Halkerston Lodge.

"Delta Moir," the poetic genius of Musselburgh, sings of the natural beauties of the district in these words:—

"Down from the old oak forests of Dalkeith,
Where majesty surrounds a ducal home,
Between fresh pastures gleaming thou dost come
Bush, scaur, and rock and hazelly shaw beneath;
Till, greeting thee from slopes of orchard ground
Towers Inveresk, with its proud villas fair,
Scotland's Montpelier, for salubrious air
And beauteous prospect wide and far renowned.
What else could be, since thou with winding tide
Below dost ripple pleasantly, thy green
And osiered banks outspread, where, frequent seen,
The browsing heifer shows her dappled side,
And 'mid the bloom-bright furze are oft descried
Anglers, that patient o'er thy mirror lean?"

It was largely owing to the monks that in late years Scotland became so famous for its trees. If Cadzow has its Caledonian oaks, and Fortingall, at the base of Ben Lawers, its yew tree 3000 years old (as some allege),—centuries before Roman soldiers ventured the Grampians, or Pontius Pilate (of whom tradition declares that he was born there, the son of a Roman general serving in Britain) was born,—the trees of which the monks were directly or indirectly the fathers can be widely traced all over the country. The oaks and yews at Keir, near Stirling, Queen Mary's sycamore at Scone Palace, still standing, and said to have been planted by her, and, hard by, an oak planted by James VI.;—the last two trees of great Birnam Wood, near Dunkeld, one of them an oak, 18 feet in girth. the other, a sycamore 19½ feet in girth;—the great yew trees beside Dunkeld Cathedral, which some date back to the Culdees, who had one of their oldest seats there;—the great beech

hedge of Meikleour in Perthshire, 80 feet high, 580 yards long, planted in 1746;—the Newbattle beech, the largest beech in the west of Europe, and the survivor of a magnificent pair which even so late as the middle of last century adorned the grounds of Newbattle Abbey—can all be traced more or less to monastic influence, culture, and care. Auchmore, a seat of the Marquess of Breadalbane, boasts the Kinnell Vine (Black Hamburg), at the old house of Kinnell, planted in 1832, and now the largest in the world, filling a glass-house 170 feet long. It is about fifty years old, and is still in fine bearing condition. It, too, is undoubtedly the child of the monasteries. When Professor Blackie saw this tree he was so affected that he has written,—“I made a vow on the spot, whenever I might be troubled with low and vulgar imaginations, to think upon this vine.” He also wrote the following:—

Lines to the Kinnell Vine, Auchmore.

“Come hither all who love to feed your eyes
On goodly sights, and join your joy with mine,
Beholding, with wide look of glad surprise,
The many-branching glory of this vine,
Pride of Kinnell! The eye will have its due,
And God provides rich banquet, amply spread,
From star-lit cope to huge Bens swathed in blue,
And this empurpled growth that overhead
Vaults us with pendant fruit. Oh, I would take
This lordly vine, and hang it for a sign
Even in my front of estimate, and make
Its presence teach me with a voice divine—
Go hence, and in sure memory keep with thee,
To shame all paltry thoughts, this noble tree!”

Scotland, though once far behind England and other lands in arboriculture, through the labours of the monastic orders, became a great home for trees, and the children of what the monks sowed are to-day the wonders of modern forestry.

There can be no doubt whatever that the richness of the agricultural lands around Inveresk and throughout Midlothian, and along the east coast,—a fecundity so proverbial that it is believed to be the richest tract of land in Europe,—is owing to the agricultural skill of the monastic fathers, who divided their day between the altar and the plough. We reap what they sowed. The monastic village round Newbattle Abbey, which can still be traced, consisted of a long street of cottages for smiths, carpenters, shepherds, &c., and these latter were sent out into all the lands round about to break new ground,

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and to instruct the people in the arts of agriculture, gardening, and forestry. The carts made at Newbattle Monastery were in the Middle Ages so famous that they came to be counted in payments, and mentioned in charters and agreements. These carts would often be seen in Musselburgh in the olden days, and would convey coals from the mines at Newbattle to the ports along the east coast.

It has been stated that the well-known and deservedly-famous "Musselburgh leek" was originated by the monks. To verify this, I ventured to submit the question to our ablest and best known Scottish gardener and authority, and was indebted to his great courtesy and genial friendliness for the following reply. Mr Malcolm Dunn, late gardener to the Duke of Buccleuch, says:—

"It is well known that the ecclesiastical bodies were the great patrons of gardening in the Middle Ages, and laid out gardens near their religious houses, in which the monks and their retainers cultivated, with more or less success, many of the plants, fruits, and vegetables in use at the present time. Of course, since that period great improvement has been wrought on the varieties of fruit and vegetables, but still many of the identical varieties of them cultivated in monkish times are still to be seen in the neighbourhood of ancient ecclesiastical edifices. All this, and much more connected with the subject, is found in gardening literature; but although I have a fairly good collection of books on gardening, I am sorry to say I cannot find anything in them bearing *directly* on *horticulture* as *practised* by the *monks at Newbattle*. I am not aware that there is any record, except oral tradition, of the introduction of the leek to this part of Scotland by the monks of Newbattle; but it is quite within the bounds of probability. The leek is a native of Switzerland, and it is known to have been cultivated in Britain in the fifteenth century, but it is likely to have been introduced at a much earlier period, and would no doubt be cultivated by the monks at Newbattle in the heyday of their prosperity. From the Abbey gardens it would readily pass into those of the wealthy of the period, and gradually spread through farmer and cottager, till it reached Musselburgh, in the rich, deep soil and mild climate of which it ultimately developed into that famous modern horticultural product, the *Musselburgh Leek*. So far as the name of that leek is concerned with monkish times, it can only be through a long ancestry, beginning in a primitive form of the modern succulent vegetable. The variety now known as the 'Musselburgh Leek' is a selection of the older type of 'Scotch Leek,' and received its name by being largely grown around Musselburgh in private and market gardens. It has been known by that name among gardeners for about sixty years, and is recognised as the hardest type of leek now in cultivation.

"I am sorry I cannot give you any list from a *safe source* of the fruits and vegetables cultivated by the monks of Newbattle; but perhaps you might find some mention made of them in old records concerning the Abbey. I have never looked through Newbattle grounds to see if there are any of the old fruit trees that may have come down from monkish times, but such trees exist at or near other monastic sites, such as Jedburgh, Dryburgh, Melrose (?), New Abbey,

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Falkland, Lindores, Fife, and several other places; a notable instance of which we saw at Pluscardine Priory, in Morayshire, last month, where there is a pear-tree from which it is said the monks gathered fruit."

The neighbourhood of Musselburgh and Prestonpans is exceptionally favourable to growth, being the part of Scotland least visited by rain and most genial, being, like the Moray Firth, touched by a branch of the Gulf Stream.

The mills of Musselburgh were famous, and there can be little doubt that they were begun by the monks for the purpose of grinding the corn grown on their lands. The Dunfermline abbots seem to have had disputes frequently with the vicar of Inveresk (who was, of course, under his diocesan bishop) as to the tithes of fish and mills. Chalmers relates the story of one of these disputes, and the diocesan bishop decreed that "the small tithes and the offerings of the altars of Musselburgh, excepting the fish of every sort, and the tithes of the mills belonging to the monks, were to be given to the vicar, for which he was directed to pay yearly 10 merks."

Newbattle Abbey had three or four mills, and these, likewise, were great sources of profit, and, like the mills of Musselburgh, testified to the practical shrewdness and agricultural energy of the monks. Probably, however, the mills of Musselburgh all belonged to the Abbot of Dunfermline, who, by the charter of Malcolm Canmore and Queen Margaret, his queen, was made proprietor,—a charter confirmed by David I., who added as an additional gift, "Great Inveresk," or Musselburgh, "with the mill, the fishing, and the church of Inveresk, its tithes, and the port of Esk-muthe."

The zeal and energy of the Newbattle monks was not, however, confined to agriculture; they were the first coal-workers of Scotland, and are thus the fathers of Britain's commercial greatness. As is well known, they did not sink shafts into the ground, but wrought the coal from the outside, into the face of the hill. Many of these coal-holes can still be traced in the banks of the Esk at Newbattle. Father Hay, in his letters, speaks of the curious fact, that the Newbattle monks gave gifts to the poor of "black stones," meaning coal. They worked the coal in this primitive way so successfully that their trade and interests rapidly extended. They acquired, by royal gift, vast tracts of land in Lanarkshire, the name "Monk-land" being given to their property.

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It is interesting to know that the vast Black Country of Scotland was first developed by these men, who in time raised churches all over the Monkland district, drawing the revenues, and appointing the vicars. Indeed, their coal-fields were not confined to Newbattle and Monkland, for in the Newbattle chartulary there is a grant made of a coal mine near Inveresk by Seyer de Quinci, the date of which must be between 1210 and 1219. The following is a translation of this interesting document :—

“To all the sons of the Church of St. Mary, Seyr de Quinci, Earl of Wyntoun, greeting : know that I have given and have confirmed by this my charter, to God and the Church of St. Mary of Newbottle, and to monks serving God in that place, for an unconditional and perpetual gift, and for the increase of the church, which Robert my father bestowed on the same,—to wit, in the territory of Tranent, the full half of the marsh extending from west to east as far as the river Whitrig, that is to say, that portion which lies nearest to the cultivated land. Further, the Coal Heuch and quarry (*carbonarium et quarvarium*) between the aforesaid river Whitrig, and the bounds of Pinkie and Inveresk, and in the ebb and flow of the sea. Therefore I will and direct that no one of my men may have any share either in the pasture or in the Coal Heuch, or in the Quarry, which are situated within the bounds of Prestongrange, without the consent of goodwill of the same monks. Before these witnesses, W., Bishop of St. Andrews, Ingram of Ballia, Simon de Quinci, Alexander of Seton, and others. And note the seal which this charter has, different from others.” William was Bishop of St. Andrews in 1202; Simon de Quinci set out for Palestine in 1218, and died there in 1219; hence the date of this charter is approximately fixed from 1202 to 1218.—*Newbattle Chartulary*, p. 53.

In 1531 there was a contract between the abbots of Dunfermline and Newbattle, by which the latter became bound to “drive the coill of Preston Grange to the bounds of Pinkin (Pinkie) and Inveresk.”

The Newbattle coal, as well as the coal wrought by the Newbattle monks at the coast, was shipped away to various parts from Eskmuthe, though generally from Port Seton, Morison's Haven, and other small ports east of Musselburgh.

The coal trade of the Newbattle monks must have been a very vigorous one, for they actually went to the expense of constructing a great road from Newbattle Abbey across country to the coast, which can still be traced in what is known as the “Salters' Road.” By this highway the Newbattle coal was taken in carts made by the monks themselves, to the sea, and there shipped. Probably much of the Newbattle coal was shipped at Musselburgh and Morison's Haven, while the coals acquired at the pits belonging to the Abbot of Newbattle,

between Pinkie and Tranent, were shipped at the smaller ports to the east.

The carts returning from Musselburgh did not come home empty. These old fathers were far too wise to permit unremunerative labour. Consequently the carts were often filled with mussels and oysters, of both of which the fathers seem to have been very fond. Over and over again round Newbattle Abbey great pits filled with oyster shells have been come upon, and the writer has a considerable number of these in his possession. They could only have come from Musselburgh. The commercial instinct was thus early manifested, which in our own day results in cheap foreign fruit,—vessels going out from our British ports with coal to Spain, and returning with copper, which, being heavy and less bulky than the black diamonds, leaves a great space in the hold of the ship, which is filled up with melons, &c., thus making these fruits very cheap. Oysters were the return cargo of the Newbattle carts, besides fish of all kinds for the monks' use, and nets for their gardens. It is remarkable how often in the inland monasteries and churches of Midlothian, the oyster, sea-kail, and star-fish appear as ornaments. In Roslin Church there is quite a study in sea-produce on the pillars and arches, as there is also of the plants and flowers of the Esk valley. The sight of the sea produce seems to have been a refreshment to the inland dwellers, as it still is even to the little child, who carries home from the sounding sea beach a kerchief-ful of shells.

Another import, too, came through Musselburgh to Newbattle, namely, wine from the Continent, brought by ships from the French ports. The Cistercian Order began at Citeaux (hence the name), in the Burgundy district of France, and the wines made by the Order became famous.

In the midst of the celebrated vineyards of Romanie, Richebourg, La Tache, &c.—the wines of which were brought into fashion by Louis XIV., for whom they were exclusively prescribed by the royal physician Fagon as a means of restoring his strength—and about seven miles from the chief city of this wine-country and vineyard-garden,—Nuits, a town to-day of some 3000 inhabitants—stand the ruins of the celebrated abbey of Citeaux, which gave the name to one of the most powerful of all the monastic Order—the “Citercians,” or “Cistercians.” The abbey was founded by Robert de Molesme in 1090, and

within its walls the great St. Bernard assumed the cowl in 1113. This abbey became the mother-house of the Cistercian Order all over the world; it gave four Popes to the Roman See, and was the mother of no fewer than 3600 houses of the Order. To-day only a few ruins of the ancient abbey exist, but the vineyards and oliveyards which the monks planted are still famous. The prince of Burgundy wines—"Clos de Vougeot"—is still made from the monastic vineries. The monks never sold it, but made gifts of what they could not use to their friends. The average annual produce of this vineyard is 200 hogsheads, and some 450 vintagers are employed at vintage time. This is the land, too, of "Beaune" wine, the chief wine of the Burgundy district; and the most celebrated wines and vineyards of the world are to be found within a few miles of the old abbey walls. The lands around the ancient Abbey of Cîteaux are probably the richest in the world. About a mile south-west of Dijon begins a chain of hills known as the "Côte d'Or"—a wall of hills sheltering innumerable vineyards. In richness of flavour, in all the more delicate qualities of the juice of the grape, the vines of this department of France rank highest of all; so much so, that the old Dukes of Burgundy were designated *Princes des bons vins*. The choicest red wines of the Côte d'Or are the "Clos Vougeot," "Nuits," "Beaune," "Volnay," "Pomard," "Chambertin," "Richebourg," "Romanée," and "St. George." Their beautiful colour and exquisite flavour and aroma make them valuable beyond all others, and one need hardly wonder that the kings of France coveted this rich Burgundian territory. The development of this industry, the cultivation of this magnificent soil, and the perfecting of the vine, were all the work of the Cistercian monks who made Cîteaux their earliest home. They began there the industrial work which became a characteristic of their Order in every succeeding age, and all over the world.

The French wines—claret and Burgundy especially—were largely shipped to Scotland, and the Newbattle monks brought these in carts from Musselburgh overland to their monastery, some six miles inland. Doubtless these French wares were highly prized, and served to connect the Cistercian fathers of Newbattle in a very genial way with the fathers of the parent-house at Cîteaux. The rich red Burgundy, carried

year of the Revolution (1688) the Newbattle chartulary formed the historical prize of the Earl of Lothian's library. Through the courtesy and kindness of the late Marquess of Lothian, we are now enabled to print, for the first time, the letters (still preserved in the archives of Newbattle House) which tell the story of the chartulary's disappearance from Newbattle, and its subsequent reappearance in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh.

Very curiously, the hand by which the chartulary passed away from Newbattle was the hand of a Roman Catholic priest. Father Hay is well known from his gossipy letters which preserve a great deal of floating information regarding the state of religion and religious houses in Britain as he viewed matters about the beginning of the last quarter of the seventeenth century. Father Hay came of the family of Yester Hay, being the grandson of Sir John Hay of Barra, of the family of Fala, Lord Clerk Register in the Reign of Charles; who was lineally descended from Sir Edmund Hay of Limplum, younger brother of Sir David Hay of Yester, ancestor of the Marquess of Tweeddale. This Sir John Hay was tried in Edinburgh for high treason, and, it is said, only escaped the scaffold by bribing the Earl of Lanark with the rents of his estate during his life. He retired latterly to Duddingston, and died there on November 20th, 1654. His second son by his second wife, Thomas Hay of Hermiston, was the first of the Hays of Alderstone; and his third son by the same wife was the father of Richard Hay, who is known to historians, antiquarians, and ecclesiologists as "Father Hay." Richard Hay was born in Edinburgh in 1601, and, as he says himself, was "thrust" into the Scots College in France in 1673. He left France in 1686 to establish a society of canons regular in Scotland, and while there he borrowed the Newbattle chartulary from the Earl of Lothian in order to inspect several of the old charters. The Revolution of 1688 suddenly broke out, and he had to retreat to France, carrying with him the Newbattle chartulary, and while in Paris in that year he suddenly sank and died.

On his deathbed he dedicated the following declaration, which has been copied direct from the original deed in Lord Lothian's possession:—

I, Mr Richard Hay, Canon Regular of St. Geneveve att Paris,
(110)

THE VICISSITUDES OF THE NEWBATTLE CHARTULARY.

do hereby testify and declare to all concerned that the Chartulary Book of the Abbacy of Newbattle belonging to the Most Honble. the Marquess of Lothian his family, was putt into my custody in the year 1688 in order to read and explain some charters contained therein, and upon my being obliged to leave this kingdom in the year 1689 the same was putt into the hands of Sir James Dalrymple of Borthwick in order to be restored to the Marquess of Lothian in the same case and condition which I then putt down in writing in my pockett book, and is as follows :—A book of records of Newbattle consisting of eighty-seven leavs, the first six being an Index. On the first side are these words—*De terris sitis infra constabularium de Edinbough*, and afterwards *De Situ Abbatue Carta Regis David*. Betwixt the Table and first Charter of King David are three leavs. The last leaf contains a charter *Hagonis Duglas feodi fismæ (?)*. The last witnesses are *Dnus. Thomas Reid, Dnus. Robertus Spictale*. The sixteen last leavs seem to have been written by order of Patrick Abbot of Newbotle. On the broad att the end of the book I find *Adam Adamson manu propria*. It is bound in timber broads covered with black stampt leather. The broads are spoilt with the worms. The book is thin—it does not exceed an inch. It is part of an old character and part of a new. [This being end of first page is signed] Richard Haye. It is in pretty good order. The charters are sett down by the Shires wherein the Lands are seated, the order as follows :—First, the lands that lye within the Shire of Edr.; then those that lye within the Constabulary of Haddingtoun; third, those that lye within the Sherifdome of Peebles; fourthly, those that lyes in the Shire of Lanerk. Those charters are not so exactly sett down, but now and then the writter mixes one with the other. The book contains severall Bulls, charters, instruments &c., and belongs to the Earl (now Marquess) of Lothian, and in testimony of the truth of the whole premisses, I have subscribed this presents, consisting of this and the page preceeding, befor these witnesses, Mr George Crawford, brother to the laird of Carseburn, and William Douglas, yr. of Glenbervie, writter hereoff att Edinbr. the twenty-third of february? and thirty one years.

RICHARD HAYE.

Geo. Craufurd witness.

Will. Douglas witness.

The dying priest's wishes were not carried out, for alongside of Father Hay's last declaration, in the bunch of letters regarding the chartulary now in Newbattle House is the following letter from the Earl of Ancram addressed to Sir John Dalrymple, into whose hands as a relative of Father Hay the chartulary had fallen :—

NEWBATTLE, *Feb.* 20, 1740.

SIR,—I have my Father's orders to call for any papers that belong to his Family in whosoever hands they may be; I have accordingly informed myself very exactly about the Chartulary of the Abbacie of Newbattle, and find that it was in your hands, and as I propose to have all my Father's papers together before he comes to this country, I must desire you will send the Chartulary as soon as possible.—I am,
Sir, &c.,
ANCRAM.

Sir John Dalrymple's reply (undated) is as follows :—

MY LORD,—I found the Chartulary yr. Lo/ mentions with a great many other ancient records in my father's possession at his death,

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and as I had no tast for that study wh. he delighted much in, and knew not how he had com by them I put them into such hands as I thought could make a better use of them. The Chartulary of Newbottle I believe was given into the Advocates' Library, who have several others of these ancient Chartularies. I offer my humble respects to my Lady Ancram, &c.—I am, my Lord,

JO. DALRYMPLE.

And thus the Newbattle chartulary found its way into the Advocates' Library, of which it is now one of its greatest treasures, though Newbattle House would seem to be the natural resting-place of so historical and valuable a volume. At any rate, thus closes another of the romances of literature and of the vicissitudes of manuscripts.

THE HOUSE OF LOTHIAN.

SOME little account of the origin of the house of Lothian will prove interesting. The title of "Lord Ancrum" (or "Ancram") was first conferred on Sir Robert Ker of Ancrum in Roxburghshire, the poet and courtier, and himself the descendant of Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehirst, a Border chief who acted a prominent part in the reigns of James IV. and James V. in resisting the incursions of the English.

The name "Ancrum" is derived from "Alncromb" or "Alncrumb," meaning the crook of the Ale or Aln, and describes very vividly the situation of the little village of Ancrum, which stands on a curve of the land formed by the river Ale immediately before it joins the Teviot. Lilliard's Edge, near the village, is famous for the battle fought there with the English in 1544, who were commanded by Sir Ralph Evers and Sir Brian Latoun, and, as everyone knows, the young Scotswoman named Lilliard made herself celebrated in history by following the Scots army, and when she saw her lover fall, threw herself into the breach, and by her gallantry turned the fight in favour of Scotland. Slain in the encounter, her name and fame are commemorated in the old stone which every Borderer knows well.

The Sir Robert Ker who was made the first Earl of Ancrum, and who is the direct male ancestor of the house of Lothian, was born in 1578. Charles I., in 1625, made him Lord of the Bedchamber, and in 1633 created him Earl of Ancrum and Lord Ker of Nisbet. He distinguished himself during that troubled age by his devotion to the King, and after Charles' execution was compelled to take refuge in Holland, where, after being reduced to the deepest poverty, he died in 1659.

Not only as a courtier and politician, but also as a sweet and melodious poet, his name is remembered to-day. His

"Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life," addressed to Drummond of Hawthornden, the muse of the Esk valley in 1624, which is always printed along with the accompanying letter in the works of the great Royalist bard, is singularly mellifluous, and in its love of seclusion seems to echo the monastic aspirations of those who founded the noble house of Newbattle, with which his heirs became so intimately allied.

The troubles of the time seem to have driven the Border nobleman to the same intellectual position as Archbishop Leighton, who sighed with many others after a life free of bloodshed and contest and dispute, and whose pacific writings, many of them penned at Newbattle during his eleven years' ministry there, are the echo of the thoughts and feelings of the noblest spirits of his age.

The last Abbot of Newbattle monastery, — one of the wealthiest houses in Scotland, — was Mark Ker, second son of Sir Andrew Ker of Cessford. He became Abbot in 1546, and in the troubles of 1560 threw in his lot with the Reformers, and after the dissolution of the monasteries, held Newbattle Abbey and lands as Commendator. In course of time the commendatorship was transformed into a secular lordship, the lands and property going along with it.

A fine portrait of this last Abbot of Newbattle, and earliest founder of the Lothian family, hangs in the present residence, alongside of the hundreds of other priceless gems of art, including Vandyke's great pictures of Charles I. on horseback, Charles I.'s head in three different positions, besides paintings by Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, &c., &c. Mark Ker was one of the lords who met on Queen Mary's side at Hamilton in June, 1567, and in 1569 he was appointed one of the three judges "in all actions for restitution of goods spoiled in the recent troubles." He sided with Athole and Argyle against Morton in 1578, and died in 1584, leaving four sons and one daughter.

His third son, George, seems to have embraced the Roman faith, for Robertson refers to him as an emissary "from the Catholic noblemen of Scotland to the Court of Spain in 1592." The eldest son, Mark, was created Baron Newbottle (Newbottle being the original and correct name, signifying the "new residence," as "Morebottle" signifies "the large residence," — Melrose having been the original abode of the Cistercian

monks of the south, and Newbottle the new offshoot), and on 9th October, 1604, was created Earl of Lothian. His third daughter, Lady Margaret Ker, was the founder of Lady Yester's Church in Edinburgh.

Robert, second Earl, had, by his Countess, Lady Annabella Campbell, second daughter of the seventh Earl of Argyle, two daughters, and being without male issue, he made over his estates to the elder of them, Lady Anne Ker and her heirs. His next brother, however, assumed the title, but was interdicted in 1632 by the Lords of Council. Anne, Countess of Lothian, married William, eldest son of Robert Ker, first Earl of Ancrum, and thus carried the title into the house of Ferniehirst.

The origin of the Ferniehirst Kers was in Ralph Ker, who settled in Teviotdale in 1330, and obtained some lands on the banks of the Jed, calling them "Kershaugh." His descendant in 1520 was made Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehirst, whose descendant again in 1562,—Sir Thomas Ker of Ferniehirst,—took Queen Mary's side; whose eldest son,—Sir Andrew Ker,—got a grant of Jedburgh Abbey lands and baronies, and the title of Lord Jedburgh.

On his brother's death, Sir James Ker of Crailing became second Lord Jedburgh, dying in 1645; and his son,—third Lord Jedburgh,—obtained from Charles II. a confirmation of that peerage to him and his male heirs, "to whom failing, to William, Master of Newbottle, son of the Earl of Lothian, and his heirs." He died in 1692 without issue, and the title and privileges of Lord Jedburgh devolved on William, Lord Newbottle.

The representation of the family in the male line came to Robert, Earl of Lothian, descended from Robert Ker of Ancrum, third son of Sir Andrew Ker of Ferniehirst, the famous Border chief. Robert's son, William Ker of Ancrum, was assassinated by Robert Ker, younger of Cessford, in 1590, and his eldest son was Sir Robert Ker, first Earl of Ancrum. Lord Ancrum's eldest son, William, married Anne, Countess of Lothian, and with her he got the Lordship of Newbottle. Thus came the mingling of titles and the double succession, and the union of Newbottle with the Borders.

This union of the houses of Ancrum and Newbottle resulted in a permanent succession for both; for this eldest son

of Lord Ancrum, on his marriage to the Countess of Lothian, was created third Earl of Lothian, 31st October, 1631, and distinguished himself by taking the Covenanters' side, he and Argyle commanding the forces against Montrose. His eldest son was made Marquess of Lothian in 1701, and sat as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland in 1692, was one of the Privy Council of King William, and Justice-General of Scotland. His son, William, the second Marquess, was active in bringing about the union of England and Scotland; married the daughter of the beheaded Duke of Argyle, and lies buried in Westminster Abbey. His son, the third Marquess, was also Commissioner for eight years to the Church of Scotland, and his son,—Lord Robert Ker,—a youth of great promise, was in 1746 killed at the battle of Culloden,—“falling,” we are told, “covered with blood and wounds.” The fourth Marquess was a distinguished military officer, and was wounded at the battle of Fontenoy. The fifth Marquess, through his marriage in 1735 with Lady Caroline D’Arcy, great-granddaughter of the celebrated Duke of Schomberg, who fell at the battle of the Boyne in 1690, brought the names of Schomberg and D’Arcy into the family of Lothian. One ancestor of the late Marquess of Lothian was a friend of Drummond of Hawthornden, and was a poet himself, and to him in his banishment Drummond wrote:—
“Honour is that jewel which neither change of Court nor climate can rob you of; you were born to act great parts on this theatre of the world; as your Prince is wise, so am I assured he is well read in man, and knows you are not one to be lost.” Of the seventh Marquess, Sir Walter Scott wrote, with reference to a kindly action which he had performed:—
“Ay, Lord Lothian is a good man; he is a man from whom any one may receive a favour, and that’s saying a good deal for any man in these days.” This was the father of the two brothers who succeeded each other, the one dying in 1870 and the other in 1900. John William, seventh Marquess of Lothian, in 1831 married Lady Cecil Chetwynd, daughter of Charles Chetwynd, the second Earl Talbot.

The eighth Marquess was the distinguished Christ Church scholar, whose long period of invalid health, together with his great gifts as a scholar, and his beautiful character as a man, are fresh in the public memory.

William Schomberg Robert Ker, the eighth Marquess, born in 1832, who succeeded his father in 1841, was one of the most distinguished scholars ever turned out by Christ Church, Oxford. His contemporaries have borne warm testimony to his ripe knowledge of English and Continental literature,—more particularly the Classics of Spain and Italy. The library of Newbattle House was greatly enriched by him with literature of this kind. Soon after his marriage to Lady Constance Harriet Mahonesa, second daughter of Henry John Chetwynd, third Earl Talbot, and eighth Earl of Shrewsbury, ill-health came over this most charming personality, and for years his devoted wife wheeled him in a bath-chair drawn by a donkey all over the beautiful policies, which even yet are redolent of that devoted pair. The touching nature of the case,—the deep and real devotion which existed between the two,—the accomplishments and learning of one who, destined to great purposes, spent many years of his life going round the routine of life “like a gin-horse,” as his friend, Bishop Wordsworth, described his life of compulsory mechanicalism, brightened only by the sweetness of his wife’s devotion, the beauty of the woodlands and its walks with their snowdrops, primrose beds, daffodils, rhododendrons, and the rest all in turn as the seasons rolled round,—comes home still to many hearts. A fine portrait of this great scholar, who at last passed away in 1870, hangs in the house to-day. He is buried in Jedburgh Abbey, and the appropriate text was uttered at the time, in the words of Job, by one who knew him well, and did much to cheer the monotony of his life,—“All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come.” His devoted wife, who with him took a delight in visiting the sick and sorrowful, passed away some half-a-dozen years ago, and shortly before her decease wrote to the present writer,—“Looking back on these many years of loving waiting, my only regret is that I was not able to do more for him and others.” One of the many things which occupied his attention was an edition of Archbishop Leighton’s works in six volumes. His ancestor, William, third Earl of Lothian, a strong Covenanter, declared that he never “did get more good from any that stood in a pulpitt.”

I find in Carlyle’s *Life in London*, vol. 2, p. 294, the following reference to his visit to Lord Lothian, in August,

1865, when he spent about a week examining the Cromwell and other letters, of which the house is full :—

“Newbattle is fine of its kind, and finely Scotch. Nobody there but the two poor inmates. [Footnote says Lord Lothian had been already struck, in the midst of his brilliant promise, by the slow creeping malady which eventually killed him] and a good-humoured painter (Leslie) doing portrait of the lady. The lady took me out to walk, talked like a sad, serious, enquiring, and intelligent soul; the saddest, thin, kindly, anxious face you could anywhere see. The Marquis did not appear till luncheon; a truly beautiful young man, body and mind, weaker than ever, hands now shaking, eyes beginning to fail, but heart as lively as ever. We had a great deal of innocent, cheerfully reasonable talk, and I daresay any advent might be a kind of relief, like a tree in the steppe, in the melancholy monotony of such a life. Had you and my lady been fairly acquainted, they would have liked you well !”

This is part of a letter to his wife, written from Scotsbrig. Remembering Archbishop Leighton's saintly life, Lord Lothian arranged a fine six-volume edition of his works, and otherwise endeavoured to wile away the hours of a life which, as Lord Selborne the hymn-writer said, was “a living death,” — “like one of the ancient lamps which burn through the years underground.” Dean Ramsay of the “Scottish Reminiscences” was a very frequent visitor, and cheered the invalid.

In Christchurch Cathedral, in Oxford, there is a magnificent transept window in brilliant colours and of large and daring design, to this Marquess's beautiful memory, the subject being “St. Michael driving the dragon and Fallen Angels from heaven.” It was presented by his brother to the cathedral in his memory,—a Christchurch foundationer,—in 1876, and is one of the most striking and beautiful ornaments of the cathedral, which forms the chapel of the great and historic College of Cardinal Wolsey.

Schomberg Henry Ker, ninth Marquess of Lothian, was born in 1833, being the second son of John William, the seventh Marquess, and Lady Cecil Chetwynd, and died in January, 1900.

The late Marquess thus succeeded to the title, having already (in 1865) married Lady Victoria Alexandrina Montagu Douglas Scott, the eldest daughter of Walter Francis, the fifth Duke of Buccleuch. It is no exaggeration to say that there were few Scotsmen,—not to say Scottish noblemen,—who were better known, and whose character for culture, courtesy, and high sense of honour, was more widely recognised and more thoroughly appreciated. His career was an active one, and all along he proved himself a most patriotic Scot, interested

in everything that concerned the well-being of his native country.

He was educated at New College, Oxford, and thereafter entered the Foreign Office. In 1857 he enlisted as a Volunteer under Sir James Outram in the Persian war, and obtained a medal for distinguished service. Part of the household in which young Lord Schomberg Ker lived when in Persia still survives, and remembers him as a bright and joyful youth of 23,—“how fond we all were of him, how bright and loveable he was, with his fair hair and boyish appearance,—he was sometimes called ‘baby.’ His presence in the house was very pleasant,—a great addition in every way, so different from some of the attachées.” The Persian war over, he resumed the diplomatic life, and was on the British Embassy at Frankfort, Madrid, and Vienna. On becoming Marquess of Lothian he still continued his public patriotic life, as well as looking after his Midlothian and Border estates.

In 1874 he was made Lord Keeper of the Privy Seal of Scotland; in 1876 he was cordially elected President of the Royal Society of Scottish Antiquaries,—a society in which he had always been keenly interested, antiquities being Lord Lothian’s personal hobby and *forte*. His antiquarian researches at Newbattle Abbey have been of the most valuable and interesting description. In 1878 Lord Lothian received the knighthood of the Thistle.

Some of his Lordship’s other honours may be briefly summarised :—1878-89 Lieutenant-Colonel, 1889 Honorary Colonel of the 3rd Battalion Royal Scots (Lothian Regiment); Captain-General of the Royal Company of Archers; Governor of the National Bank of Scotland, on the notes of which an admirable portrait is engraved; in 1882 LL.D. of Edinburgh University; in 1883, and again in 1886, a member of the Royal Commission on Historical Manuscripts; in 1885 a Deputy-Lieutenant of Roxburghshire, in which county, close to Jedburgh, the abbey of which was his property, lies Monteviot, which was Lord Lothian’s favourite residence; in 1886 a Privy Councillor; from 1887-92 Her Majesty’s Secretary for Scotland, during which period he accomplished great reforms in the West Highlands in connection with light-houses, roads, piers, and crofts, his labours in this connection having earned for him an honourable name all through

the Highlands; Keeper of the Great Seal of Scotland; Vice-President of the Scotch Education Department; from 1887-90 Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh; in 1894 President of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

The Forestry Exhibition in Edinburgh twenty years ago practically owed its existence to the Marquess, and appropriately so, when we recall that some of the finest beeches and oaks in Great Britain rise around the precincts of the Ker's beautiful and interesting residence.

Of the Marquess's own family of nine children, seven survive, a son of a year old having died in infancy in 1870, while the other blank was occasioned a few years ago by the distressing death of the Earl of Ancram while A.D.C. to His Excellency the Earl of Jersey in New South Wales. Of the surviving children, the heir,—Lord Jedburgh,—Robert Schomberg (born 1874) is the only remaining son, and in personal appearance bears a strong resemblance to his distinguished father.

Some years later Lord Lothian took a long voyage on board H.M.S. "Majestic" with his brother, Lord Walter Talbot, Vice-Admiral of the Fleet. Another brother, Lord Ralph-Drury, C.B., Major-General in the Army, resides close to Newbattle House, at Woodburn, a picturesque mansion associated with the name of "Christopher North," whose brother resided there for many years. Besides Lady Cecil-Elizabeth, who died in 1866, a second sister survives, and is the wife of T. Gaisford, Esq., of Offington, Sussex.

Of the six daughters, Lady Cecil Victoria Constance is married to her cousin, the Hon. John Walter Montagu, eldest son of Baron Montagu of Beaulieu.

The late Marquess of Lothian had the following titles:—Baron Newbottle,—the ancient name of the place,—conferred in 1587; Earl of Lothian, 1606; Baron Jedburgh, 1622; Earl of Ancram, 1633; Baron Ker of Nisbet, Longnewton, and Dolphingston, 1633; Marquess of Lothian, 1701; Earl of Ancrum, Viscount of Brien, Baron Ker of Newbottle, Oxnam, and Jedburgh, 1701; in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, 1821, Baron Ker of Kersheugh.

Living in close proximity to the capital of Scotland, Lord Lothian took a deep interest in all national affairs, and was frequently seen at public gatherings in the city. When the

agitation was begun, some sixteen years ago, with the object of securing greater attention to Scottish affairs at Westminster, Lord Lothian, in common with the great bulk of representative public men in Scotland, threw himself into the movement, and he was selected to preside at the great national gathering held in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh, in January, 1884, which resulted in the creation of the office of Secretary for Scotland. On that occasion his Lordship, referring to the representative character of the assemblage, said they looked upon the question at issue as a national question, as a matter dear to the hearts of the Scottish people, and that they were willing to forego the credit which might otherwise have been due to their party in order that they might all stand,—all parties and all sections of the Scottish people,—upon one firm and solid ground. In concluding his address from the chair, his Lordship voiced the feeling of the large and representative assemblage by declaring that “the great object they had in view was to urge, almost demand, from the Government that a Secretary of State for Scotland should be appointed for the management of Scottish affairs. They recognised the great blessings which had accrued to Scotland and England from the Union, and they loyally abided by the terms of the Union, but they wanted to assure for themselves in the future, —what their forefathers in signing the Treaty of Union had assured to them,—that Scottish business should be managed independent to a certain extent of English business. While they wanted more union, they objected to anything in the shape of absorption.”

Lord Lothian's memory will long linger in Scotland as a precious possession. It was he who practically instituted the much-needed office of Secretary for Scotland, and speaking of the work he said, on one occasion :—

“Some of the work I have had is of great national importance; but there are other things which are not of such national importance—but I think that is one of the very advantages of the Scottish Office. Before the Scottish Office was in existence, all these small things, all those matters affecting smaller communities, were ignored and left alone, and now I hope that the experience of the Scottish people is—and I am bound to say that I think they have discovered it—that they can get their wants attended to, or, at any rate, their wishes heard and made known at Dover House; and anything I can do that may add to the feeling and make the people understand that they can look to Dover House as their centre, I will certainly to the utmost of my power create and foster. To my mind there is no interest, however small, there is nothing which can affect beneficially

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or adversely, even the very smallest community, which ought not to receive attention at the hands of a public Minister. And I think the question of attention to the smaller interests of the community is one which is receiving day by day more attention from the public."

In the summer of 1889, Lord Lothian, as Secretary for Scotland, opened the new Scottish National Portrait Gallery in Queen Street, Edinburgh, gifted to the nation by the late Mr J. R. Findlay, in the presence of a distinguished company. His Lordship spoke of the value of such institutions as the highest incentive to true patriotism that could possibly be had. Only a few years ago Lord Lothian was, along with his successor in the office of Scottish Secretary, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, presented with the freedom of the city of Dundee. On that occasion Lord Provost M'Grady spoke in eulogistic terms of Lord Lothian's public services, his high personal character, and his great amiability of disposition, which had given him a high position in the regard of his fellow-countrymen, altogether irrespective of politics. In his reply, Lord Lothian urged that commercial centres should show their interest in the welfare of the Empire by contributing to schemes which proved that the development of English victories and the spread of English civilization over the world were not used for our own advantage, but for the civilization and the prosperity of the countries over which we have gained control.

Lord Lothian was one of the most popular men of the day. He was always most genial and kindly, with a remarkable charm of manner. Lord Lothian was a fine scholar, and he had a strong taste for literature, and was learned as an antiquary. He was a man of exceptional business capacity, and, as Secretary for Scotland, he was a conspicuous success, several most important questions having been settled by his zeal and tact in a manner which gave universal satisfaction in the north. He was a distinguished authority on questions relating to the procedure of the House of Lords. His administrative capacity, which was of a very high order, was also displayed in the management of his large estates. He was a very liberal landlord, and most enterprising in carrying out improvements, while he also spent large sums on restoring Jedburgh Abbey and Ferniehirst Castle.

There are very few Scotsmen indeed who will not feel a sense of loss at the decease of Lord Lothian, the first Secretary for Scotland, well known in the Throne gallery of the General Assembly and at Holyrood, a munificent friend to the

Church of Scotland. He was a Scottish patriot in every sense of the word, and when prominent peers closely related to him went against the creation of a Secretaryship for Scotland, and still more against the inclusion of that Secretary in the Cabinet, the Marquess of Lothian consistently defended both positions; and during his term of office took the keenest interest in the crofters and Highland fisheries and industries.

Many a lighthouse and beacon in the West Highlands of Scotland owe their existence to the courteous, generous nobleman whose historic crest is the "Rising Sun," and whose family motto is "*Sero sed serio*" ("late but in earnest"). His interest in his native land showed itself also in his devotion to the Franco-Scottish Society, which he to a great extent founded, the French members of which, only a few years ago, were entertained by him at Newbattle Abbey, and shown the costly artistic treasures, including the famous "Three Heads of Charles," by Vandyke, which was presented by the King on the eve of his execution to his bosom friend, the Earl of Strafford. The French visitors,—many of them of the highest rank,—were touched with the magnificent white marble statuary groups with which the French Government presented the Marquess's mother as a thank-offering for her goodness to the French refugees in 1870-71.

A touching memorial grows quite close to Newbattle House, in the shape of five young trees, which the writer saw planted in 1885 by the Duke of Clarence, the Marquess of Lothian, General Lord Mark Ker, and the Earl of Ancram (Lord Lothian's heir) respectively, all of whom, strange to say, are now deceased,—the first being the chief of a group of prominent young men, all of whom died somewhat tragic deaths within a few months of each other, including the Earl of Dalkeith, the Earl of Ancram, and the Prince Imperial. And now Lord Lothian, who loved his trees,—the great beech-tree of Newbattle, beneath which the Cistercian fathers of the great royal Eskside Abbey used to rest, and the gnarled remnants of the great Caledonian forest which still survive,—has passed away, and leaves Scotland unspeakably the poorer.

Curiously, one of his last acts was to construct a small private chapel in the crypt of Newbattle House,—a monument to his taste and devotion,—which got its first public consecration at his own funeral.

In everything connected with the Church of Scotland Lord Lothian took the keenest and most sympathetic interest. His family have given the Church several elders, and at least two Lord High Commissioners. The third Earl of Lothian was a staunch Covenanter, and a vigorous defender of the Scottish Church. The fourth Earl was Lord High Commissioner, while his son married the daughter of that Earl of Argyle who was beheaded for his adherence to the Covenant, and whose last words at Edinburgh Cross were,—“ I had the honour to set the Crown upon the King’s head, and now he hastens me to a better Crown than his own.” Lady Margaret Ker, whose first husband was the seventh Lord Yester, daughter of the first Earl of Lothian, was the founder of Lady Yester’s Church in Edinburgh. All through, the association between the Church of Scotland and the House of Lothian has been a most intimate one, several of them being elders of Newbattle Church. Though not a member of the Church of the country, the late Marquess was a generous friend and supporter and sincere well-wisher.

In the restoration in 1895 of Newbattle Church (itself built of the ancient Abbey stones, and consecrated by the memory of Leighton, who was the bosom friend in 1652 of William, Earl of Lothian), the Marquess took the keenest interest, taking, with the Very Rev. Dr Scott, the leading part in the dedicatory services. There are few who will forget his feeling address when with a silver key he opened the Ancram aisle in memory of his son.

Jedburgh Parish Church and manse,—the finest in the South of Scotland,—were built entirely by his munificence; while the Church of Scotland in many other ways, public and private, has cause to-day to remember Lord Lothian with gratitude and love.

His own personal life was one of simple, unselfish, self-sacrificing devotion to duty and to his family. There was no condescension or patronage or pride about Lord Lothian, but a fresh, frank, fearless truthfulness and honour. Both at Newbattle and in Jedburgh his visits to and interest in the poor and the suffering were well known. He never forgot an old friend, however humble or obscure, but with that genial, cultured brightness and perfection of refined feeling which made him all along so attractive, he drew all hearts to him.

When Lord Lothian, as a young man, served in Persia, he stayed with a private family, and was godfather to their son, who died only a few years ago,—an event which gave the Marquess much grief. It said much for both sides that, after a lapse of so many years, both should entertain so affectionate a remembrance for each other. To a private friend who, at the time of Lord Ancram's death, sympathised and condoled, the Marquess said:—"It is one of those things which one never gets over, though outwardly matters appear to go on as before."

"He dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still,
The weaver slept in the twilight grey;
Dear heart, he will weave his beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day."

On the simple grave which he lately prepared for himself, facing the windows of his ancestral mansion, in that historic valley where Scottish royalties lie sleeping, besides many a brave and good soldier of the Crown, father of the Church, servant of the State, and within hearing of the old church bells, which have never ceased their music in the beautiful wooded valley of the South Esk for nine hundred or a thousand years, this great Scottish nobleman awaits the reddening of the East and the advent of that Lord whose earthly worship he so loved, and whose sanctuaries were so dear to him.

Lord Lothian's death was a great sorrow to Scotland. One intimately associated with him said:—"It is a very great sorrow to lose so bright and gifted a head of the family, one whom till this fatal illness arose, had hardly a touch of age upon him. He and his elder brother were always deeply attached, and he ever endeavoured to carry out things that he thought were his wishes, such as the magnificent work at Jedburgh Abbey." To this may be added the beautiful Gothic gateway on the Dalkeith side of the grounds, a direct copy of a gateway in Rome. On his death, one of his own brothers wrote the writer in these terms:—"We hardly know yet what is the void left by the loss of one who through a long life has been such a brother. My great comfort is to look back on his life, and to realise his upright character and his unvarying habit of confessing his belief in God in all his public and private acts,—which is no small thing in these days of indifference and scepticism which are so lamentably prevalent." Lord Lothian died within a few days of John Ruskin, and of both of them

it might be said that while the outward man gradually perished and decayed, the inward man was renewed day by day by the Spirit of God.

The station of the Lothian family may be summarized in the language of the various Peerage authorities :—

Two families of Kerr, of Anglo-Norman lineage, descended, it is said, from two brothers, settled in Scotland in the 13th century, and neither yielding superiority to the other, formed two separate races of warlike borderers. Of the family of KERR of *Cessford*, the Duke of Roxburghe is the chief; and of the KERRS of *Fernihirst*, the noble house of which we are now about to treat is the representative.

MARK KERR, and son of Sir Andrew Kerr, of Cessford, entering into holy orders, was promoted, in 1546, to the dignity of Abbot of Newbottle, in which station the Reformation found him in 1560, when he adopted the new doctrines, and held his benefice in commendam. He had the vicarage of Lintoun, co. Peebles, for life, in 1564; and was appointed one of the extraordinary lords of Session in 1569. He *m.* Helen, 2nd dau. of George, 4th Earl of Rothes, and had issue,

I. MARK, his successor.

II. Andrew, of Fentoun.

III. George, who is mentioned by Robertson as an emissary from the Catholic noblemen to the court of Spain in 1592.

IV. William.

1. Catherine, *m.* to William, Lord Herries.

He *d.* in 1584, and was *s.* by his eldest son,

MARK KERR, an extraordinary lord of Session, and master of requests, who had the abbacy of Newbottle erected into a temporal barony, with the title of *Baron*, 28 July, 1587; and obtained a charter of the Baronies of Prestongrange and Newbottle, united into the lordship of Newbottle, with the title of a lord of parliament, 15 Oct. 1591. He was appointed one of the commissioners for holding the parliament in 1597, and created *Earl of Lothian*, 10 Feb. 1606. His lordship *m.* Margaret, dau. of John, Lord Herries, and had, with daus.,

I. ROBERT, his successor.

II. William (Sir), of Blackhope, who, on the death of his brother, assumed the title of *Earl of Lothian*, but was interdicted from using it by the lords of council, 8 March, 1632.

III. Mark (Sir).

IV. James.

The earl was *s.* at his decease, in 1609, by his eldest son,

ROBERT, 2nd Earl of Lothian. This nobleman *m.* Lady Annabella Campbell, *dau. of Archibald, 7th Earl of Argyll*, by whom he had two daus., Anne and Johanna; but having no son, his lordship obtained permission from the crown to transfer his titles and estates to his elder dau. at his decease; which event taking place in 1624, that lady became

ANNE, Countess of Lothian, and married,

SIR WILLIAM KERR, Knt., who, in consequence, was elevated to the peerage, 24 June, 1631, by the title of *Earl of Lothian*. His lordship was only son (by his 1st wife, Elizabeth, *dau. of Sir John Murray, of Blackbarony*) of

ROBERT KERR (descended from Thomas Kerr, of Kerrsheugh, who built a house in the middle of Jedburgh Forest, and naming it Fernihirst, was designated by that title in the records of parliament, 1476), who was created EARL OF ANCRUM, *Lord Kerr, of Nisbit, Longnewton, and Dolphington*, 24 June, 1633, with

remainder to the male descendants of his 2nd marriage; and in default of those, to his issue male whatsoever. His lordship *m.* 2ndly, Anne, only surviving dau. of William (Stanley), Earl of Derby, and widow of Sir Henry Portman, of Orchard Portman, co. Somerset, by whom he had a son, Charles, and several daus. Lord Ancrum was the confidential friend of King CHARLES I., who, when Prince of Wales, was the means of bringing about his marriage with the Lady Anne Stanley. In 1620, he had the misfortune to kill, in a duel, Charles Maxwell, whose brother was a member of the king's family, and was obliged, in consequence, to fly to Holland, but was received into royal favour in the next year. He *d.* in 1654, and was *s.* according to the limitation, by the son of his second marriage,

CHARLES, 2nd Earl of Ancrum; at whose decease, without issue, the title devolved upon his elder and only brother, the Earl of Lothian.

His lordship, by his marriage with Anne, Countess of Lothian, had five sons and nine daus.; and dying in 1675, was *s.* by his eldest son,

ROBERT, 4th Earl of Lothian and 3rd Earl of Ancrum. This nobleman was one of the privy council to King WILLIAM, justice-general of Scotland, and high commissioner to the General Assembly. His lordship was created MARQUESS OF LOTHIAN, *Viscount of Briene, Lord Ker of Newbottle, &c.*, 23 June, 1701. He *m.* Jane, dau. of Archibald, Marquess of Argyll, by whom he had (with five daus.),

WILLIAM, his successor.

Charles, who was appointed director of the Chancery in 1703. He

m. Janet, eldest dau. of Sir David Murray, of Stanhope, and dying in 1735, left issue,

John, an officer of rank in the army.

Mark, general in the army; *d. unm.*

James, *d. unm.*

His lordship *d.* in 1703, and was *s.* by his eldest son.

WILLIAM, 2nd marquess; who had previously succeeded, in 1692, at the demise of his kinsman, Robert Kerr, 3rd Baron Jedburgh (a peerage conferred upon Sir Andrew Kerr, 2 Feb. 1622), to that barony, by virtue of special limitation in the patent of creation. His lordship, who was knight of the Thistle, one of the representative peers, and a major-general in the army, *m.* Jane, dau. of the unfortunate Earl of Argyll, who was beheaded in 1685; and dying in 1722, was *s.* by his only son,

WILLIAM, 3rd marquess, K.T., one of the representative peers, high-commissioner of the General Assembly, and lord-register in the court of Session. His lordship *m.* 1st, Margaret, dau. of Sir Thomas Nicholson, Bart. of Kempney, co. Aberdeen, by whom he had,

WILLIAM, his successor.

Robert, a gallant officer, who fell at Culloden.

Jane, *d.* young.

He *m.* 2ndly, Jean Janet, eldest dau. of Lord Charles Kerr, of Cra-
mond, by whom he had no issue. He *d.* in 1767, and was *s.* by his elder son,

WILLIAM-HENRY, 4th marquess. This nobleman *m.* in 1735, Lady Caroline D'Arcy, only dau. of Robert, Earl of Holderness, and great granddau. of the celebrated Duke of Schomberg, who fell at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690; by whom he had issue a son, William-John, and two daus.; Louisa, *m.* in 1759 to Lord George Lennox; and Wilhelmina-Frances, *m.* in 1783, to Major-General John Macleod. His lordship was a distinguished military officer, and attained, through the various gradations, from that of cornet, which he held in 1735, the rank of a general officer in 1770. He fought, and received

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a wound, at the battle of Fontenoy, in 1745; commanded the cavalry on the left wing of the royal army at Culloden; and subsequently accompanied the Duke of Cumberland to the Continent. He was one of the representative peers, and a Knight of the Thistle. His lordship *d.* in 1775, and was *s.* by his only son,

WILLIAM-JOHN, 5th marquess. This nobleman, who was also a general-officer in the army, colonel of the 11th regiment of dragoons, and knight of the Thistle, *m.* in 1763, Elizabeth, only dau. of Chichester Fortescue, Esq. of Dromiskten, co. Louth, and granddau. of Richard (Wellesley), 1st Lord Mornington, by whom he had issue,

I. WILLIAM, 6th marquess.

II. Charles-Beauchamp, *b.* 19 July, 1775; *m.* Elizabeth, dau. of William Crump, Esq. of Farnham, Surrey, by whom (who *d.* in 1830), he left issue at his decease, 20 March, 1816,

1 Charles-William-John, in holy orders; *b.* in 1801.

2 Mark-Henry-James, in holy orders; *b.* 9 Nov. 1802.

3 Beauchamp, *b.* in 1806; late captain 55th foot; *m.* 15 Aug. 1842, Caroline-Elizabeth, youngest dau. of the late James Irwin, Esq., E.I.C.S., and has issue.

4 William-Henry, *b.* in 1811; *m.* 17 Nov. 1841, Maria, youngest dau. of the late Richard Power, Esq. of Cork.

1 Caroline, *m.* 4 April, 1826, to Thomas Pearce, Esq. of Highway House, Froyle, Hants. 2 Charlotte.

3 Frances, *m.* in 1834, to R.-G. Hubbock, Esq.

4. Elizabeth, *m.* in 1835, to Capt. Edgar Bayly.

III. Mark Robert, vice-admiral, R.N.; *b.* 12 Nov. 1776; *m.* 18 July, 1799, Charlotte, late Countess of Antrim, by whom (who *d.* in 1835), he left at his decease, 9 Sept. 1840, surviving issue,

1 Hugh-Seymour, Earl of Antrim, an officer in the army.

2 Mark, *b.* in 1814; comm. R.N.; *m.* in 1849, Jane-Emma-Hannah, dau. of Major Macan, of Carriff, and has Wm.-Randal, *b.* in 1851; and Mark-Henry-Horace, *b.* in 1852.

3 Arthur-Schomberg, *b.* in 1820; *m.* 16 March, 1846, Agnes-Steuart, youngest dau. of J.-H. Frankland, Esq. of Eashing House, Surrey, and has issue.

1 Letitia-Louisa.

2 Georgiana, *m.* in 1825, to the Hon. and Rev. F. Bertie.

3 Caroline, *m.* in 1826, to the Rev. Horace-Robert Pechell, chancellor of Brecon.

4 Charlotte-Elizabeth, *m.* in 1835, to Sir G.-R. Osborn, Bart.

5 Fanny-Frederica-Augusta, *m.* 11 March, 1841, to Montagu, Earl of Abingdon.

6 Emily-Frances, *m.* in 1839, to Henry Richardson, Esq. of Somerset, co. Derry.

IV. Robert, a lieutenant-col. in the army; *b.* in 1780; *m.* in 1806, Mary, dau. of Rev. Edmund Gilbert, of Windsor House, Cornwall, and *d.* 23 June, 1843, having had issue, five sons and five daus.,

1 **WILLIAM-WALTER-RALEIGH**, *b.* in 1809; auditor-general at the Mauritius.

2 Charles-Hope, *b.* in 1818; in the army; *d.* in 1841.

3 Henry-Ashburton, *b.* in 1821; comm. R.N.

4 Robert-Dundas, lieutenant. royal engineers; *b.* in 1824; *m.* in 1852, Harriett-Marianne, dau. of John Arnold, Esq.

1 Elizabeth-Anne, *m.* in 1830, to Lieutenant-General Sir William Maynard Gomm, K.C.B.

2 Louisa-Grace, *m.* 4 May, 1841, to Colonel William-Henry Cornwall, Coldstream-guards.

3 Mary-Frances, *m.* 3 Jan. 1846, to E. Hammond, Esq.

4 Emily-Caroline Fortescue, *m.* 17 July, 1841, to Morton Carr, Esq., barrister-at-law.

5 Lucy-Maria.

THE HOUSE OF LOTHIAN.

- I. Elizabeth, *m.* to John, late Lord Dormer; and *d.* in 1822.
- II. Mary, *m.* Gen. the Hon. Fred. St. John; and *d.* in 1791.
- III. Louisa, *m.* to Arthur Atherley, Esq.; and *d.* in 1819.

His lordship *d.* in 1815, and was *s.* by his eldest son,

WILLIAM, 6th marquess, K.T., lord-lieutenant of Midlothian and Roxburghshire, and colonel of the Edinburgh militia; who was enrolled amongst the peers of the United Kingdom, 17 July, 1821, as *Baron Kerr, of Kerrshead, co. Roxburgh*. His lordship *m.* 1st, in 1793, Henrietta, dau. of John, 2nd Earl of Buckinghamshire, and by her (who *d.* in 1805), had issue,

I. JOHN-WILLIAM-ROBERT, 7th marquess.

II. Henry-Francis-Charles, in holy orders, rector of Dittisham, Devon; *b.* 17 Aug. 1800; *m.* 10 Sept. 1832, Louisa-Dorothea, only dau. of the Hon. Gen. Sir Alexander Hope, G.C.B., and has surviving issue,

1 William-Hobart, *b.* 25 July, 1836.

2 Henry-Schomberg, R.N.; *b.* 15 Aug. 1838.

3 Francis-Ernest, *b.* 10 Aug. 1840.

1 Henrietta-Mary-Emma.

2 Mary-D'Arcy.

3 Alice-Dorothea.

I. Isabella-Emily-Caroline.

The marquess *m.* 2ndly, 1 Dec. 1806, Harriet, dau. of Henry 3rd Duke of Buccleuch, and by her (who *d.* 18 April, 1833) had issue,

I. Charles-Lennox, *b.* in 1814; an officer in the 42nd regt., and aide-de-camp to the lord-lieutenant of Ireland; *m.* in Oct. 1839, Charlotte-Emma, sister of Sir John Hanmer, Bart., and has issue,

1 Charles-Wyndham-Rodolph, *b.* Nov. 1840.

2 John-Hanmer, *b.* 7 May, 1851.

3 Another son, *b.* 1852.

1 Harriet-Georgiana-Edith.

2 Florence-Elizabeth.

3 Amy-Frances.

II. Mark-Ralph-George, *b.* 15 Dec. 1816; major in the army.

III. Frederick-Herbert, *b.* 30 Sept. 1818; capt. R.N.; *m.* 13 Jan. 1846, Emily-Sophia, dau. of General Sir Peregrine Maitland, governor of the Cape of Good Hope; and has, Emily-Georgina, Sidney-Catherine, and Edith-Harriet.

I. Elizabeth-Georgina, *m.* 25 Oct. 1831, to Lord Clinton.

II. Harriet-Louisa, *m.* 13 June, 1834, to Sir John-Stuart Forbes, Bart.

III. Frances, *m.* 11 June, 1848, to George Wade, Esq.

IV. Anne-Catherine, *b.* 19 May, 1812; and *d.* 6 Dec. 1829.

V. Georgiana-Augusta (to whom King GEORGE IV. stood sponsor), *m.* 25 July, 1849, to the Rev. Granville-Hamilton Forbes, rector of Broughton, Northamptonshire.

The marquess *d.* 27 April, 1824, and was *s.* by his eldest son,

JOHN-WILLIAM ROBERT, 7th marquess; lord-lieutenant of the co. of Roxburgh, and col. of the Edinburgh militia; *b.* 1 Feb. 1794; *m.* 19 July, 1831, Lady Cecil Chetwynd Talbot, only dau. of Earl Talbot, and had issue,

I. WILLIAM-SCHOMBERG-ROBERT.

II. Schomberg-Henry, *b.* 2 Dec. 1833.

III. Ralph-Drury, *b.* 11 Aug. 1837.

IV. Walter-Talbot, *b.* 28 Sept. 1839.

V. John-Montagu-Hobart, *b.* 24 April, 1841.

I. Cecil-Elizabeth.

II. Alice-Mary.

WILLIAM-SCHOMBERG ROBERT, 8th marquess, *b.* Aug. 12, 1832; *m.* 12 Aug. 1857, Lady Constance-Harriet-Mahonesa-Talbot, dau. of 18th Earl of Shrewsbury. He *d.* 4 July, 1870, and *s.* by brother next. She *d.* 10 Oct. 1901.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

SCHOMBERG-HENRY, 9th marquess, Knight of Grace of the Order St. John of Jerusalem in England; *b.* 2 Dec. 1833; *m.* 22 Feb. 1865, Victoria-Alexandrina, eldest dau. of Walter Francis, 5th Duke of Buccleuch.

I. Walter-William-Schomberg, Earl of Ancram; *b.* 29 Mar. 1867; *d.* 15 June, 1892.

II. Schomberg-Henry-Mark, *b.* 4 Aug. 1869; *d.* Sept. 1870.

III. Robert-Schomberg, 10th marquess.

Daughters—Cecil, Margaret, Mary, Helen, Victoria, Isobel.

Creations—Baron Newbottle, 15 Oct. 1591. Earl of Lothian, 10 Feb. 1606. Baron of Jedburgh, 2 Feb. 1622. Earl of Ancrum, 24 June, 1633. Marquess, &c., 23 June, 1701—in Scotland. Baron, 17 July, 1821—in the United Kingdom.

Arms—Quarterly: 1st and 4th, az., the sun in splendour, ppr., a coat of augmentation, for the title of *LOTHIAN*; 2nd and 3rd, gu., on a chevron, arg., three mullets of the field, for the lordship of *JEDBURGH*.

Crest—The sun, as in the arms.

Supporters—Dexter, an angel, ppr., vested, az., surcoat, vert, winged and crined, or; sinister, an unicorn, arg., armed, maned, and unguled, or, gorged with a collar, gu., charged with three mullets, arg.

Motto—Sero sed serio.

Seats—Newbottle, Mid-Lothian; and Mount Teviot Lodge, Roxburghshire.

PICTURES AND TREASURES OF NEWBATTLE HOUSE.

NEWBATTLE House to-day is a rich treasure-house of Vandyke paintings, including the famous "Three Heads of Charles I."—the King's gift to the Earl of Strafford before his execution. The Earl of Strafford's peer's robe, in which he went to the block, is still preserved in the Newbattle treasure-chests, and the collar bears the blood marks yet. It is the royal robe of the garter worn by Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, on the scaffold in 1641—and the purple and the star are well preserved. Among other "Vandykes" are Charles I.'s triumphal entrance into London, and several others. Rembrandt, Albert Dürer, and other great masters are represented. A picture of the building of Noah's Ark by Pietro de Cosimo is painted on a tablecloth, the artist being too poor to procure canvas. The house is filled with all kinds of historic and antiquarian treasures,—the old Abbey font (in which Mary Queen of Scots was baptised), a Spanish Armada iron chest, a Venetian bride's gold-covered chest with lovely paintings, a pre-historic urn for the ashes of the dead, declared by Dr Phéné to be unique in age and interest, dating back to the time of Moses in Egypt, missals, breviaries, pontificals, prayer-books (unlimited), an original copy of the Solemn League and Covenant signed by the Earl of Lothian, the original gold and painted marbles of Assyrian kings from Nineveh, gifts and pictures, books and memorials of all kinds in such profusion that days would be required to see only a tithe of the treasures. The Abbey Chartulary lies in the Edinburgh Advocates' Library. Among many valuable MSS. in the house may be mentioned the Charter appointing the Earl of Arran Regent of Scotland, with the seals of peers, bishops, and abbots, including the Abbot of Newbattle.

A small bronze cannon given by Mary Queen of Scots to Sir Thomas Ker of Ferniehirst, engraved with the arms of France and Scotland, surrounded with thistles, and with the monogram "M," was exhibited at the Glasgow Exhibition. In the dining room there is hanging a magnificent silver shield, rarely embossed, the gift of the King of Bohemia to an Earl of Ancrum generations ago, as a recognition of his services at the Bohemian Court during the King's illness, when sent on a visit of condolence by James VI. in 1629. The fine portrait of the three great English admirals, Drake, Hawkins, and Cavendish, hangs over the fireplace, while at the windows are lovely wreaths of flowers carved in wood. The Vandyke painting of "The Three Heads of Charles I." was painted in order that a bust of the king might be made from them in Rome. The bust was made, and is now in the Vatican, while the picture was returned to Charles I., who, before his execution, presented it to his dear friend and companion, the Earl of Strafford. The picture came into the possession of the Lothian family through marriage with the house of Castlereagh. Lady Castlereagh, the late Lord Lothian's aunt, left this picture and all her property, including Blickling Hall, Norfolkshire, to him. The very fine octagonal baptismal font has on its sides the carved shields of, 1st, Ramsay of Dalhousie; 2nd, Margaret, Queen of James IV. (daughter of Henry VIII. of England); 3rd, Magdalene, Queen of James V. (daughter of Francis I. of France); 4th, Royal Arms of Scotland; 5th, Mary of Guise, second Queen of James V.; 6th, Edward Schewall, Abbot 1526-1530. This decipherment is kindly given by Sir Balfour Paul, Lyon King at Arms. The font was found at Mavisbank in 1873, when Mavisbank House was being enlarged. In excavating the foundations, the workmen came on the font buried in the garden. When Captain Arbuthnot of Mavisbank knew it was the old Newbattle font he returned it to Lord Lothian.

We enter a small apartment adjoining the dining-room, in which are hung some of the most interesting of the earlier pictures of the collection. Among these a very distinguished place is occupied by a "Madonna and Child," by Albert Dürer, which, in a moment of the rarest good fortune, was discovered by the present Lord Lothian in a furniture shop in Edinburgh, and purchased by his brother, the late Marquess.

It is stated to have been formerly in rooms in Holyrood Palace which were occupied by the Earls of Buchan. This is one of the very few genuine works of the master that have found their way to Great Britain; according to Thausing, indeed,—the standard authority on the subject,—only one other of his undoubted productions exists in this country,—a portrait of the painter's father, preserved at Sion House. This critic fully admits the authenticity of the present picture; but he refers to it,—we quote from Eaton's English translation of his *Life of Dürer*,—as “containing an almost life-sized Virgin,” and as having been shown “at the Royal Academy Old Masters' Winter Exhibition in 1871,” both of which statements are inaccurate. The figures are greatly under the scale of life, and it was in 1870 that the picture was exhibited in London. The date that it bears, 1506, proves that it was painted in Venice, during the happy days of Dürer's visit to that city, when he enjoyed the friendship of John Bellini,—“a very old man, indeed, but the best of them all,” as he writes of him to his friend, Pirkheimer, and when he looked forward with something like horror to his return to the chilly North,—“Alas! how shall I live in Nuremberg after the bright sunny Venice? Here I am the lord, at home only the hanger-on.” To the same correspondent the painter writes that Bellini had “praised me before many gentlemen, and asked me to do him something, and he will pay me well for it;” and it is possible enough that this may be the very picture which he executed for his aged artist friend. The subject is just such as that “pious man” would naturally have chosen; and the supposition gains in force from the manifest influence of Bellini's style, which is visible in the handling, and in the quiet, accurately-balanced composition of the work, and even in such little circumstances as the appearance of the painter's monogram and inscription upon a white label counterfeiting a folded piece of paper, as in many of Bellini's own works—in, for instance, his “Doge Loredano,” his “Madonna and Child,” and his “St Peter Martyr,” in the London National Gallery.

In Lord Lothian's picture, the seated figure of the Madonna is seen against a crimson curtain, on either side of which we catch a glimpse of landscape,—wooded, on the right, and with steep cottage roofs appearing above the trees, and, on

the left, occupied by one of those half-ruined manors or farms, which are of frequent occurrence in Dürer's engravings. Her golden-haired face has no special charm of beauty,—the painter, great master as he was, seldom attained any very high ideal of female loveliness,—but the countenance is informed by a quiet pathos, and possessed by a homely charm. Two quaint winged cherubs, whose bodies end abruptly in flakes of cloud, one of them turning towards us the rotundity of his great bald head, are crowning the Virgin, but with no royal diadem of flashing gems and beaten gold; they set upon her head only a simple wreath of the poet's "votive fruits and symbol flowers." On her lap is seated the Divine Child, holding a bird-lure in his right hand, and sporting with the yellow songster that perches fearlessly upon his left wrist. To the right, St. John, bearing his slender cross of reeds, is bringing a younger child to present his humble offering of lilies of the valley. The picture is full of poetic charm, of brilliant transparent colouring, and, in the expression of its details, of searching and elaborate draughtsmanship. The handling of the plumage of the various wings that appear in the picture is here, as always with Dürer, especially masterly; and altogether the work is one of which any collection might be justly proud.

Over the fireplace is hung an interesting little example of early Italian art, a picture by the Cavalière Dello Delli, a Florentine sculptor and painter, whose works are to be found in the cloister of Santa Maria Novello, in his native city, and whose portrait is introduced in the figure of Shem in the fresco of the drunkenness of Noah, in the same place, painted by his friend Paolo Uccello. The present example of Delli's work is a narrow oblong panel, which has evidently formed a side of one of those chests, or caskets, in which the Florentine brides carried their wedding gear to their new homes. It forms a pleasant relic of "the season of art's spring-birth, so dim and dewy," when the distinction between the fine and the decorative arts was less sharply marked than now, and the painter of the throned Madonna over the high altar did not disdain to touch the homely things of domestic life, and make them lovely. The subject of this panel is the appropriate one of "The Triumph of Love and the Triumph of Chastity." To the left, round the car on which the potent

god Amor is borne by fiery steeds, young and strong, and armed with his mighty bow and deadly shafts, is gathered a company of gay, richly-clad men and women, the merry people of the world; and to the right, a band of wise virgins, stoled in white, attend the chariot where Chastity, a stately maiden, holding a palm branch for reward, stands enthroned, with cupids bound and captive at her feet. Her car is drawn by gravely-stepping unicorns, the mediæval symbols of purity (it was fabled that the unicorn could purge a poisoned spring if it but dipped its horn in the water), which appear as such in Il Moretta's portrait of Alphonso I. and Laura Eustachio, in the Belvedere, and beside the exquisite half-draped girl on the obverse of the lovely medal of Cecilia Gonzaga, by Pisano—to whose St George, in his picture in the National Gallery, one of the figures in Delli's present work, that towards the left wearing the broad Tuscan hat, bears a curiously close resemblance. The picture is full of pleasant and dainty fancy, and is distinguished by its spirited and varied action, and by its beautiful colour, profusely heightened with gold.

Among the other examples of the Italian schools in the room is a "Virgin and Child," by Botticelli, of that circular form which was frequent with the master, with particularly rich and full colouring in the yellow and red drapery which forms its background, and with much yearning pathos in the attitude and expression of the clinging Babe and the mother who bends over him. Here, too, is a semi-circular, "Enthronement of the Virgin," by Filippo Lippi. Recent research tends to discredit the stories of this painter's wild and wayward life,—related by Vasari, and adopted by Mr Browning in one of his most brilliant poems,—and of his retributive death by poison; certainly the present work is full of tenderness and of pure devotional feeling in the angelic forms on either side that lift the curtain, and in the sweet figure of the Virgin, who bows meekly to receive the diadem from her Son. The colouring of the work is delicate, cool, and silvern, and has little of the glow and warmth that we associate with our memories of the artist's best-known works.

In this country there are said to be but three important works by Pietro de Cosimo in private hands, and one of these is known to relatively few connoisseurs, and goes unnoticed in

the 1898 edition of Mr Berenson's "Florentine Painters." One of the very few public allusions that have been made to it was that of Mr Roger E. Fry. The picture belongs to the Marquess of Lothian, and is in the gallery of Newbattle Abbey, Dalkeith. Like "Hylas and the Nymphs," in Mr Robert Benson's collection, it is painted on a tablecloth, for in those early days Pietro, being poor, took the first texture that came to hand. It represents, reputedly in the naïve fashion, an imagined battle of the Stone Age, and was probably executed about the time Pietro painted the lovely landscape in the fresco of his master, Cosimo Rosselli, in the Sistine Chapel. If it reveal anything like the inventiveness of "Hylas and the Nymphs," to say nothing of the wonderful "Combat of the Centaurs in the Lapithæ," it deserves to be far more widely known than it is at present. If I learn aright, no photograph of the Marquess of Lothian's picture has been published.

There are multitudes of valuable pictures scattered all over the house, Vandykes, Rembrandts, Titians, Murillos, &c., besides any quantity of valuable portraits.

In the great and magnificent drawing-room, built over the cloister quadrangle, and beautifully ornamented in the roof by Italian artists, there are many fine portraits of various members of the House of Lothian, including the late Marquess in his robes. Warwick Castle is the only rival of Newbattle Abbey in the matter of Vandyke portraits.

There are more literary and artistic treasures in Newbattle House than probably in any other house in Scotland, not even excepting Drummond Castle and Dalkeith and Hamilton Palaces. In the Abbey are preserved the famous Catalogue of Honour and "Album Amicorum" of Sir Michael Balfour, besides countless works of mediæval interest.

Among the many interesting family memorials, there is a thin folio in the handwriting of William, Earl of Lothian, containing a journal of his travels in 1624-5 through France to Italy and Switzerland, entitled,—"*Itinerario fatto anno 1625 ch'era quella dal Qubeleo Urbano Octavo Papa Barberini.*" His father had sent him to Paris to finish his education, and before returning home allowed him to travel a little. He left Paris with his tutor on 6th November, 1624.

There is also preserved an interesting "Correspondence

of Sir Robert Ker, 1st Earl of Ancram, and his son, William, 3rd Earl of Lothian" (May 26, 1616,—Sept. 13, 1650), containing many varied letters, including those of the Bishop of Caithness to Sir Robert Ker, letters by Leighton, the Marquess of Argyll, and many others.

A very touching family record is still preserved in the Lothian charter-chests, which are brim-full of interesting memorials,—in which the then Earl of Lothian gives a eulogy of Anne, Countess of Lothian, who died on 26th March, 1667. After giving a list of his children, the Earl adds,—“ Anne, Countess of Lothian, the goodly and worthy mother of these children, sickened and took bed the 20th of March, Wednesday, 1667, and died upon the 26th of the same month—Tuesday. Ane woman extraordinary in all the qualifications of goodness, vertue, modesty, piety; a good wyfe, a good mother, a good woman; excellent in the government of her family and the ordering and provyding for it, and augmenting the estate of her house in the revenues of the lands, with the addition of wenning of coals by long labour and much charge and expenses; and a great inlarger of the House of Newbattle, by faire newe buildings from the ground, and with much ornament and addition perfyting a begune worke, and beautifying the entries and accesses by many walls and inclosures and plantations of trees of all kyndes; a woman honoured and beloved singularly of her husband, her children, friends, kindred, neighbours, vassals, tenants; affable and charitable to the poor; regraitted in her death by all, and of memory sweate and fragrant. This is attested by her most sadde and widowed husband, Lothian. The 6 Aprile, 1667.” It was in all probability this Countess Anne who made the modest old Newbattle Abbey a stately mansion, and planted many of the magnificent trees and plantations which are still the glory of the place.

The library of Newbattle House is extraordinarily rich in Spanish and Italian literature, the invalid Marquess, who died in 1870, having beguiled his weary hours by study of Continental literature. In addition, the collection of MSS. of Cromwell, Monk, and many others is priceless. The library of missals, breviaries, martyrologies, and other sacred manuals, is quite unique.

THE GOD'S ACRES OF NEWBATTLE.

THE parish of Newbattle has no fewer than five separate places of burial. The ancient chapel of Bryans, which has been incorporated along with the ecclesiastical buildings into the present farm bearing that name, stood on the hillside above the Esk valley.

A stone holy-water basin was quite recently recovered from amid the farm buildings which cover the site of the ancient place of worship. The churchyard can still be traced by the large and aged trees surrounding the site. The byre of Bryans farm is paved mainly with the old tombstones, which have their inscribed faces turned downwards. Bryans chapel was the church of the small parish of Maisterton, of which the massive baronial tower still stands,—an important landmark by sea and land. Some are of opinion that Bryans was even an older ecclesiastical foundation than Newbattle Abbey. The Marquess of Lothian has as one of his titles,—Viscount of Brienne or Brien. The old chapel stair with its foot-worn steps is still standing. The “Lady’s Tree” in the farm policies is a survivor of a number of great trees which shaded the churchyard. Two ladies who were in possession of the Maisterton estate at the Reformation gave the present churchyard as a present to the parish. The old Bryans chapel and churchyard are the scene of an annual open-air service to keep alive the sacred memories of the place.

In the flower garden of Newbattle Abbey, and around the walls and vicinity of the house, skeletons of monks with fragments of their white habits have frequently been found, laid to rest under the shadow of St. Mary’s pile, as the ecclesiastical dignitaries found their final repose beside the altar. Inside the Abbey were the grave and monument of Mary de Couci, Queen of Alexander II. The Abbey was, in its palmy days, not only the favourite resort of Scottish royalty, but also a specially desired resting-place for royal and noble dust.

Father Hay (Dipl. Col. III. 34. 1. 10), quoting an older authority, says:—"In the midst of the church was seen the tomb of the queen of Alexander, of marble, supported on six lions of marble. A human figure was placed reclining on the tomb, surrounded with an iron grating."

Only about a hundred yards from the original site of the Abbey, now marked out in the gravel, the Abbey church was rebuilt; and it was in this second church that Leighton preached. The church was, in 1727, removed once more to its present position and rebuilt, about a hundred yards towards the south, so that in a triangular space, with each side about a hundred yards in length, the church has stood successively at each point of the triangle. The only remaining portion of Leighton's church is a small vault, probably constructed of the stones left over after the second rebuilding of the Abbey stones into the present edifice.

The Marquess of Argyle (eighth earl and first marquess), who was beheaded with the maiden at the Cross of Edinburgh, on May 27th, 1661, is closely associated with the Lothian family, which, like the house of Argyle, was warmly attached to the Reformed and Covenanting cause. His second daughter, Lady Jean, became the wife of the first Marquess of Lothian. After Argyle's execution his head was exposed on the west side of the Tolbooth. His body was carried first to St. Magdalene's Chapel in the Cowgate, and thence to Newbattle, where it rested for a few weeks in the old church. The head remained on the Tolbooth spike for a fortnight, when Charles II. having given a warrant for its removal, the body was brought from Newbattle, and they were together laid in the family sepulchre of St. Mund at Kilmun.

This vault or "isle" (as a marble slab on the outside of the door describes it) became the place of sepulture for the Lothian family all through the eighteenth and part of the nineteenth century. Possibly the vault may have existed beneath the church as a family burying-place for the house of Lothian. On the front of the vault there have within the last few years been erected two white marble slabs built into an ornamental wall-door with the names of the various members of the house interred within. Around this vault the trees are particularly fine.

The following inscriptions are on the tablets of what

used to be called the "Lothian Isle," the only remaining portion of Leighton's church:—

"The front of this isle was enlarged by Gen. Lord Mark Kerr A.D. 1888. Jean, Marchioness of Lothian, built this isle in the year of our Lord 1705. (I. Tablet.) Mark Kerr of Newbattle (the last abbot) died August 26, 1584. Lady Helen Leslie, wife of Mark Kerr, d. Oct. 26, 1594. Mark Kerr, 1 Earl of Lothian, d. 1609. Lady Anne Kerr, Countess of Lothian, d. Mar. 26, 1667. William, 3 Earl of Lothian, d. Oct. 1675. Robert, 1 Marquess of Lothian, d. 16 Feb. 1703. Lady Jean Campbell, wife of the 1st Marquess, d. 31 July 1712. Lady Jean Campbell, wife of 2nd Marquess, d. Dec. 27, 1787. William Henry, 3 Marquess, d. 28 July 1767. William, 4 Marquis of Lothian, d. April 12, 1775. (II. Tablet.) Lady Caroline D'Arcy, wife of 4 Marquess, d. Oct. 1778. William, 6 Marquess, d. 2 April 1824. Lady Henrietta Hobart, wife of 6 Marquess, d. 1805. Lady Jean Kerr, Lady Cranston, d. of 2 Marquess of Lothian. Mistress Jean Cranston, d. of Jean, Lady Cranston. Lord Robert Kerr, son of 3 Marquess of Lothian, killed at Culloden, April 16, 1746. Col. Lord Robert Kerr, son of 5 Marquess of Lothian, d. 1843. Lady Robert Kerr, d. 1859. Four children of Lord and Lady Robert Kerr."

The present churchyard of the parish is one of the most picturesque in all Scotland, surrounded as it is with magnificent trees, and laid out and kept with the most devoted care, a wonderful contrast to its condition in older days, when the grass was allowed to grow knee-deep and the sacrilegious sheep dined off its rank growth. Sir Walter Scott, when residing at Lasswade, used frequently to visit this ideal resting-place for "Old Mortality." Newbattle churchyard was a hunting-ground with the Edinburgh resurrectionists. Only within recent years has the old resurrection-house been swept away. The only specimen of the class now surviving in the district is that in Dalkeith New Burying Ground,—a very complete specimen of the kind, with its round red sandstone tower, battlemented top, and narrow port-holes round and round. The Newbattle house was built against the east wall, half-way down, and was roofed.

At the bottom of many of the old graves the heavy irons are still come upon, which were used to bind the coffins down

to the earth, and thus assist in baulking the body-stealers. Traditions are still numerous of fights with the body-snatchers, and it is certain that at least one death resulted from these contests.

Among the many relics connected with the ecclesiastical establishment of Newbattle,—Leighton's library, communion plate, hour glass, &c.,—there is the "funeral hand-bell," with "(1616 ^M_{1A})" as an inscription, signifying "James Aird, minister." The bell, which is of coarse construction, has an iron handle in the shape of a leg-bone. Before a funeral took place the sexton paraded the parish, ringing his tocsin, and announcing all particulars of hour, place, &c. The old funeral road from Dalhousie to the churchyard (though now closed to the public) can still be easily traced, and with its magnificent avenue of tall trees on each side, forms what is known as the "Kirk-brae," one of the most charming and admired pieces of scenery in Mid-Lothian. Some of the old funeral palls are still in existence, of rich, heavy black velvet with woollen fringes, often referred to in the session-records as "mortcloths,"—used to cover the coffin, which was carried to the grave in any sort of conveyance.

Beginning with the tombstones at the east corner of the churchyard, beside the present gravedigger's tool-house, there is a group of monuments to the Watsons of Crosslea which is worthy of notice, the most interesting of them to "George Watson, son of Robert Watson, tenant of Westhouses, who died 20th January, 1708, aged twenty-two years." The usual skull and cross-bones adorn the memorial, and the inscription "memento mori"; but in addition there is a reclining figure of a youth reading a book, evidently referring to the studious habits of this young man cut off in his prime. Another, of date 1724, has hour glass, cross spades, and bones and skull; while the stone, dated 1623, with the initials "T.W. : M.P.R.W. : DM." is similarly adorned. The pose of the child and the peace of the place suggest the beautiful verses :—

"When the day is past and over,
With its labour and its play,—
When the little feet grow weary,
And the toys are put away :
Like an angel in the gloaming,
As the shadows round her creep,—
There is One who keepeth vigil
When the children fall asleep.

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

"For the faintest cry she listens,—
On her lips a tender prayer,
For a mother's love is nearest
To the love the angels bear :
Some in simple-hearted gladness,—
Some with bitter tears to weep,—
Watch the mothers in the shadow
When the children fall asleep !

"When Life's little day is over,—
When on us the shadows fall,—
Hear our prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Keeping vigil over all :
Guard us through the vale of shadow,
While the Night is dark and deep :
Grant us calm and peaceful slumber
When Thy children fall asleep !"

A little further up the same eastern wall there are several monuments with the inevitable pillars and cross-bones, followed by a curious rude stone, with the earliest date of all in the churchyard, which bears the inscription:—"Here lyes Jon Duncan weaver in Newbattle who parted this life in 1607 aged 82,"—with the letters "T.B X I.D" and the weaver's shuttle and stretchers. Beside it is a stone with a face very rudely carved,—little else than a face-curve and holes and eyes, and the inscription,—“Here lyis Andrew Blair 1632.”

On the upper part of the east wall there is a pillared monument with skull above and the letters "T.C: E W" and the inscription,—“Here lyeth James Chirnsyde sone to James Chirnsyd Bailie in Newbatell who departed this life the 4th Nov. 1682 of age 12 years.”

On this Chirnsyde tomb there is a verse of reflection:—

In this frail life how soon cut of are wee
All that on earth do live must surely die.
Mount up O soul to that seraphick spheere
Eternal life if thou woldst have a share.
Sure God doth for the blisid it prepare,
Caelestial joy that can compare with the
Here nothing is but grif and vanitie.
Invieous death that could not hurt the soulle
Ripened for glory though the grave did moulle
Natour and strength, yea youth thou soon can kill
So here thou did accomplish divine will,
Yet where are nou thy furious darts, thy sting,—
Death cannot stop the soul from taking wing
Eternally with God above to sing.

Elaborate scrolls flank this youth's monument, and cross-spades, cross-bones, and an hour glass occupy a panel at the foot.

On the south wall is a rather stately pillared monument of seventeenth century date, with an effective diamond ornament along the base, and the inscription:—

Heir godliness with virtue in ane tombe
Mare and Martha are interred in this tombe.

referring either to two sisters or one excellent woman who combined the virtues of both the sisters of Bethany.

A pillared square monument comes next to it, with the inscription, "1629 TH X HL." Beside it, wreathed in summer with the sweetest of "Gloire-de-Dijon" roses, is the grave of John William Turner, first professor of Surgery in Edinburgh University, who died in 1835, and of his relative, Dr Aitchison, whose researches in Afghanistan thirty years ago rendered him famous, his fine botanical and zoological collections having their home in the South Kensington Museum.

The old escutcheoned stone next it is remarkably interesting for its carving and symbolism,—a child's tomb of 260 years ago. Above is an elaborate coat of arms, surmounted by a man with a club, while the sentences and symbols of death are carefully worked out, including "hodie mihi, cras tibi," "memento mori," and skull, hour glass, cross-bones, &c. On the top of the pillars there is a human head, an axe on one side, and a skull on the other. The inscription reads,—"Here lyeth Frances Murray, one of the House of Black Baronnie who deacest the 14th February 1641 aet. suae 8." She was the child of Sir Archibald Murray of Blackbarony in Peeblesshire,—a progenitor of Lord Elibank. Andrew Murray of Blackbarony appears in charters in 1552, and his ancestors had been seated at Blackbarony for five generations previously. His son, Sir John Murray, was brother of Sir Gideon Murray, Lord High Treasurer of Scotland and a Lord of Session (father of Patrick, first Lord Elibank), and of Sir William Murray of Clermont, Fife. Sir John Murray's son and heir, Archibald Murray of Blackbarony, was made a baronet of Nova Scotia in 1628, in James VI.'s reign. He married a daughter of Dundas of Arniston, and this child of eight was buried in Newbattle churchyard, owing to her maternal connection with the parish, which includes a considerable portion of the Arniston estate.

A curious flat-faced obelisk built into the wall records a life spent amid a sea of troubles:—

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

"Annexe uxor Samuel Elliot obiit Sept. 20th

1772 æt. 73.

Afflictions sore

Long time I bore

Much tears I spent in vain

Till God did please

By death to ease

And ridd me of my pain.

Here lyes the remains of Samuel Elliot Sergnt, who died Nov. 14, 1777, aged 90 years; also Anne second wife of Samuel Elliot, who died April 14, 1786, aged 60 years."

The most interesting historical monument in Newbattle Churchyard is unfortunately also the most scanty and diminished. It is to the memory of of the Rev. William Creech, the father of William Creech, Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the great bookseller, who was one of the best of Robert Burns' friends, and who himself published the Ayrshire ploughman's second edition of "Songs and Poems." The only memorial left is a portion of a stone built into the southern wall, surmounted by a flower-ornament, and an open book on which is inscribed the text from Job xix., 25, with the inscription—"M.S.D. Gulielmi Creech ecclesiae apud Newbattle fidelissimi . . . pietate, prudentia, ma—hominem or—" The stone is almost entirely broken, and the small remaining fragment has been in recent years built into the churchyard wall. The Rev. William Creech entered the incumbency in 1739, succeeding the Rev. Andrew Mitchell, and died 21st August, 1745, the year of the battle of Prestonpans. A new stone has just been erected to the memory of father and son, and a memorial brass placed in the church.

One of the finest, probably the finest of all the monuments, is associated with the name of Welsh,—connected both with John Knox the Reformer and also with Thomas Carlyle. It is in the south-east corner of the churchyard, and is an elaborate table with ornamentation of bones and skulls and faces. The monument, from an architectural point of view, is a very interesting one, and was an object of much interest to the late Marquess of Lothian. From the "4" mark, the monument is probably to a merchant, but the inscription is illegible.

Of the other monuments, little need be said. That on the south wall, next Creech's tomb, of date 1634, with its skull and cross-bones, to "Charles Campbell of Neubatell," a former minister of the parish; the Aitchison

monument, recently restored, of date 1728, with the usual insignia, are interesting: the Thomson tomb (1739), with the same insignia and scroll commemorating "John Thomson portioner in Newbattle 1739": that to Nicoll Simpson, 1662, beside it—all these have their family interest, but little beyond it.

In the centre of the churchyard there are several old stones to miners, weavers, &c. A spirit of economy seems to have taken hold of two colliers of Langlaw in the parish, for one family takes one side of the stone and the other the reverse. "Here lyeth Robert Allan son to John Allan Coalzier at Longlau died Nov. 29th 1752. Jesus said, 'suffer little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' " On the other side—"Here lyeth William Douglas Coalzier at Longlau, husband to Margaret Patterson and two children who died 1741." The insignia of the pick, mash, and wedge are over both inscriptions. Another monument is to "Jenot Bounkyll spouse of Robert Graham, weaver in Easthouses who lived together 57 years and departed 23rd June 1798 aged 77." The Crooke's monument of 1663 is also interesting.

The stone of a smith, 1741, is remarkable for the high relief of carving. The crowned hammer is flanked by two human heads with curly hair, and by two hour glasses, and skulls surmount the pillars at the sides.

The similitude of the insignia on the 17th and 18th century stones makes it unnecessary to pursue the subject further,—some having the crown and hammer, others the emblems of a weaver's, a brewer's, a farmer's, or a miner's life, while most have only the symbols of our frail mortality.

Tradition says that there was a small churchyard at one time at Westhouses in the days when it was a large village with a school.

The latest of Newbattle burying-places is the new family cemetery of the house of Lothian, laid out beside the river Esk and near the great gate where, beside an uncle and aunt, the late beloved and distinguished Marquess of Lothian sleeps. A fine Celtic cross has been raised over the grave.

THE PASSING AND REST OF ARGYLL.

ON the 1st of January, 1651, the Marquess of Argyll put the crown on the head of Charles II. at Scone, and when the King resolved to invade England and win it back again for his family, it was Argyll who dissuaded him from doing so,—an advice which the defeat of Worcester amply justified and verified. Everyone is familiar with the historical facts of Argyll's complications with Oliver Cromwell and the Commonwealth, and the strong suspicions which were entertained by the Crown party of his tendencies in favour of the Roundheads and the Protector; but it was hard that when he went up in 1660 to London to congratulate the Sovereign, whom he had crowned in Scotland, on his Restoration to the throne of the entire island, he should have been suspected of conspiracy, thrown into the Tower, and condemned to be sent down to Scotland for trial on treason. It was on the 27th of May, 1661, that he was publicly beheaded at the Cross of Edinburgh with the Maiden, declaring with his dying breath that he was "free from any conspiracy against his late Majesty's death"; and as to Charles II., he declared in words which have become almost classical,—“I had the honour to set the crown on the King's head, and now he hastens me to a better Crown than his own.”

His head was fixed on a spike on the west side of the Tolbooth, on the very same spike on which his rival Montrose's head had been exposed, and from which it had only recently been removed, while his trunkless body was carried to St. Magdalene's Chapel in the Cowgate, where the first General Assembly of the Church of Scotland had been held under John Knox, and where the latter's colleague, John Craig, once Prior of Bologna, lectured in Latin to the learned men of Edinburgh on the Reformed doctrines till he recovered the knowledge of his native tongue, which he had forgotten during his long residence abroad.

How long his body remained in the Magdalene Chapel, which is still standing, and forms part of the Edinburgh Medical Mission buildings, is uncertain, but probably it lay there for only a few days, as the Earl of Lothian, a keen Covenanter, like Argyll, made arrangements that the headless body should be removed to his own private vault at Newbattle, until preparations were made at Kilmun,—the burying-place of the Argylls,—to receive the remains of the chief of the Clan Campbell.

An original copy of the Solemn League and Covenant is still hanging in the ancestral house of Newbattle, and the signatures both of Argyll and Lothian are appended to it, along with many another famous name of the time. There was, therefore, something appropriate in the Earl of Lothian, Nicodemus-like, begging the body of the great Marquess, with whose house his own was afterwards to be so closely allied, not only in sympathy, but by marriage. Argyll's body was brought out from the Magdalene Chapel in the Cowgate, and driven in a carriage by the old Edinburgh road out to Newbattle, where it was laid in the vault beneath the church, where only eight years before Leighton had ministered. That church was removed in 1727 to the other side of the road and rebuilt into the present church of the parish. But the vault still remains, and even during the present generation has been used as a burial-place for members of the Lothian family. It stands immediately behind the ancient Monkland wall, built by William the Lion as a protection to the Abbey, and the old trees round about it are strongly reminiscent of the churchyard which once surrounded it. The vault to-day bears the inscription on three marble facings,—“The front of this Isle was enlarged by General Lord Mark Kerr A.D. 1888. Jean, Marchioness of Lothian, built this Isle in the year of our Lord 1705,” while the long list of names of members of the House of Lothian succeeds, beginning with Mark Ker, the last Abbot of Newbattle, who, with his son and successors, lie buried there. A stone staircase leads down to the vault, and a single slab of stone remains as a memorial of the old church which once rose above it, in which Leighton preached those wonderful sermons from which the then Earl of Lothian declared that he got “more good from them than from those of any other that ever stood in a pulpit.” That church, pulpit, communion

plate, library, &c., were all removed to the other side of the Monkland wall, as also was the burying-place of the parish.

In this vault, then, consecrated by so many memories, Argyll's body rested probably for a month, under the protection of the Earl of Lothian. Thereafter, probably under cover of night, it was removed in a carriage and four and driven across Scotland to the Clyde, where, somewhere about Old Kilpatrick, a vessel belonging to the Argyll family was in waiting to transport the body of the chief to the family burying-place at Kilmun,—St. Mund's,—on the Holy Loch, which got its name from the fact that a vessel bringing earth from the Holy Land foundered in its waters. Argyll's head remained on the spike at the Edinburgh Tolbooth until 8th June, 1664, when a warrant was obtained from Charles II., whom Argyll had crowned with his own hand, for taking it down and burying it with his body. The present Duke of Argyll related to the writer how, when the ancient sepulchre of his ancestors was opened for the burial of his father, "we found the head with the hole through it made by the spike on which it had been fastened."

The Clyde was then little more than a mountain torrent, a few inches deep at Glasgow, and winding its way down to Dumbarton Rock, with its martial memories, with no pretensions to being a river. Probably the little harbour from which after its long cross-country journey, following the line of the old Roman road and wall, the body of Argyll was transported to the wherry, was somewhere between Bowling and the shore below Old Kilpatrick. And thus the great Marquess had his passing like one of Tennyson's heroes or as in the old Norse Sagas, across the dim, mysterious tide to his everlasting rest. The close link thus formed between the Earl of Lothian and the Marquess of Argyll was further strengthened by the marriage of the former to Jane, daughter of the executed peer.

Curiously, the great Marquess's son, Archibald Campbell, the ninth Earl of Argyll, had in almost every detail the same passing, rest, and final interment. On June 30th, 1685, he was executed at Edinburgh on the Maiden, before which he made a short, grave speech, and, finally, so great was his composure, brought out a little ruler out of his pocket and measured the block, and, seeing that it did not lie even, notified the carpenter and had it rectified. He had already,

the day before his execution, composed a poetical epitaph to be placed over his grave. After all was over, his body was brought out to Newbattle and laid in the same Lothian vault in which his father's ashes had rested for a month or so,—only fate decreed that his remains should rest there for nearly twenty years, from 1685 until the 10th of April, 1704, when they were taken, along with the body of the first Duke of Argyll, down to Kilmun, and buried with their kindred dust in St. Mund's lonely chapel. Curiously, his daughter married the Marquess of Lothian, and thus a second link was formed between Lothian and Argyll.

The collegiate church of St. Mund was founded in 1442 for a provost and six prebendaries by Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochawe. It has, however, an even earlier ecclesiastical glory and position than this, for in the early Columban or Culdee Church, Kilmund ranked with Dunblane, Dunkeld, and Abernethy, as one of the great seats of the early pre-Roman Church of Scotland. It was on the 4th of August, 1442, that it was dedicated as a collegiate church with seven Highland clergy to the memory of the Culdee Abbot, St. Mund, but of the great building to-day only the tower, forty feet high, and the burial vault remain. The church was founded on the spot where the vessel carrying soil from the Holy Land for the foundation of Glasgow Cathedral was stranded, and casting out its precious freight, gave the name of Holy Loch to that arm of the Firth of Clyde for ever. The Paradise of Chichester Cathedral and other churches received soil from Palestine, but the accidental foundering of the vessel in the loch, which is surrounded by the steep frowning glories of "Argyll's bowling-green," gave the name to the Holy Loch, on whose shore rest the generations of the Argylls, who, in calm and stormy weather, sought to serve their country and their God. Beside the silent sea, the Campbell clansmen in their generations have waited for the muffled oar, which brought home their noble dead; but never under such pathetic circumstances as when, first the father and then the son of the Argyll house was borne from the scaffold, first to their friendly rest among the greenwood of Newbattle, and thence to the sweet chapel by the shore of the Holy Loch. Sunset and evening star, scarlet bars in the sky above the rolling, rugged mountains which overshadow the

loch, have gleamed many a time over the strange burial scenes of a romantic house, but never over such pathetic obsequies as these.

It was a strange fate which led the daughters of the Marquess and Earl of Argyll, respectively, to become united with the heads of the House of Lothian. Fine portraits of the two executed Argylls hang in Newbattle House to-day, alongside of the martial Kers, and of the wonderful Vandykes, which are the priceless treasure of the place. "The three heads of Charles I.," painted by Vandyke, in order that a bust of the author of the "Eikon Basilike" might be made for the Pope, and given by the King as a parting gift to his bosom friend, the Earl of Strafford, who finally also went to the block, his peer's robe, with the blood on the collar, still lying in the crypt at Newbattle, is in fitting company, for it was round that first execution that the storm began to rage, which sent both the Argylls to the Maiden, and distressed two nations for nearly half a century.

In reference to these interesting historical events, the late Very Rev. Principal Story, of Glasgow University, was good enough to add the following touching incident to my narrative:—

"Several years ago it came to my knowledge that an old widow near Garelochhead said she possessed the blanket in which the Marquess of Argyll's body had been wrapped after his execution. On mentioning this to the late Duke of Argyll, I found that he believed that he had the blanket at Inveraray. The old woman, however, was positive, and could trace the blanket as coming to her late husband's possession through a succession of forebears who had been servants to the Argyll family, and the first of whom had been ghillie to the decapitated Marquess. After some negotiation, the Duke agreed to buy the blanket from the widow, and it was duly sent to Inveraray. On careful examination, it was found it was a half of the plaid of which the other half was the portion in the Duke's possession. The two fitted into each other exactly, and were, when this correspondence was established, sewn together by Princess Louise. The two halves thus restored to each other after a long and romantic separation, which had taken one to the Castle of the Argylls and left the other as a treasured memento in the humble dwelling of the ghillie of the great Marquess. If you write anything further with regard to him, you might relate this anecdote."

KNOX AND THE ESKSIDE PARISHES.

THE discussion as to the date and place of John Knox's birth was bound to come, and the pleasant rivalries between the Haddingtonshire claimants are, perhaps, the best compliment that could have been paid to the memory of the Reformer whose statue adorns the front of the Knox Institute in the town of the "Lamp of Lothian." The ancient seat of the family was Ranfurlie, near Paisley, and the most prominent living representative of the historic house is the Earl of Ranfurlie, Uchter John Mark Knox, K.C.M.G., the fifth to bear the title, who till recently was Governor-General of New Zealand, and with the Parliament and people of the Brighter Britain of the southern hemisphere, answered the rejoicings of Great Britain's enemies by a magnanimous offer of unlimited assistance in the South African war. The Ranfurlie lands seem to have been granted to the Knox family by Uchtred, the second Earl of Northumberland, and the family names have generally been John, Uchter, and William. Whether the connection of the family with Haddington was older than with Ranfurlie is another point in dispute, for in a conversation with the Earl of Bothwell, whose house had an ancient interest in Haddingtonshire, the Reformer said:—"My Lord, my great-grandfather, gude-sire, and father have served your Lordship's predecessors, and some of them have died under their standards, and this is a part of the obligation of our Scottish kindness." At any rate, the two families were intimately related, and both can claim a share in the ancestry of him "who never feared the face of man."

The connection of Knox with Haddingtonshire, Edinburgh, and other places is so familiar, that, without his name and influence, a great part of their history would disappear. There are, however, some sidelights which can be thrown on

the Reformer's house and immediate relatives by several of the parishes which border on the Esk in Mid-Lothian, Newbattle included. Whether he was a brother or a nephew of the Reformer, William Knox, who was first Reformed minister of Cockpen, seems to be another doubtful point. In a valuable volume of "Knox Genealogy," prepared by "a lineal descendant," it is categorically stated that "William Knox, elder son of the laird of Gifford and brother of the Reformer, who was a merchant in Preston," was the father of William Knox, the first Reformed minister of Cockpen (1567-1592); while the Rev. Mr Thomson, of Rosslyn or Roslin Chapel, in his work on "Roslyn and Hawthornden," and others, describe the first minister of Cockpen as John Knox's brother; the late Mr Peter Mitchell, session-clerk to the parish, and author of "Cockpen in the Olden Time," who had access to records, and was a good antiquarian, describes him as "brother, or, as some would have it, nephew, of the Reformer."

From the "Genealogy of the Knoxes," referred to by M'Crie in his "Life of Knox," which passed directly down from generation to generation, and finally was found in 1838 amongst the belongings of Miss Charlotte Knox, the last survivor of the William Knox family, it is pretty clear that the first Reformed minister of Cockpen was not the brother, but the nephew of the Reformer. William Knox, laird of Gifford, had two sons,—William, who became a merchant in Preston, and John, who became the Reformer. William Knox, the Preston merchant, had one son, William, who seems to have become the first Protestant minister of Cockpen (1567-92). In the records of the Presbytery of Dalkeith, his name frequently appears in connection with the Reformation movements in the neighbourhood. On 27th February, 1589, he was censured by the Presbytery for baptising the Laird of Rosslyn's child, and compelled to confess his fault, "notably because the said kirk was bot ane house and monument of idolatrie and not ane place appointit for teiching the word and ministratioun of ye sacramentis, ane act for which he suld ask God's forgiveness for yt. his offence baptizing ye bairne in yt. place."

Rosslyn Chapel seems to have given the more ardent Reformers of the neighbourhood a good deal of concern in William Knox's time, just as the other collegiate church of Restalrig, at the foot of Arthur's Seat, did in 1560, when the

General Assembly,—the only instance of the kind on record,—gave orders that “the kirk of Restalrig as monument of idolatry, be razed and utterly casten down and destroyed.” Such is the Assembly’s minute of 21st December, 1560,—almost the first minute of the first Assembly of John Knox,—and the explanation of the strong measures taken is that Restalrig was a popular place of pilgrimage, where diseases of the eye were supposed to be cured, one of the most renowned cures being that of John, Bishop of Caithness, who in 1200 journeyed from Scrabster, blinded, and with his tongue cut out by Earl Harold of Orkney (as the old Saga relates), and his pilgrimage, it was averred, restored him to sight. At the other collegiate church of Rosslyn, the laird resolutely refused to remove the images and altars of the saints, and the Presbytery being informed by him that “he would defend them as he might, . . . judgit the laird not sound in his religion.” Mr George Ramsay, minister of Lasswade, was in 1590 forbidden by the Presbytery to bury Oliver St. Clair’s wife in the chapel, and Mr Ramsay, on 24th September of that year, reported how he had gone to Rosslyn and found six altars standing undemolished, as well as some broken images, and when he expostulated with the laird he got no satisfaction. The laird was then summoned before the Presbytery to “subscribe to the heids of religion and also to have himself enjoined to destroy the monuments of idolatry.” The laird declined to do so,—“as to ye monumentis of idolatrie ye Laird of Rosling says he will not demolish thame nouthir gif King nor Kirk command him.” After being summoned before the General Assembly, and after the Presbytery’s threat of excommunication, the upper stones of the altars were removed, but the bases were left still standing undemolished. The laird was again ordered to compear before the Dalkeith Presbytery on Thursday, August 17th, 1592, at nine in the morning, “and have himself summarily excommunicated in ye Kirk of Dalkeith,” the sentence to be pronounced from the pulpit of Lasswade Kirk. At last he gave way, and on 31st August, 1592, Mr George Ramsay reported that the altars were demolished, “till ane stane or twa hight, and yt the acts of the Generall, Provinciaill, and Presbyteriall Assemblies were fully satisfiet. For the qlk the breither praysit God.”

1592 was the closing year of William Knox’s ministry

at Cockpen, when Rosslyn Chapel was finally declared free of altars and images,—his death taking place in that year. He was succeeded in his ministry at Cockpen by his second son, William, who served the parish until 1623, dying in his fifty-fourth year. His eldest son, John, became minister first of Lauder and afterwards of Melrose, while his youngest, James, who was elected one of the Regents of Edinburgh University in 1598, was minister of Kelso from 1605 until 1633.

The second minister of Cockpen, William Knox, the son of the nephew of the Reformer, left six sons, the eldest of whom, John, was minister of Carrington from 1619 until 1661. It was he who ordained Robert Leighton, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University, Bishop of Dunblane, and Archbishop of Glasgow, to the ministry of Newbattle parish. The extracts from the records of the Presbytery of Dalkeith bearing upon the ordination of the saintly Leighton to Newbattle are sufficiently interesting to bear repetition. “Dec. 2, 1641. Compeared ye parishioners of Newbottle and testified their accepting Mr Robert Lichtoune to be their minister.” Dec. 7, 1641. Returned Mr Robert Lichtoune his two theses: endorsed. Compeared the parishioners of Newbottle and accepted.” “Dec. 16, 1641. Admission Mr Robert Lichtoune. Whilk day (being appointed for ye admission of Mr Robert Lichtoune) preached Mr Johne Knox, Hebrews xiii., 17,—‘Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves; for they watch for your souls as they that must give account: that they may do it with joy and not with grief: for that is unprofitable for you.’ Whilk day after sermon Mr Johne Knox put to Mr R. Lichtoune and ye parishioners of Newbottle sundry questions competent to ye occasion, and after imposition of hands and ye solempne prayer was admitted minister at Newbottle. Absent Mr James Porteous, elder. Mr Robert Rodger to intimate on Sunday next ye translation.” The presbyters who assisted John Knox’s namesake, and great-grand-nephew in ordaining the famous divine and peacemaker to his first charge at Newbattle were Andrew Cant, his immediate predecessor in the cure, who had been called to Aberdeen; Oliver Colt, of Inveresk, the founder of the Colt family, which gives its name still to Coltness, and of whom it is related that when complaining of the heaviness of his charge at Mus-

selburgh, Leighton, with his quaint wit, said,—“It is too much to lay upon a colt.” To which the Inveresk divine replied,—“To the minister of Newbattle it would be a light 'un.” Hew Campbell, William Calderwood, Patrick Sibbald, J. Gillies, Adam and Gideon Penman, Robert Couper; and for elders, James Porteous, elder at Newbattle, and ancestor of the famous Bishop Beilby Porteous, of London, who wrote the “*Christian Evidences*,” and who, with three others, presented the four ancient Communion cups still in use in Newbattle Parish Church, of solid virgin-silver, hammer-beaten. Other elders present were Alexander and James Rotson and John Logan, and the ordination took place in the old church, beneath which, at a later day, for some two months the remains of the beheaded Argyll were kept, prior to their removal to the family burial-place at Kilmun, under the protecting care of the Earl of Lothian, whose sympathies with the Covenanted cause were shown by his signing the Solemn League and Covenant, an original copy of which still hangs in Newbattle House.

John Knox's great-grand-nephew, minister of Carrington, thus took the leading part on that gloomy December day, which the Christian Calendar marks with “*O Sapientia*,” in the ordination of one whose wisdom, learning, and spirituality are the admiration of all branches of the Christian Church.

In the course of events this John Knox became frail, and his son, John, was appointed his colleague and successor in the pastorate of the sweet village by the Esk, called then Carrington or Kerington, though also by the softer and more poetic name of Primrose, thus connecting it with the House of Rosebery, the old family residence of which lies close by, surrounded by its great old trees, and within hearing of the plash of the great reservoirs which refresh the capital of Scotland.

The ministerial descendants of Mr William Knox, the first Reformed minister of Cockpen, were legion; but it is interesting to note these four generations which served first in the ancient chapel of Cockpen, now standing in ruins, covered with masses of ivy, and sheltering the marble obelisk which rises over the greatest Viceroy of India who ever lived, the Marquess of Dalhousie, and the two last in the peaceful hamlet of Carrington, where the early primroses to-day speak of the sweetness and appropriateness of its ancient name.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON AND HIS NEWBATTLE LIBRARY.

ON the 16th of December, 1641, a memorable event took place in Newbattle,—memorable both for the parish, the country, and Christendom at large. On the afternoon of that day, within the walls of the older Newbattle Church, now inside the Marquisial grounds, the ruins of which are now used as a vault, Robert Leighton was ordained to the holy ministry of the Church of Scotland, and to the pastorate of Newbattle parish. That old church was built of the stones of the demolished Abbey; and when it, in turn, fell into decay, or proved too small for the parish, the stones were carted away a second time, in 1727, and built up again into the present Parish Church,—the older portions of which are all composed of the ancient monastery stones; and on some of these, especially in the steeple, carvings and figures may still be traced.

We may therefore very well hold these stones dear, when they have such a memorable history behind them; and to the old question of Israel, "What mean ye by these stones?" we can reply by telling the story of their fates and fortunes, and how, to successive generations for 700 years, they have been like the stones which Jacob raised at the place where he saw the vision of angels,—witnesses to and of the near presence of God Almighty. They bear the marks of where the ends of the heavenly ladder rested; to many they have been the pillars of the gate of Paradise, through which, in spirit, they have passed into the world unseen. "Behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And, behold, the Lord God stood above it. And Jacob called the name of the place Bethel,—God's house!" Sacred is the place where the stumbling soul of man climbs up to the Father above, and, above all, where the Father above condescends

to meet His children below. I cannot understand any truly religious man not having a deep and sacred affection and awe for the visible courts of God's House. "Her saints take pleasure in her stones : Lord I have loved the habitation of Thy house, and the place where Thine honour dwelleth !"

While, therefore, we do not worship in the same church as that in which Leighton ministered, nor in that oldest sanctuary of all, where, for 500 years, the lights of devotion burned with remarkable clearness ; still we can call the stones and walls of our present sanctuary to witness that they have heard Leighton's voice, and looked down on the solemn and ornate functions of the ancient Cistercian Abbey.

The figure that received ordination on that dark December afternoon, more than seven generations ago, was small, frail, slight, and insignificant. The face bore evidences of care and anxiety, though its owner was only thirty years of age. A word about his previous history. His father, a medical doctor, who lived at the beginning of these troublous times when Episcopacy and Presbytery fought between themselves for supremacy, had his ears cut off and his nose slit for writing a controversial book, entitled "Zion's Plea against Prelacy," in which he used language of terrible severity against the bishops who then ruled the Church of Scotland. Further punishment followed, for he was thrown into prison, and was not released till the year when his son was ordained at Newbattle (1641). The son might well look care-worn after such a terrible domestic trial.

Robert was born in London in 1611, and though the family was Scotch, he was reared in England. But at the age of sixteen he was sent home to Scotland and enrolled as a student in Edinburgh University. While at Edinburgh College, which had not been very long founded, and of which he was afterwards to be Principal, he got into trouble, which he explains in the following letter written to his father :—

It is addressed "To my kind and loving father, Mr Alexander Leighton, Dr of Medecine, at his house on the top of Pudle Hill, beside the Blacke Friars Gate, near the Kinges Wardrobe there, London :—

"Sir,

"The buisnes that fell out with me, which I cannot without sorrow relate that such a thing should have fallen out, yet having some hope to repe good out of it as yow exhort me—it, I say, was thus. There was a fight betweene our Classe and the Semies, which made the Provost to restraine us from the play a good while ; the boyes

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

upon that made some verses, one or two in every classe, mocking the Provost's red nose. I, sitting beside my Lord Borundell and the Earl of Ha[dington's] son, speaking about these verses which the boyes had made, spoke a thing in prose concerning his nose, not out of spite for wanting the play, neither having taken notice of his nose, but out of their report, for I never saw [him] before but once, neither thought I him to be a man of great state. This I spoke of his name, and presently, upon their request, turned it into a verse thus :

'That which his name importes is falsely sad, His name is
That of the oken wood his head is made, Okenhead.
For why, if it had bein composed so,
His flaming nose had fir'd it long ago.'

"The Verses of Apology not onely for myselfe but for the rest yow have in that paper. I hope the Lord shal bring good out of it to me. As for the Primare and Regents, to say the trueth, they thought it not so hainous a thing as I my selfe did justly thinke it. Pray for me as I know you doe, that the Lord may keepe me from like fals; if I have either Christianity or naturality, it will not suffer me to forget yow, but as I am able to remember yow still to God; and to endeavour that my wayes greive not God and yow my deare Parentes, the desire of my heart is to be as litle chargeable as may be. Now desiringe the Lord to keepe yow, I rest, ever endeavouring to be,

"Your obedient Son,
"ROBERT LEIGHTON.

"I pray yow, Sir, remember my humble duety to my mother, my loving brethren and sisters : remember my duety to all my friendes.

EDENBROUGH, *May 6, 1628.*"

He passed thence to the Continent, where he spent ten years, and there he received the impulse that guided his whole after-life. While in France he came into close contact with the Jansenists and the great leaders of the religious movement known as Quietism, the chief idea of which was that religion should bring about peace and quiet in the soul : the essence of Christianity is a quiet inner life. Quietism was then only in its infancy, but a few years after Leighton left the Continent it came to a climax, when Madame Guyon, the greatest of the Quietists within the Church of Rome after Archbishop Fénelon, was thrown into the Bastille in Paris, and allowed to languish there in solitude, as she wrote herself while in jail :—

"A little bird I am
Shut out from fields of air;
But in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well-pleased a prisoner to be;
Well-pleased because it pleases Thee !"

Leighton caught the calm, peaceful, elevated spirit, which possessed him all through life, as the perfume-incense possesses the violet, from these good people. He carried it with him untainted in an age of fierce controversy and most unchristian

temper; when there was much talk and warring about religion, but very little real, practical religion; when people seemed to lay more stress on pure Christianity than applied Christianity. When almost everyone else on both sides chose as his crest the thistle or the briar, or some other of the offensive tribe, Leighton carried the white flower of peace and love, and a blameless life.

It was from these early Quietists that he learned how to possess his soul in patience, and to have his spirit kept in perfect peace. "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength!" His life-principle is summed up in the lines by Madame Guyon, who has been already quoted, and who, though a Roman Catholic, held the same deep principle of faith:—

"Yield to the Lord with simple heart
All that thou hast and all thou art;
Renounce all strength but strength divine,
And peace shall be for ever thine.

"Confess Him righteous in His just decrees,
Love what He loves, and let his pleasures please;
Die daily: from the touch of sin recede;
Then thou hast crowned Him, and He reigns indeed!"

In 1641 Robert Leighton returned from Paris and was at once ordained to Newbattle, where he remained for eleven years. The present manse is where he lived, and was built in 1625, and bears the weather-beaten inscription, "Evangelio et posteris,"—"For the Gospel and Posterity."

Extract from the Records of the Presbytery of Dalkeith:—

"Dec. 2, 1641. Compeared ye parishioners of Newbottle and testified their accepting Mr Robert Lichtounne to be their minister."

"Dec. 7, 1641. Returned Mr Robert Lichtounne his two theses [*i.e.* trial sermons]: endorsed. Compeared ye parishioners of Newbottle and accepted."

"Dec. 16. Admission Mr Robert Lichtounne. Whilk day (being appointed for ye admission of Mr Robt. Lichtounne) preached Mr Johne Knox: Hebrews 13. 17. Whilk day after sermon, Mr Johne Knox put to Mr R. Lichtounne and ye parishioners of Newbottle, sundry questions, competent to ye occasion, and after imposition of hands and ye solemne prayer, was admitted minister at Newbottle. Absent Mr James Porteous, elder. Mr Robt. Rodger to intimate on Sunday next ye translation."

The following list of some of the ministers of Dalkeith Presbytery while Leighton was at Newbattle has been gathered together out of the dim and faded pages of the Presbytery Records, written in curious twisted hands, and the ink faded away with two-and-a-half centuries of age:—

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Rev. Andro Cant.
Rev. Oliver Colt (Inveresk).
Rev. Hew Campbell.
Rev. John Knox.
Rev. Wm. Calderwood.
Rev. Patrick Sibbald.
Rev. J. Gillies (previously Bishop, Lasswade).

Revs. Adam and Gideon Penman; Mr Robt. Couper; Mr James Porteous, elder at Newbattle; Alexander Rotson; John Logan; James and Alexander Rotson, elders.

He carried out in his ministry there those deep principles of love and peace which had been instilled into him abroad, and which are the two great fruits of the Spirit. For eleven years, from the very pulpit which is still in regular use (made of dark oak beautifully carved), those principles were earnestly and eloquently preached. A distinguished critic of to-day says that, of all the sermons of the period, alike Covenanting and Episcopal, his are the only ones which will bear reading, and which are still true and useful. He was a man "born out of due time." He lived before his age. While nothing whatever was heard in the Church and society but the battle-cry and the shouts of parties and sects which delighted in war, he sent forth from his peaceful retreat his peaceful and moderate advices to the Church of the land, advices which, if they had been taken to heart sooner (as they are at last being taken now), it would have fared better with all concerned.

While in Newbattle he wrote several of his great religious works,—his "Exposition of St. Peter" and his theological and other treatises,—all of which are of the first value to the scholar and divine even yet. You cannot take up any collection of religious sayings and maxims, any modern devotional manual, any guide to heaven, without seeing Leighton's name occurring over and over again with far greater frequency than any other,—ancient or modern. Most of these thoughts were matured amid the beautiful surroundings of Newbattle. A contemporary of his, writing a few years before his death, says of his preaching:—"There was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago" (Archbishop Burnet). He brought similes from the wide domain of his reading, of nature, and of life,—he knew not only what was in Scripture but what was in man. But the grand spring of his life was peace. He may very well be called "Scotland's Apostle of Peace!" and he well deserves the

eulogy of Professor Flint and Principal Tulloch, that "he was the greatest saint Scotland has had since the Reformation."

Here is a description of this wonderful man from the pen of a great living poet:—

"A frail slight form,—no temple he,
Grand, for abode of Deity:
Rather a bush, inflamed with grace,
And trembling in a desert-place;
And unconsum'd with fire,
Tho' burning higher and higher.

"A frail slight form, and pale with care,
And paler from the raven hair,
That, folded from a forehead free,
Godlike, of breadth and majesty;—
A brow of thought supreme
And mystic glorious dream!

"Beautiful spirit! fallen, alas!
On times when little beauty was;
Still seeking peace amidst the strife,
Still working, weary of thy life;
Toiling in holy love,
Panting for heaven above.

"For none so lone on earth as he
Whose way of thought is high and free,
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,
Beyond the clamour of the crowd;
Moving where Jesus trod,
In the lone Walk with God!"

He has left us, in a note, the principle of his ministerial life here: — "The Sunday's sermon lasts but an hour or two, but holiness of life is a continued sermon all the week long." "I had as lief be a martyr for Love's sake as for Truth's."

During the last few years of his ministry here, the very strong Covenanting section in the Church of Scotland,—who were instigated by the English Puritans, headed by Cromwell,—who held and said that Presbyterianism was "of divine right," and that Episcopacy and all other forms of Church government were of the devil, devilish, and who, to illustrate the strength of their convictions, beheaded King Charles,—this ultra-Presbyterian party, which really was as exclusive and absurd as modern Ultramontaniam, had grown the dominant party, and had over-ridden the more moderate and sensible men, who held with Leighton that "the best Church government is that which is best administered,"—in a word, the principle of the Church of Scotland to-day,—that no form

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of church government is of divine right, but that that is best and most divine which in practice is found to be most workable and beneficial.

Leighton hated the narrowness of the Puritans on the one side, and on the other, and just as much, the intolerance of the Episcopalian party. He held that both forms of government had proved themselves good and useful, but he denied point-blank that any one of them was more divine than the other. God's Spirit would not, he said, be dictated to; you cannot say to it,—“Flow here, but do not flow there!” As to that Spirit, he held Christ's doctrine as given by St. John the divine,—whom he so much resembled,—that “thou canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth!”

But in 1653 the English Puritan party had got so strong within the Church, and were so quickly and utterly destroying all our grand old Scottish traditions,—bringing in Cromwell's crude off-hand ideas and phantasies as to doctrine and ritual,—that Leighton was glad to retire from the ministry: and so he left Newbattle in that year, giving as a reason “the weakness of his voice”; but the other was the real reason. And so he was appointed Principal of the University of Edinburgh,—a post which he held for eight years.

In December, 1661, Charles II. tried to force Episcopacy on Scotland, and sent for four Scottish ministers,—Sharp, Hamilton, Fairfowl, and Leighton; and these having gone up to London, were consecrated bishops for the northern kingdom in Westminster Abbey. The conception of the whole thing was bad, and the execution worse. Principal Robert Leighton resigned his University honours, and was appointed Bishop of Dunblane. While he never objected to Episcopacy in itself, he did not like the intolerance of his co-bishops, especially Sharp; and he showed unmistakable signs of vacillation. But he remained as Bishop of Dunblane for ten years, doing splendid service for Christianity, and still continuing to act as the Apostle of Peace to poor, troubled Scotland. The ancient Cathedral of Dunblane is still redolent of his memory, and the “good Bishop's walk” is still pointed out where, on the riverside, he continued those sublime and beautiful meditations, begun many years before in Newbattle. His Episcopal library is still in existence in Dunblane, and the books are all covered over, as I have seen, with his notes and markings.

That noble Cathedral was restored by Mrs Wallace of Glasgow and by the public; it is a noble monument to the man who is its greatest memory and ornament: its restoration is a hopeful augury of the restoration of "whatsoever things are peaceable" in the Scottish State-Ecclesiastic.

From Dunblane he was translated in 1671 to Glasgow, where he was made Archbishop. He laboured in Glasgow as the highest dignitary of the Church,—along with the Archbishop of St. Andrews,—for three years; and then, in 1674, he gave up his charge and retired into private life, wishing to end his days in peace! Though he had in all states kept a soul unruffled, and a spirit absolutely untainted with malice or bitterness or pride, he had passed through a troubled age,—the mad whirl and dim confusion of ecclesiastical strife,—which is the worst of all, the Covenanting struggle, the Episcopal riots, the universal unrest and bigotry and bitterness of the Scottish dark ages; and his one remaining desire and modest wish was that "at eventide there might be light,"—that after life's long day of storm and tempest, the sunset glories might appear stretched out in peace and calm and stillness. He left Scotland for ever, and retired to the home of his only sister at Broadhurst, in Sussex, where he passed ten years of well-earned repose, looking back upon a life of astonishing vicissitudes, and amid beautiful natural surroundings, which must have reminded him very much of his earliest pastoral charge on the oak-clad banks of the Esk.

He had long expressed a great desire that he should end his days in a wayside inn; "it looked," he said often, "like a pilgrim going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it!" He got his wish; for, going on a visit to London in June, 1684, alone, he suddenly took ill by night in the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, and died during his sleep on the night of the 25th.

The half-finished dome of the new St. Paul's Cathedral, —built by a tax on coal, which Leighton would associate with his old parish, rose above the old inn from which his gentle spirit passed. By a strange and many-sided providence, he was born and consecrated and died in London, which, as he himself had passed through fire and worry and harshness, had only just emerged from the great plague, the great fire, and the great frost.

His biographer relates the circumstances of his decease, which are very pathetic. "He often used to say that if he were to choose a place to die in, it would be an inn. It looked like a pilgrim going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man, and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane, London." Another of his biographers writes:—"Such a life, we may easily persuade ourselves, must make the thought of death not only tolerable, but desirable. Accordingly it had this noble effect on him. In a paper left under his own hand (since lost) he bespeaks that day in a most glorious and triumphant manner; his expressions seem rapturous and ecstatic, as though his wishes and desires had anticipated the real and solemn celebration of his nuptials with the Lamb of God. He sometimes expressed his desire of not being troublesome to his friends at his death; and God gratified to the full his modest, humble desire, for he died at an inn in his sleep. So kind and condescending a Master do we serve, who not only enriches the souls of His faithful servants with His treasures, but often indulges them in lesser matters and giveth to His beloved even in their sleep."

It was a peaceful ending to a peaceful life; but what was the peace of earth, which he had tried so hard to bring about, or even the peace of death, which comes sooner or later to hush up all strifes and lay low all combatants, to that peace of heaven on which he has entered long long ago,—“the peace which passeth all understanding?”

In connection with the residence of Leighton at Broadhurst, the accompanying letter from the present rector of Horsted Keynes, where the good Bishop lies buried, is interesting:—

“Horsted Keynes Rectory,
“East Grinstead.

“I write on behalf of my father to enclose the inscription on the outside wall of our church, as also the inscription on the modern tomb erected in the churchyard. I believe Archbishop Leighton's remains were originally inside the church, but the church was altered, and then, I suppose, the inscription was inserted in the outer wall as now to be seen. There is a curious old farmhouse about one mile from the church where the Archbishop spent the last ten years of his

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life with his sister, Mrs Lightmaker, and it is said he preached his last sermon in our church, but I don't think the original pulpit exists. He died at an inn in London, though he left Horsted Keynes in his usual health, I believe; but, as perhaps you know from his life, he had always wished to die at an inn. He laid great stress on regular attendance at church, especially if wet, for fear he might seem to countenance the habit of letting trifles hinder attendance at God's house. We have the diary of Giles Moore, rector here at the time, but he does not mention the Archbishop!

"H. L. RODWELL.

The following are the inscriptions on the ancient monument beneath the crest :—

Depositum
ROBERTI LEIGHTOVNI
Archiepiscopi glasguensis
Apud scotas
Qui obiit xxv.; die Junij
Anno dmj 1684
Etatis sue 74.

On the modern monument are these words :—"Here rest the remains of Robert Leighton, Bishop of Dunblane, afterwards Archbishop of Glasgow. In an age of religious strife he adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour by a holy life, and by the meek and loving spirit which breathes throughout his writings. He spent in this parish the latter years of his life in devout preparation for his heavenly rest. Born 1611, died 1684. This memorial was placed here 1857."

Some years ago the writer paid a visit to the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, London, where Robert Leighton died, and had an interesting conversation with the tenant of No. 35 Warwick Lane, which is next door to the old "Bell,"—now pulled down. He was a Perthshire man, past the prime of life, and seemed to cherish very warmly the memory of the great Scotsman who died in so affecting a manner just at his door two hundred years ago. In Hare's "Walks about London," the old "Bell" is referred to, and its connection with Leighton. "There is still," wrote the Rev. Dr Stoughton, the famous preacher, some years ago, "in the narrow thoroughfare called Warwick Lane, returning out of Newgate Street, an old inn bearing the sign of 'The Bell.' The writer never passes it without thinking of Leighton; for there he died." It was with a strange feeling that I stood on the very spot where he breathed his last, hundreds of miles away from his quiet pastorate on the banks of the Esk. Mr Murray, who keeps a baker's shop in that narrow wynd, gave me a number of very interesting particulars. The

"Bell Inn" was, in 1851, when he knew it first, exactly as it had been since the sixteenth century; in this state it remained till 1878, when it was pulled down. A massive gateway led from Warwick Lane, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, and opposite "Amen Court,"—the time-honoured residence of the canons and clergy of St. Paul's,—into a court where the "Bell" stood, with its quaint old sign. It was surrounded by the booths of butchers, and Mr Murray and several other inhabitants of the place with whom I conversed, remember seeing joints of meat hanging in great quantities all round it. It was for several centuries the great inn for carriers from the country, and for country people generally; and hence Leighton, coming up from Broadhurst in Sussex, put up there, partly because it was the great country people's inn, and partly because it was within the precincts of the Cathedral, and near the ecclesiastical residences. The rooms of the inn were very small and exceedingly dark; the staircases were very wide, and had thick wooden banisters; there were large balconies outside. When Leighton visited London the present Cathedral of St. Paul's was just building, and he had only to go to the end of the alley to see the sheds and blocks and rubbish, and the half-built dome. The old people in the neighbourhood still cherish the associations of the great Scottish divine whose spirit passed away from out of the midst of the tumult and bustle of busy London into the calm and stillness of the heavenly rest. "I endeavoured," Mr Murray writes me, "to find out which room he died in, but it is not known." The site of the inn is now a spacious yard for lorries and vans. Mr Murray appends to these interesting details a verse from the poet Shenstone, which was suggested to his mind, and which is scratched on a pane of glass in the old Red Lion Inn at Henley,—a sentiment beautifully enlarged upon by Washington Irving:—

"Whoe'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his wanderings may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

Many incidents are still floating regarding Leighton's life and ministry at Newbattle. When charged by the Dalkeith Presbytery with not "preaching to the times" (meaning "preaching controversy"), he replied that "when so many were busy preaching to the times, surely one poor brother might

be allowed to preach for eternity." In the old days, travellers passing by night through "the Path,"—the glen reaching up from Newbattle village to Newtongrange,—always stopped in the middle of the darkness and repeated the Lord's Prayer, probably a remnant of Leighton's influence and practice. Two instances of his dry humour may be given. When Bishop of Dunblane, a lady called upon him, and, with great earnestness, said she had a special message to deliver to him, and declared that in a vision she had seen him pointed out as her future husband. The pale little prelate, whom nature designed to be what the Highland divinity student called "a chalybeate," was rather taken aback at the "too suddenness" of the revelation. Very shortly after, however, he regained composure, and said that, after giving the matter prayerful consideration, he thought that their best plan was unitedly to wait until a similar vision had been vouchsafed to him. The angel, however, seemed to tarry in making the second revelation, and Leighton lived and died a mere man and a storm-tossed bachelor.

When Colt was minister of Inveresk he complained to Leighton of his heavy charge, and jokingly added that to the minister of Newbattle it would be a "light 'un." The motto of the family was "Light on," and the emblem a blazing torch. It was curious that he should have been the minister and close friend of the Earl of Lothian, whose crest was "the rising sun."

After his retirement to Sussex,—sick of the controversies and persecutions which were then making Scotland a veritable battlefield,—he lived with his sister at Broadhurst, and made it his duty to attend the Parish Church regularly, especially on wet days, as an example. The diary of the rector, Mr Giles, is still extant, but contains no reference to Leighton, who is buried inside the Parish Church of Horsted Keynes, two monuments recording the fact. His sister was a Martha in Israel, and had a large family. On one occasion, losing patience with her peaceful and meditative brother, she rather warmly twitted him on being a bachelor, and that it was easy to be holy and saintly with no family cares; to which jibe the good man calmly replied that it was quite the reverse, for in Genesis v., 22, it is recorded that "Enoch walked with God and begat sons and daughters,"—a reply which put the saddle on the other horse.

On one occasion at Dunblane, his man-servant left early in the morning for a day's fishing in the Allan Water, and locked his master in the house. On his return, all that the peaceable prelate could bring himself to say was,—“ John, when you next go a-fishing, remember to leave the key in the door.”

Leighton's doctrine may be summed up in his own

“ SHORT CATECHISM.”

SECTION I.

Question 1. What is naturally man's chief desire?

Answer. To be happy.

Q. 2. Which is the way to true happiness?

A. True Religion.

Q. 3. What is true religion?

A. The true and lively knowledge of the only true God, and of him whom he hath sent, Jesus Christ.

Q. 4. Whence is this knowledge to be learned?

A. All the works of God declare his being and his glory; but clearer knowledge of himself and of his Son, Jesus Christ, is to be learned from his own word, contained in the Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.

Q. 5. What do those Scriptures teach us concerning God?

A. That he is one infinite, eternal Spirit, most wise and holy, and just and merciful, and the all powerful Maker and Ruler of the world.

Q. 6. What do they further teach us concerning God?

A. That he is three in one, and one in three, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost.

Q. 7. What will that lively knowledge of God effectually work in us?

A. It will cause us to believe in him, and to love him above all things, even above ourselves; to adore and worship him, to pray to him, and to praise him and exalt him with all our might, and to yield up ourselves to the obedience of his commandments, as having both made us, and made himself known to us for that very end.

Q. 8. Rehearse then the articles of our belief.

THE APOSTLES' CREED.

Q. 9. Rehearse the ten commandments of the law, which are the rule of our obedience, and so the trial of our love.

Q. 10. What is the summary our Saviour hath given us of this law?

A. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbour as thyself.

Q. 11. What is the effectual means of obtaining increase of faith and power to obey, and generally all graces and blessings at the hand of God?

A. Prayer.

Q. 12. Rehearse that most excellent and perfect prayer that our Saviour hath taught us.

SECTION II.

Q. 13. In what estate was man created?

A. After the image of God, in holiness and righteousness.

Q. 14. Did he continue in that estate?

A. No; but by breaking the commandment which his Maker gave him, eating of the fruit of that tree which was forbidden him, he made himself and his whole posterity subject to sin and death.

Q. 15. Hath God left man in this misery without all means and hopes of recovery?

A. No; for "he so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

Q. 16. What then is the great doctrine of the Gospel?

A. That same coming of the Son of God in the flesh, and giving himself to the death of the cross to take away the sin of the world, and his rising again from the dead, and ascending into glory.

Q. 17. What doth that Gospel mainly teach and really persuade all the followers of it to do?

A. It teacheth them to deny "ungodliness and worldly lusts, and to live soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world."

Q. 18. How hath our Lord Jesus himself expressed the great and necessary duty of all his disciples?

A. That they deny themselves, and take up their cross and follow him.

Q. 19. Rehearse then some of the chief points wherein we are to follow our Lord Jesus Christ?

A. I.—To surrender ourselves wholly to our heavenly Father, and his good pleasure in all things, even in the sharpest afflictions and sufferings, and not at all to do our own will, or design our own praise and advantage, but in all things to do his will, and intend his glory.

II.—To be spotless, and chaste and holy in our whole conversation.

III.—To be meek and lowly, not to slander or reproach, to mock or despise any; and if any do so to us, to bear it patiently, yea, to rejoice in it.

IV.—Unfeignedly to love our Christian brethren, and to be charitably and kindly affected toward all men, even to our enemies, forgiving them, yea, and praying for them, and returning them good for evil; to comfort the afflicted, and relieve the poor, and to do good to all as we are able.

Q. 20. Is it necessary that all Christians live according to these rules?

A. So absolutely necessary that they who do not in some good measure, whatsoever they profess, do not really believe in Jesus Christ, nor have any portion in him.

SECTION III.

Q. 21. What visible seals hath our Saviour annexed to that Gospel, to confirm our faith, and to convey the grace of it to us?

A. The two sacraments of the New Testament—Baptism and the Lord's Supper.

Q. 22. What doth baptism signify and seal?

A. Our washing from sin, and our new birth in Jesus Christ.

Q. 23. What doth the Lord's Supper signify and seal?

A. Our spiritual nourishment and growth in him, and transforming us more and more into his likeness, by commemorating his death, and feeding on his body and blood under the figures of bread and wine.

Q. 24. What is required to make fit and worthy communicants of the Lord's Supper?

A. Faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and repentance towards God, and charity towards all men.

Q. 25. What is faith in our Lord Jesus?

A. It is the grace by which we both believe his whole doctrine, and trust in him as the Redeemer and Saviour of the world, and entirely deliver up ourselves to him, to be taught and ruled by him as our Prophet, Priest, and King

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Q. 26. What is repentance?

A. It is a godly sorrow for sin, and a hearty and real turning from all sin unto God.

Q. 27. What is the final portion of unbelieving and unrepentant sinners?

A. The everlasting torment of devils.

Q. 28. What is the final portion of them that truly repent and believe, and obey the gospel?

A. The blessed life of angels, in the vision of God for ever.

A QUESTION FOR YOUNG PERSONS BEFORE THEIR FIRST ADMISSION TO
THE LORD'S SUPPER.

Q. Whereas you were in your infancy baptised into the name of Jesus Christ, do you now, upon distinct knowledge, and with firm and pious affection, own that Christian faith of which you have given an account, and withal your baptismal vow of renouncing the service of Satan, and the world, and the lusts of the flesh, and of devoting yourself to God in all holiness of life?

A. I do sincerely and heartily declare my belief of that faith, and own my engagement to that holy vow, and resolve, by the assistance of God's grace, to continue in the careful observance of it all my days.

Rather than dwell on the details of Leighton's Newbattle life, I purpose to quote the various references in the Presbytery, Synod, and Kirk-Session books to his ministry.

I.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PRESBYTERY BOOKS OF
DALKEITH.

1639.

The National Covenant signed in August 1639 by Mr Andrew Cant, Newbottle, and other ministers in the Presbytery of Dalkeith, by the Earls of Lothian and Dalhousie, Thomas Megot of Maisterton, and other ruling Elders and several Expectants, in all about 100 persons, is preserved in the volume of Records, 1639-1652.

1639, Oct. 10.—Mr Andrew Cant (and others absent), are excused, being appointed by the Synode to attend with the rest of the brether in Edinburgh during the Parliament.

1640.

Dec. 3.—Quhilk day the Presbyterie of Aberdeen sent be Mr William More ane letter desyring the bretheren to dimit freelie Mr Andrew Cant to the vacant kirk of Aberdein, conform to the act of transport given by the late General Assemblie holden theire; to the quhilk the brether returned thair ansuer and mynd be theire missive letter sealed, and given in the said Mr William his hands.

Dec. 17.—Quhilk day Mr Andrew Cant exhibit ane letter written from the Armie desyring him to returne, quha requested the brether to supplie his place during his absence. They ordane the catalogue of the bretheren to goe on, and begin whair it left.

1641.

March 25.—This day Mr Andro Cant having returned from the Armie, thanked the Brether hartilie for suppleing his kirk in his absence, and desyred thame to continnew till his returne from Aberdein; quhilk they accorded to.

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June 17.—The Earle of Lauthian desyred the Presbyterie by letter to supplie the kirk of Newbotle for two or thrie Sondayes; quhilk suit was granted.

July 15.—Mr Robert Lichtone appointed to adde, and to bring a testimoniall from Edinburgh the nixt day.

July 22.—Exercised Mr James Porteous younger, and Mr Robert Lichtone. Rom. ii., 1, 2, 3. They approvin.

Mr Robert Lichtone produced a testimoniall from the Presbyterie of Edinburgh.

July 29.—Exercised Mr Robert Lichtone and Mr R. Cowper. Rom. ii. 4. Doctrine approvin.

Mr Robert Lichtone appointed to preach at Newbotle.

Aug. 5.—Reported Mr Robert Lichtone, that he had preached at Newbotle.

Sept. 23.—[Mark Cass or Carss] Cokpene produced, in name of the Erle of Lauthian, a presentation to Newbotle in favours of Mr ROBERT LICHONE. Mr Robert Lichtone appointed to preach the next day. Math. xxv. 1, 2.

Sept. 30.—Preached Mr Robert Lichtone, Math. xxv. 1, 2, and approvin. He ordained to have the common heid *De propagatione Peccati*.

Oct. 28.—Mr Robert Lichtone had the common heid *De propagatione Peccati*, and approvin. Ordained to susteine disputes the next day.

Nov. 11.—Mr Robert Lichtone sustained disputes, and approvin. This day fyfteine dayes appointed the last dyet for his farther tryall.

Nov. 25.—Mr Robert Lichtone tryed in the languages, chronologie, and difficult places of Scripture. Approvin.

Ordains ane edict to be served for Mr Robert Leightone at the kirk of Neubotle on Sunday nixt.

Dec. 2.—Reported Mr Robert Lichtone that his edict was served, and returned it indorsed. Compered the parochiners of Newbotle, and testified their accepting Mr Robert Lichtone to be their minister. Ordains a second edict to be served.

Dec. 9.—Returned Mr Robert Lichtone his second edict indorsed. Compered the parochiners of Neubotle, and accepted.

Ordains the last edict to be served on Sunday next.

The next Thursday appointed for his admisionne.

Mr Hew Campbell appointed to preach in Newbotle on Sunday next, and the moderator (Mr Jhone Knox) at Mr Robert's admisionne. Ordains the clerk to write to Edinburgh and Hadintone for their concurrence to the said actionne.

Dec. 16.—At Newbotle.

Quhilk day (being appointed for the admission of Mr Robert Lichtone) preached Mr Jhone Knox, Heb. xiii. 17. Commissioners from Edinburgh, Mr Robert Dowglas, Mr Archbald Neutone; from Hadentone, Mr Robert Ker, Mr Wil. Trent.

Quhilk day, after sermon, Mr Jhone Knox posed the said Mr Robert Lichtone and the parochiners of Newbotle with sundry questions competent to the occasion. Mr Robert, with imposition of hands and solemn prayers, wes admitted Minister at Newbotle.

Dec. 30.—Quhilk day, the brethren subscriyvit Mr Robert Lichtone's collatione and took his oath of alledgiance, and that he hath maid no privat pactione to the prejudice of the Kirk.

1642.

(Leighton often absent this year.)

June 30.—Lichton was one of the Commissioners to the General Assembly. In his turn, he made the usual exercise and addition before the Presbytery, on July 7 and 14, on Rom. vi. 1, 4.

Oct. 6.—He and other two members ordained to speak to the Earl of Louthian about one James Ramsay, guilty of murther.

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The quhilk day, Mr Robert Lighton gave advertisement to the brethren that the Commissioners of the Generall Assembly was to meet the 18th of October.

1643.

Feb. 2. — Exercised Mr Robert Lichtoun, Rom. viii. 12, and approvin.

Feb. 9.—Becaus Mr Rot. Lichton was seik, appoynts Mr William Thomson to adde.

Feb. 29.—Mr Robert Lightone (being present) ordained to give James Ramsay the first admonition out of pulpit, according to the Book of Discipline.

March 9. — Long minute about James Ramsay of Southsyde, charged with the murther of William Otterburne. Reported Mr Robert Lightone that he had given the first admonition out of pulpit.

March 16 and June 1.—Mr Robert Lighton absent.

July 20.—(He being present) Annabell Hall in Carrington confessed that she had made a covenant with the Divell, and had received his mark and his name, and ratified whatsoever she had confessed to her own minister, in presence of the brethren; whose confession the brethren subscryved, that it might be presented to the Counsell.

July 27.—Helen Ingliss in Carrington does the same.

Sept. 7 and 14.—Exercised Mr Robert Lighton. Rom. ix. 19-23. Approvin.

1644.

Feb. 8, 29, March 7 and 28.—Mr Robert Lichton one of those absent. On the 7th of March he had been ordered to supply Lasswade.

April 4.—Patrik Eleaz (Elice) of Plewlands gave in a bill to the brethren, wherein he desired them earnestlie to put him in possession of that seat in Newbottle Church quhilk belonged to the lands of Easter Southsyde, the quhilk lands he had now purchased. But because Mr Robert Lighton, the minister of the parish, was not present, the brethren would doe nothing in this businesse till Mr Robert was present.

April 11.—Patrik Eleaz and Alexander Lawsons were desyred to be heir this day eight days to heare it decerned who had best right to the seate in Newbottle Church now in question.

April 18.—Reported Mr Oliver Colt, that the Commissioners of the General Assembly ordained that we should goe on in the processe against James Ramsay, manslayer, and cause summons him at the Corse of Edenbrugh and peire of Leith, to compeir before us and answer his murther within threescore dayes.

June 6 and 13.—Exercised Mr Robert Lichton, Rom. xi. 26-32.

July 18.—Reported Mr Robert Lightone that he had preached in Pennicooke.

Aug. 1.—Compeired James Gibsons, of the parishe of Newbottle, supplicating theyr helpe in respect of the burning of his house. Refers him to the several kirks.

Aug. 22.—Mr Robert Lightone appointed to preach in Edinburgh at the Synode.

Sept. 5.—Reported the Commissioners that the Committee of the General Assemblies advysed them to continue all farther processing of James Ramsay till it be instructed that he is living. Mr Robert Lightone appointed to acquaint the partie perseuar to use diligence herein.

Sept. 12.—No exercise this day because of Mr Robert Lighton's seiknes, who should have had the common heid.

Sept. 26.—Mr Robert Lighton had the common heid, *De Christi Descensu.*

Dec. 19.—No addition because of Mr Robert Lighton's sickness, Mr Robert Carson ordered to mak, and Mr Robert Lighton to adde, if health permit.

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1645.

Jan 2 and 16.—Exercised Mr Robert Lighton. Rom. xiii. 5-9.

Jan. 16.—Quhilk day, was presented ane Catalogue of books given by William, Erle of Lauthian, to be ane beginning of a librarie to belong in all tyme coming to the parochie kirk of Newbottle for the use of the Minister; which the Brethren thankfullie accepts for a good work and good example to uthers, and heartilie thanks his Lordship.

July 17.—Mr Robert Lightoun appointed to adde.

Oct. 2 and 9.—Exercised Mr Robert Lichtoun. Rom. xv. 12-14. Approvin.

1646.

Feb. 19.—Exercised Mr Robert Lichton. Rom. xvi. 20, 21. Approvin.

Feb. 26.—Exercised Mr Robert Lichton. Rom. xvi. 23, 24, 25. Approvin.

May 29.—Mr Robert Cowper, minister of Temple, being accused of excessive drinking: the brethren and ruling elders were severally desyret to informe themselves the best way they cane quhairin Mr Robert has miscariet himself in his calling and conversation. "Mr Robert Lichtoun declared that ther was an surmise of his scandalous drinking in the Stobhill upon an certain day. The brether desyret Mr Robert Lichton to try the verity thereof, and report the next day."

June 18.—Mr Robert Lichton appoynted to go ther (to Ormiston) the next day.

June 24.—Reported Mr Robert Lichton he had preached at Ormiston.

As for Mr Robert Lichton, to whom was recomendit the tryell of (Mr Robert Cowper) his drinking in Stobhill, reported, that he was informat that on an certaine day he wes drinking in ane Simeon Wilson's in the Stobhill.

July 2.—Mr Robert Cowper objects to Sir James Dundas sitting as a judge. The most of the brethren thought he should not sit. "Wherewith he not being well pleaset, the brether sent forth Mr Oliver Colt and Mr Robert Lichton to deill with him, and request that he would not sit as an judge in that busines; quhilk when he refuset, they desyret (he being callet in) that he would giv his oath that in his cariag in this particular he wes free of malice and splen, and had nothing before his eye bot the glory of God."

July 16.—The said day Mr Robert Lichton informat the bretherin, that ther wes an who informat him that ther wes an William Hoge and his wyf in Laswad, who would witnes against Mr Robert Cowper that he wes drunk, if they should be callit thereto.

[These extracts refer to a long trial of Mr Robert Cowper, who is accused by Sir James Dundas of Arnoldston (Arniston) of excessive drinking. The depositions of the various witnesses are recorded, and Cowper is finally acquitted; but having, on his acquittal, broken out into a violent invective against Sir James Dundas, he is suspended.]

August 20 and 27.—Exercised Mr Ro. Lichton, 1 Cor. iii. 1-4.

Oct. 1.—In a dispute about the settlement of Borthwick, and the presentation in favour of Mr Alexander Wedderburn, between the heritors and presbytery, each party, "after long debate and conference, nominate three candidates, viz., Mr Robert Lichton, Mr John Stirling, Mr Alexander Wedderburne for the heritors of Borthwick, Mr Alexander Verner, Mr David Lidle (Liddell), Mr William Clyd, were nominate by the presbytery." On the 15th Wedderburn declined.

Oct. 15.—Mr Robert Couper "most humbly did supplicate the brethren of the pressbitery that he should be relaxit at this time from his suspension."—It was the mynd of the wholl members of the presbitery and commissioners (from Edinburgh and Haddington, who had

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been summoned to advise and assent) except Mr Robert Lichton and the Laird of Arnolston, he be presently relaxet upon the humble acknowledgment of his offence (against) God and his brethren, and purging himself of all malice against the Lard of Arnolston. Quher-upon Mr Robert Lichton and Arnoldston desyret their voyces should be market as disassenters, in respect they thought it should be referret to the judgment of the Synode.

1647.

Ormiston, Jan. 14.—The said day ther was an act of the commission product be the clerk, ordaining Mr James Robertson and Mr Robert Lichtoun to preach to the Parliament the 24 of Januar, and Mr Oliver Colt and Patrick Sibbald to preach the last of the said month; quhilk they promisset to obey.

Feb. 25.—Exercised Mr Robert Carson, 1 Cor. vi. 12, 13, &c., and wes approvin. There was no addition, because Mr Robert Lightoun wes sent for by his Father, who was lying sick at Londoun.

22 April.—The said day Mr James Fairly, moderator, delaitit one named Stephen Askine, who wes a known malignant, and wes in actuall service with James Graham, and had purchaset an testimoniall from the schollmaster of Newbottle, declaring that he wes an honest man, and that ther wes no blemish found in his conversation except that he had been with James Graham, for which he had satisfiet the kirk-session of Newbottle, and was absolvet this last Sabbath be Mr John Sinclair, who prechit ther for Mr Robert Lichton.

May 13.—Forasmuch as Mr James Aird was not lawfully summoned for giving a testimonial to Steven Askine, who was received for his complying with the rebels in the Church of Newbatle, contrary to the Acts of the Generall Assembly, he was ordained to be summoned again the next day, with certification.

May 20.—Mr Robert Lightoun present.

The which day, being called, compeared Mr James Aird, and declared that the Session of Newbottle, to which he was clerk, gave orders to him for the giving up the name of Steven Askine to Mr John Sintclair, who did occasionally preach there by the absence of Mr Robert Lightoun, for receiving his satisfaction for his compliance with the rebels; and whereas he was received, not being first at the presbytery, conform to the Act of the Generall Assembly, it was onely done by him out of ignorance. Wherefore he was admonished to be more circumspect afterward, and because the Session was concerned in that businesse, they ordained the elders thereof should be present the next day to declare themselves.

May 27.—(Steven Askine, who was a parishioner of Lasswade, compears in sackcloth.)

June 3.—The which day it was declared by Mr Robert Lightoun, in name of the elders of the Session of Newbottle, that whereas they ordained Steven Askine to satisfy for his compliance with the rebels, contrary to the Actis of the Generall Assembly, they did it out of ignorance of the said Actis.

Sept. 16.—The which day Mr Robert Lightoun made a reference to the presbytery, of a processe of adultery, from the session of Newbattle, of John Howy and Katherine Alane, which they denied.

(Long process and examination of witnesses and confronting of parties.)

[From May 20, 1647, when the sederunts began to be entered in full, till March 23, 1648 (between which date and March 30 Leighton went to England) there were 41 meetings of presbytery (several of them being merely visitations in distant parishes), at 29 of which I find Leighton was present. There were few more regular attenders.]

1648.

Jan. 20. — Mr Robert Leightone having given in *Theses de Oratione atque Invocatione Sanctorum*, was appointed to handle that commonplace, the next Thursday.

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Jan. 27.—The which day Mr Robert Leighton handled the commonplace *De Oratione atque Invocatione Sanctorum*, and was approved.

March 16.—This day came from the Commission of the General Assembly, 16 Declarations and ane Act, for the reading of them by every brother the next Sabbath.

(This declaration evidently was connected with the "unlawfull Engagement.")

March 30.—Mr Robert Leightoun, who should have added, being absent in England for some necessary businesse, Mr Robert Alisonne appointed to adde the next day.

April 6.—This day, the brethren (being interrogated by the Moderator), (as also the two days before) declared that they had all read the Declaration themselves the first Sabbath after they got it. Onely Robert Porteous, the elder of Newbattle, declared that Mr Robert Leightoun had made the Precentor read it, and that because of the lownesse of his awne voice, which could not be heard thorow the whole kirk. The clerk was ordained to report this in writt to the Commission of the General Assembly.

April 27.—Absents from the Synod, tried.—Mr Robert Leightoun, because in England, could not give his excuse.

At Edinburgh, in the New Church, May 3.—The quhilk day, the bretheren and ruling-elders being removed quhill ther presbyteris book wes a trying, did mak choise of Mr James Robertsons and Mr Robert Lichtoun to preach to the Parliament Sunday come a moneth; and in case Mr Robert Lichtoun his not home-coming, Mr Patrick Sibbald to supplie his place.

June 15.—The quhilk day, according to the ordinance of the Provinciall Assembly, the moderator did demand Mr Robert Lichtoun—1. Why he did not read the Declaration himself. 2. Why he went away to England without obtaining libertie from the Presbyterie, seein ther wes Acts of the Generall Assembly expresly prohibiting ministers to be absent from their charge thrie sabbathes togidder, under the paine of deposition, unlesse they have obtainet libertie from ther Presbyterie.

To the first he answered, That that Sabbath quhen the Declaration wes to be red, he wes so troubled with ane great defuccion that he was (not) able to extend his voyce, and therfor was necessitat to do that farr, by his intention, bot it shall be helpet in tyme coming. To the 2d he ansueret—

1. That quhen he went away he intendit onlie to have been absent two or thrie Sabbathes at the most, and he humbly conceavet ther had bene no expresse Act why an minister might not have bene absent for that short space. Bot if ther be any such Act, he wes sorrie that he should have downe anything that might appeir contrarie to it.

2. *Hoc posito* he had remainit longer away than these few Sabbathes togidder, he affirmed, that he did acquaint som of the brether with it, and desyret them to excuse him.

3. Quhen he cam to York he found an busines of an neir friend's, bot non of his own, that necessitat him to go further and stay longer than he intendit.

4. He no sooner came to York bot als sone he wrote an letter of excuse to the Brether, notwithstanding it did not come to ther hands befor his coming home.

5. Quhen he came home he was surprieset with seikness, and was not able to come to the presbyterie for the space of 14 days.

He being removit, and his excuses being considerit and they charitablie constructed, did appoynt him to be gravlie admonishit to amend; which was accordinglie done be the Moderator, after his incalling, and receavit by him humble, and promisit be the grace of God to amend.

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June 22.—The quihilk day, list being made for choising the commissioners to the Generall Assemblie, Mr John Knox, Mr John Sinclair, and Mr Robert Lichton wes choisen, and my Lord Borthwick rulling elder; which being intimat be the Moderatour to them, they did all accepe of the commission and gave ther oath of fidelitie, except Mr Robert Lichton, who gave these Reasones why he could not accept of the commission :

1. Because he had an great charge.
2. He had his people to examine.
3. He wes bot shortlie come home from England.
4. It was not long since he was commissioner to the Generall Assemblie.

5. The great attendance of the commission : And therfor he could wish they would not insert his name in the commission.

The forsaid reasons, after his removall, being consideret be the Brethren, and withal laying to heart the bad consequence that might follow upon his refusall or not accepting of the commission, being orderlie choisen, uthers might do the lyk, and so ther should be no Generall Assemblie if the allegit reasones of every commissioner should be accepted as relevant : And therfor they did adhere unto ther former voyces in choising of him commissioner, and desyret him to think upon it till the day 14 days, and then to be present and accepe upon oath as the rest.

July 6.—The quihilk day, the brethren and rulling elders that were present finding that Mr Robert Lichton was not ther to accepe the commission to the Generall Assembly ordainet his name to be expungit be the clerk out of the commission.

Aug. 5.—(Mr Robert Lichton present — arrangement made for copying and reading the Declaration against the Engagement and two Acts of the Assembly.)

August last.—The quihilk day, Mr Robert Lichton wes poset, Why he did not come to the presbyterie that Thursday immediately preceding the sitting downe of the Generall (Assembly) and embracit his commission to the said Assemblie, conforme to the apPOINTment of the Presbyterie. *Ans.* He was so troubled with an distillation that he was not able to come for the space of two or three days.

Also being poset, Why he did not embrace the commission? *Ans.* He was conscious of his own weaknes for the managing of that busines, and could have wisht that they would construe it so.

2. He declared that he wes very infirme, and feared that he should not have been able to have waited upon the sitting of the Generall Assembly. And withall he assured them, that if he had suspected that they would not have choisen another in his place, notwithstanding of all his weakness of bodie, yea, although it had tendit to the great prejudice of his health, he would have embraced it, for he resolvit never to be refractarye to anything which they commandit him, and he lookit they would think so of him.

The forsaid reasons being ponderet be the Bretheren and found somewhat weak, they thought him censurable, but quhat his censure should be, they continued the same to the next Thursday that the commissioners of the Generall Assemblie be present.

Sept. 7.—The quihilk day, the bretheren and ruling elders (after Mr Robert Lichton his removall) having divers tymes hard his reasons red be the clerk, and charitably consideret them, why he did not accepe of the commission to the General Assemblie the first day quhen he wes choisen, neither cam the second day conforme to the presbyteries ordinance, having gotten tyme to think upon it : And finding that it wes not disaffection unto the cause of Christ, neither out of any disrespect unto the ordinance of his bretheren, but judging it modestie in ther brother and infirmitie in bodie that movet him to it, did ordaine him gravly to be admonishit be the Moderator for his imprudent

cariage, and to beware of the lyk in tyme coming : Which was accordingly downe, and wes modestly taken by him, and withall promiset be the grace of God to amend.

Sept. 28—Nov. 2.—(Mr Robert Whyt, expectant, charged with not being "weil myndit to the Covenant," and suspected of not praying in the Lugton family (where he seems to have been tutor) against the Engagement. He admitted he did not pray against the engagement, gave his reasons, and after long process was ultimately suspended.)

Nov. 2.—(A report on the state of the various Kirks of the Presbytery occurs here in the Register.) That of NEWBATTLE is very brief, viz.—

"The parish therof four miles in lenth, and in bredth two; communicants about 900; provydet with manse and glybe and stipend, payet be the Erle of Lowthean, patron, 4 chalder of victuals, 40 bolls thereof oats, 8 bolls wheat, and 16 bolls beir, with 400 merkes of moneys."

(At the Synod held at Edinburgh, Nov. 7, 1648, a commission, of which Mr Robert Lightone was a member, was appointed for "trying of any members of the Assemblie had bein active promoters of the last sinfull ingadgement, or had accession thairto, or had hand in carieing on the samen, or if any of the brethren had contrivit subscrivit or had hand anyways in a supplication that was caried on befor and at the tyme of the last Generall Assemblie, and is reported to have been contrarie to the public resolutions of the Generall Assemblie.")

The Committee reported that "they had cleared their number," but report that there "are fyve ruling Elders who have had accession to the ingadgement."

[The strict examination of the Presbytery books by the Synod, precluded the possibility of any minister being habitually absent.]

Dec. 21.—(Mr Robert Leightone present.) This day, the brethren being particularly enquired by the Moderator, If they had observed the fast, and renewed the Covenant according to the directions given by the Commission of the Generall Assemblie, answered *all*, that they had so done; which Mr Jhone Knox was ordained to report to the Commission.

Dec. 28.—Exercised Mr Patrick Sibbald and Mr Robert Leightone, upon the 15th of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, from the 6th verse unto the 9th.

1649.

Jan. 12.—Exercised Mr Robert Leightone and Mr Jhone Knox, expectant, upon the 15th ch. of the 1st Epistle to the Corinthians, from the 9th verse unto the 12th, and were approven.

April 12.—This day, the Presbytery having diligently revised and examined Mr John Pringle, his whole processe could find none of these declarations that were given in against him clearly and directly proven, &c. (he was "an expectant," or probationer, and was charged with thinking the Engagement lawfull). . . . Mr Robert Leightone and Mr Jhone Sinclair did declare that, to their best sense and judgment, he had testified to them and evidenced true signs of sorrow and repentance for his errors and miscarriages in relation to the late Engagement; the Presbytery suspended him from preaching till he should give further signs and evidences of repentance. (This and other notices are sufficient to show the incorrectness of Burnet's statement, that Leighton in the year 1648 had declared himself in favour of the Engagement for the King.)

Over and over again there are references in the Presbytery books to Leighton's request to be allowed to go to England. Probably the occasion of these absences was to visit his father, who, though a Confessor sorely maimed, lived to an old age. He generally remained away three months, and would pick

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up the London stage-coach at the "Sign of the Sun" Inn near the manse, which is still standing. His father left him £1000, which he lost through the failure of a merchant. In March, 1650,—the year after his father's death,—he again got leave to go to London "on weightie business,"—on this occasion to try and rescue some of the money, the loss of which greatly hampered one who never had much of this world's goods, and who at his death had nothing,—“the provision and the pilgrimage ending together.”

1649, May 31.—(Mr Robert Lighton present.)

The Moderator having inquyred of everie brother severally, if they had red the Declaration, and observed the day of public thanksgiving, found that everie one had discharged thaimselfs cheerfullie.

June 14.—The which day, Mr Robert Lighton declared that his Father, being under seakness, had written for him, and thairfor desyred libertie to goe and visite him.

The Brethren judget his desyr reasonable, graunted the same, desyring him to returne with all possible diligence to his charge, and to provide some to supplie his plaice induring his absence; quhilk he promised to be cairfull off.

June 21.—Erle of Louthian chosen rewling elder to the Assemblie.

July 12.—At Glencorss Visitation, the people said they were abundantlie satisfied of their minister [Mr Robert Allison] in his life, and much edified by his doctrine, and that he had preached according to the exigence of the times, and particularlie against malignants and sectaries.

Sept. 6.—(Mr Robert Lighton present, first time since June.)

This day the Presbyterie appoynted everie brother to give in the names of all quho in their parishes had bene upon the lait unlawful Ingagement, and had not as yet nather satisfied nor supplicate.

Sept. 20.—Mr Robert Leighton excused for his absence last day (Sept. 13).

Nov. 8.—The Provinciaill Assemblie of Lowthian and Tweeddale "requestis my Lord Lowthian to speak to the Committie of Estaits, that ther Lordships may give ordour to their clerks to issue out commissionnes for tryall and burning of witches, gratis."

Nov. 29—Dec. 6.—The which day, exercised Mr Robert Leightoun, 2 Cor. i. 6-11, and was approven.

1650.

Jan. 24.—The which day Marjorie Paterson of the parioch of Newbottle (and others), confessing witches, had their depositions attested by the Moderatour.

Every minister ordained to see that his kirk was provided according to the Act of Parliament. Mr Hugh Campbell to speak to my Lord of Lothian for the settling of the stipend of Newbottle.

Feb. 7.—The which day, reported Mr James Robertsoune, that my Lord Lothian had provided the kirk of Newbottle with a stipend, according to the Act of Parliament, to wit, 4 chalders victuall, of wheat, bear, and oats, foure hundrethe pounds of money, with 40 pounds for the elements, with 4 sowmes grass, when the minister shall demand it, with manse and gleib.

March 14.—The which day, Mr Robert Leightoun did show the Presbyterie that a weightie businesse did call for him to England, and obtained libertie from the Presbytery to goe, upon condition he should take a course for the providing of his kirk till his return, which he told the Presbyterie he had alreadie done.

May 21.—Mr Robert Leightoun's name reappears at this date.

May 30.—This day, Mr Robert Carsan complained of Robert Walter his precentour, for malignant speeches that he should have

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vented in my Lord Lothian's family. Mr Robert therefore, and Mr John Sinclair, were ordained to try my Lady Lothian anent his speeches.

June 20.—This day, Mr John Sinclair reported that Mr Robert Carsan, and he could learn nothing of the malignancy of Robert Walter, the precentour in Newtoun, at Newbottle.

June 27.—This day, Robert Ker, having been 12 years in Germany, and having come to the country within thirteen dayes, and having his father dwelling in Newbotle, was ordained to be received to the covenant by Mr Robert Leightoun, after triall.

(One Andrew Alexander, signs a declaration, expressing his sorrow for having condemned set prayers, and the use of the Lord's Prayer, and admits that it may be lawfully used, both in public and private, and he "heartilie detests and abhorres the error of those who condemne the use therof as sinfull.")

"Moreover, forasmuch as the said Andrew declared he was scarcely satisfied that sett prayers were lawfull, and desired he were cleared from Scripture, Mr Robert Leightoun and Mr John Sinclair were ordained to conferre with him.")

Ther wes no meeting of the Brethren from 25 Julii 1650, untill the 15 day of Junij 1651, into which there wes anything judicially done. The Brethren resolved to meet at Cockpen, and choose Commissioners to the Generall Assembly.)

1651.

June 22.—The meeting was held at Cokpen.

Nine members were present, including Mr Robert Lichton.

(One or two leaves wanting here, till Oct. 30, 1651.)

1651, *Nov. 4.*—Adjourned to January 6, and then to March 1652 :—Proceedings of the Synod.

No Presbytery Books except Linlithgow, because, through the calamities of the times, the meetings of Presbyteries had been very unfrequent. Long proceedings about differences in the Presbytery of Linlithgow. A committee, of which Robert Leighton was a member, appointed to consider what should be done by the Synod.

A committee appointed to consider "what is expedient to be done in relation to our Brethren prisoners in the Tower of London and about that city."

Committee for healing present ruptures in the Kirk, and Act of Synod thereanint.

A committee of which Robert Leightoun was a member, appointed to present this Act to the brethren differing in judgment from its Provinciall Assembly.

(Committee on Mr Edward Wright's processe appointed : Robert Leighton one of the members.)

Overtures anent the Brethren Prisoners in England.

The committee appointed in relation to our brethren, prisoners in England, proposed—(1.) That a generall letter should be written to them, showing sympathie and fellow-feeling. (2.) "That a fitt man of the Synod be pitched upon, to be sent to London with commission to negotiat their liberation and freedome, by all possible and lawfull meanes, quho may take advice of the minister of St Andrews and Edinburgh, the Lord Warristounne, and Mr John Livingstounne, anent his carriage in that business, quho shall have 50 peeces (50 peeces—600 merks) allowed toward his charges, to be payed by the Presbyteries of the Synod proportionally. (3.) That some be directed from the Synod to acquaint the Magistrats of Edinburgh, and the persons in nearest relation to the prisoners, with this resolution.

(Mr Robert Ker and the clerk to draw out the letters and commission, and a committee, of which Mr Robert Leightoun was one, to

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acquaint the Magistrats and nearest relations with the Synod's purpose.) Proportions payable by the Presbyteries fixed.

Mr Robert Leightoun is unanimously chosen and earnestly desired by the Synod to undertake the charge of repairing to London for negotiating and enlargement and freedome of our imprisoned brethren in England; quhilk he accepted. The commission being presented and read, was aproven; the tenor quhairof followeth.

The Provinciaill Assembly taking to consideration the sadd condition of their brethren now prisoners in England, and the dutie incumbent to this Assembly in relation to them, found themselves obliged as to hold them up in prayer to God in privat and publick, so to use all lawfull meanes for their enlargement and libertie; and having found it expedient for that end, that on should be sent up to London, doe unanimously appoynt their reverend brother, Mr Robert Leightoun, minister at Newbottle: hereby giving him power and commission to repair to London for negotiating the freedome and enlargement of their said brethren; and doe appoint the Presbytrie of Dalkeith to take course for supplie of his place, that the people of his charge sustaine no prejudice during the time of his absence: lykewise the drawght of the letter to the brethren imprisoned, being presented and read, was aproven, the tenor quhairof followeth:—

REVEREND AND DEARE BRETHREN,— [4th November, 1651].

Neither our condition nor yours will permitt us at this time fullie to expresse the thoughts of our hearts toward yow in your suffering, yett we thought it our dutie to give yow some testimony of our remembrance of yow; and therefore, being by the Lord's good providence mett here in our Provinciaill Assembly, the brotherlie affection we carry to yow, and the Christiane sympathie we have with yow, hath put us to a resolution of assaying all possible and lawfull meanes of your enlargement; for this effect we have desired our reverend brother, Mr Robert Leightoun, to repair to London, giving power to negotiate in that matter, as God sall be pleased to blesse any meanes for that end,—there shall be no earthly thing more acceptable to us: for obtaining hereof we have appoynted prayers to be made throughout the churches of our bounds: in the meanwhyle assure yorselves our souls desire to God shall be for yow, that his consolation may abound in yow, and his strength support yow: to his rich grace we commend yow, and are in him

Your loving Brethren and most affectionat

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ASSEMBLY OF LOTHIAN, &c. in their name.

(A Fast appointed.)

1652, *March 3*.—Mr Robert Leightoun appointed by the Synod one of a committee "To consider of the marriage and fornication of our women with the English souldiers, and the baptizme of children gotten betwixt them in fornication; and whether ministers are to accompt the personnes so married of the number of their congregation; also how to cary in case of their suteing proclamation, and to present their thots anent these things to the Synod," &c. &c.

March 4.—Report: Mr Hew M'Kaile—Mr Robert Traill and he having moved the English Commissioner for freedome or maintenance to our brethren prisoners in England, speciallie those who are in the Tower, that they found no hopes at all of the former, and but little for the latter.

The Synod nominats and appoints Messrs William Dalglish, George Leslie, Oliver Colt, Robert Ker, to concurre with the brethren of Edinburgh in dealing with Mr Leighton, to the intent of the commission given him for repairing to London, to negotiat for the brethren in prisone there.

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Dalkeith, November 14.—In supplying Borthwick during the vacancy occasioned by the death of Mr James Porteous, it was ordained, that (after six members who are named) it should be done by those who should have suppliet Mr Robert Lichton's place during his abod at England, if he went not away before that tyme.

(Few meetings of the Presbytery were held about this time.)

1652.

January 22.—No exercise, because of the English comissioners at Dalkeith, and the great confluence of soldiery, both of horse and foot.

The said day the brethren appoynted ther next day of meeting to be at Cokpen this day 20 days, fearing the insolencie of the soldiers at Dalkeith.

At Cokpen: There was no thing judicially downe, because there wes bot few brether came ther, and therefore it wes resolvet that the place of meeting should be at Dalkeith againe. In respect they were credibly informed that they might als safely meet at Dalkeith as at Cokpen.

April 1.—An act of the Sessione of Borthwik laid on the table, showing that the heritors and elders had unanimously chosen Mr John Weir as their minister. The brethren having pondered the premiss, approved of the same, and "appointed Messrs James Fairlie, Robert Lichton, to concurre with the heritors of Borthwick for his transportation from Leith to Borthwick, and for that effect to appear before the Presbytrie of Edinburgh.

April 15.—The quhilk day, reported Mr James Fairlie and Mr Robert Lichton, that they had been at the Presbyterie of Edinburgh, for the lousing of Mr Johne Weir from his charge he had at Leith, and that they had loused him from his charg ther without relation unto any place.

Weir having accepted this call to Borthwick: the call, among other things, says, "and that it will be your studie not to break, bot entertaine and preserve, the union and harmonie of this Presbyterie, quhairin they are so singularly happie in this distracted tyme."

At Inneresk Kirk, April 29.—The quhilk day, ther came an letter from Mr Robert Lichton, desyring the brethren to have an cair of suppliing his place during his abod in England, in respect he wes going to sie if he can obtaine any sort of libertie to these Ministers who wer kepet in the Tower and uther places.

The brethren condescendit to his desyr, and ordainit Mr James Robertstone to preach at Newbottle upon Sondag com 8 days, and after him the wholl brether to preach ther *per vices*, according to their standing, expressed in the Presbyterial Roll.

July 15.—Also it was informed by some of the brether, that Mr James Robertstone, at the marriag of the Erle of Lowthian's daughter, had both in the kirk prayet, and at the table in Newbottle Castell craved an blessing before supper, and given thanks also, Swinton being present, who is excommunicat; and therfor Mr James being posit if it wer so, as wes alledged, *Ans.*: That if Swinton wes in the kirk it wes more than he knew of, for he did not sie him ther. As for his being at the table, it wes an long tyme before he did perceave him, he being at an larg distance from him, and many betwixt them, as also it being in the evening. Bot quhen he perceived him ther, he wes much weighten then, as also now, for his imprudent and inconsiderat carriag. As for his giving of thanks, it wes after Swinton's rysing from the table, uthers having downe the lyk befor, and taking the opportunitie at his absence, did give thanks.

The brethren having ponderat the premisses, and finding that he had not careit himself as it became an man of his place and age, ordainet him to be publicly rebuiKET, and to be more circumspect in

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tyme to come; which, after his incalling, wes accordingly down, and the same rebuik well accepted of by the said Mr James.

(Leighton appears to have remained in England from May till about the end of November 1652.)

December 16.—A letter from Mr Robert Lichtone, presented be Mr Hew Campbell, quhairin he dimits his charge of his ministrie at Newbottle: Quhilk the Presbyterie refused to accept. Appoints the Moderator to writ to him, and to desyre him to returne to his charge.

December 30. — Ressavit from Mr Robert Lichtone ane letter, quhairin he divests his charge *de novo*, quhilk the Presbyterie refused to accept. Appoints the Moderator to writ to him.

1653.

Januar 13.—Appoints Mr James Robertstone to preach in Newbottle, and to speik to the Earl of Lauthian about Mr Lichtone and Mr Robert Alisone the next day.

Reported the Moderator that he had written to Mr Lichtone.

Januar 27.—Compeared Mr Robert Lichtone, and desyred to be lowsed from his charge.

Compeared Androw Brysone, in name of the towne of Edinburgh, shewing that the Councell of Edinburgh had given Mr Lichtone a call to be Principall of the Colledge; and his commissione being requyred, he undertook to produce it at the next meeting. Appoints the next meeting to be this day eight dayes, and then to give ane answer to both: but no exercise that day. Appoints Mr Robert Carsane to preach in Newbottle, to mak publick intimation to the parishioners, that if they had any thing to say against the lowsing of their Minister, they might appear befor the Presbyterie the next day.

February 3.—Reported Mr Robert Carsane that he had preached in Newbottle, and made publick intimation, as was appointed the last day. The parochiners of Newbottle called, compeared not.

Ane letter presented be Androw Brysone from the Councell of Edinburgh, desyring that Mr Lichtone might be lowsed from his charge at Newbottle, and transported with all conveniencie to Edinburgh Colledge, to be Principall there; and ane Act of Councell lykewyse presenting the said Mr Lichtone to the said place. Mr Lichtone being posed, if he wold embrace the foresaid charge, answered, that he wes not yet fully resolved.

The quhilk day the brethren of the Presbyterie convened, according to the appointment of the day preceding, anent the desyre of our brother, Mr Robert Lichtone, to be lowsed from his ministrie at the kirk of Newbottle, by reason of the gritnes of the congregacione farre exceeding his strength for discharging the dewties thereof, especially the extreme weakness of his voice not being able to reache the halfe of them when they are convened, which hes long pressed him very sore, as he had formerly often expressed to us: And to give ane answer to the Commissioner from the Councell of Edinburgh, anent his call from them to be Principall of Edinburgh Colledge, that he may be released from his ministrie ther to that effect. And having ordained the parish of Newbottle to be warnit by public intimation from pulpit to heir and see quhat they could object against the said desyre and call. The Brethren this day having called the said parish, and they not compearing, nor any in their name, and having hard our said Brother renew his desyre, as also having red the letter and commissione from the Councell of Edinburgh, directed to us by Androw Bryson, thesaurer to the said toun, anent his foirsaid call, did, after mature deliberatione, unanimsoulie conclude, that the said Mr Robert Lichton shall be lowsed, and by thir presents, doe actually lowse him from his ministrie at the said kirk of Newbottle, declaring the kirk thereof to be vacant, and transports him to that charge. And ordains publick intimation to be made heirop the next Lord's Day at

the said kirk of Newbotle, by Patrickke Sibbald, minister at Penni-cooke, and ordains ane extract beirof to be given to the said Andrew Bryson, and to Robert Porteous, younger, in Newbattell.

Appoints Mr Patrick Sibbald to preach in Newbotle, and to convene the Session, and to desyre them to pitch with all conveniencie upon ane honest and able man.

[Mr Alexander Dickson, afterwards Professor of Hebrew in the University of Edinburgh, was admitted Leighton's successor on the 7th of October, 1653.]

II.

KIRK-SESSION MINUTES OF NEWBATTLE.

1643, *March 12.*—The whilk day the Heritoures of the parochine of Newbattell, with Minister and Elders, being convenit in the kirk thereof—viz., Mr Robert Lightone, Sir John Murray, Mark Cass of Cokpen, Thomas Megot of Maisterton, Mr Robert Preston, Robert Porteous, elder and younger, Mr Mark Ker, John Trent, James Ker, with uthers divers, condescendit and agreed, with ane consente, to pay to thair reader and schoolmaster, Williame Hamilton, the soume of tua hunder marks yearly, at tua times in the year proportionally, Witsunday and Martimes—viz., Be the Right Honourable William Earle of Lowthean fourtie pundis, be the toune of Newbattell fiftie marks, and the rest of the tua hunder marks to be payit out of land-wart—viz., Fordell and Coatis twentie-fye marks, Eisthousses elevin markes, Westhousses sextein pundis, Southsyde seven pundis ten schillings, Murtoun fiftie shillings, Arniston for Newbyres ten marks, and the tuo milnes to pay the rest that wantis of the forsaid tuo hunder merks.

April 9.—Given for a lock to the gate of the kirkyard, 00-14-00

May.—(Arrangements connected with the communion. The commencement is torn away, which related to "preparations befor," and "for provision of the elementes." This last by "John Trent and Archibald Broune." It then says) "Also for,"

The First Sabbath.

Thomas Megot,
Robert Prestoun,
Robert Porteous elder,
Robert Porteous younger,
Thomas Steill,
John Hutcheson.

For Dooris.

John Borthwik.
James Ker.

The Second Sabbath.

Andrew Abernathie,
James Ramsay,
Samuell Davidson,
Johne Trentt,
Thomas Russell,
George Hunter.

For Tiskattis (Tickets).

Archibald Broune.
James Trentt.

Ther is also appointed be the session for the first dayes elementis, tuo gallonis of vyne and two dusson of breid.

Memorandum.—That after the communion there sall be ane accompt taken of the pooris money in the box, becaus this tuo year no accompt has been taken.

June 26.—The which day, all the collections and distributions from the 10th Oct. 1641 till his 26th June, 1643, being all layit and competit, thar remainit undistribut of good money in the poor's box 121 pundis. (See Cash Book.)

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August 14.—The minister and elders of the parochin of Newbattell, considering the manie evils that follow upon the neglect of bringing up childring at school, and especially and that it is not only ane maine cause of thair grosse rudness and incivility, bot of thair ungodlines and ignorance of the principillis of religion, and makis them also almost unteachabell, have ordained that all parents within the said paroch be careful, so soon as thair childring com to capabill yeiris, to send them to some schooll, that thay may learne at the leist to read, and that, whosoever sall be found within this paroch to fail heirin, sall be obliged to pay as give they did send thair childring to schooll according to the number of thame, or be urtherwayes cens(ured) as the session sall think fitting.

Oct. 15.—It was related be the elders that searchit, that thair was tuo wes drinking in James Erskine's in tym of divin service, and ordainis the said James Erskin to be sumoned against next Saboth to compeir befor the session.

Nov. 5.—The quhilk day, it was with universall consent, both of minister and elders, condescendit upon that thair sould be built befor the pulpet ane convenient seatt of timber for the reidar as is in uther kirkis : and the elders to sit at the tabill or boord befor the pulpett.

Nov. 12.—It was relatit that John Burrowman in Easthouses did carie his aill and small drink oft and divers tymes throw the parochin upon the Sabbath day, and thairfoir is to compeir befor the session the next Sabbath that he may be decernit to satisfie for the same.

1644, Feb. 11.—After dividing the parish into districts, and naming an elder for each, it is added—That everie ane be cairfull within thair owin boundis designit to visit frequently, as once in fyfteen dayes, and to inquyr about family exerceise in every house, and the conversation of the people. Especially to tak ordour with cursing, swearing, or scolding, and excessive drinking—give any such disordour be fund amongst tham; and to be cairfull in visiting the seik, and sik as ar in want to give notice of thame to the minister and session.

March 13. — The which day, it was condescendit upon be the elderis and heritours, at thair meeting in the kirk of Newbattell, that thair sould be the soum of ane thousand pundis of stent imposit upon the heritours of the said parochin for repairing of the said Kirk.

March 17.—The which day, it was condescendit upon be the minister and the wholl session, that Captain Andrew Abernethie sould have the roome and place whair Abraham Hereis' dask and seatt stood, to build and place tuo pews in. Also Patrik Eleis (Elice), now of Southsyde, gave in his bill and petition to the session desyring Alexander Lawson in Westhouses to remove out of that seat that belongit to him next to my Lord's Isle, on the west syd thairrof. Patrik Eleis referrit himself to the arbitrimint of the session; bot Alexander Lawson declynit the session and appealit to the presbiterie.

The which day, it was condescendit at the meeting of elders and heritours, that thair sould be the soume of ane thousand pundis of stent for the repairing of the Kirk of Newbattell imposit upon the heritours of the parochin of Newbattell.

March 26.—The heritours and elders being also convenit, being inquyred whom they thought most fitt for collecting of the former soume, did appoynt Thomas Megot of Muirtoun collectour for the toun of Newbattell, and Robert Porteous, younger, collectour for the gentilmen in landward.

June 16.—Appoynted to attend upon the committee in Edinburgh everie Monday, *vicissim tours* about, Thomas Megot, James Ramsay, Robert Porteous elder and younger, John Trent, Thomas Russell, and Johne Hutchison.

(No meetings of Session held from December, 1644, to May, 1645.)

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Eodem.—*Thair lent out of the pooris money to the Minister, with consent of the Session, 500 marks Scottis.*

(This entry is erased by a pen being drawn through it, the money having either been repaid, or perhaps not required.)

Mair to James Ramsay, 100 marks.

Mair to Thomas Russell in Newbattell, 100 marks, quhairof the annuellrent was payit till Candelmas 1646.

Mair to Sir John Murray, 300 marks.

(The next and only other entry in the book is dated 4th January, 1646, so that during 1645 there were apparently only two meetings of session held). The foregoing minutes appear to be principally in the handwriting of William Hamilton.

Another volume commences in the handwriting of Mr James Aird.

March 17, 1646.—(On two fly-leaves at the beginning of the volume are the following entries):—

"A Catoluge of Bookes given by William Earle of Lothiane to the Parisch Kirk of Newbattell, to be ane abiding librarie for the use of the Ministers thereof successively.

"Also of such bookes as uthers well affected hath given for the increase of the same librarie."

(The catalogue has been torn away, but in the Presbytery Records there is a list of the books. On the other fly-leaf are the following entries):—

Record of Wescheles (vessels) and such like that pertaine to the Parosch of NEWB.

1646, 29 *May*.—The whilk day, was given by Robert Porteous younger, a silver cup for service to the Kirk.

Likewise by Alexander Kaitnes, another of that same faschion.

Likewise by Patrick Ileis of Southsyde.

1647, *May 2*.—The whilk day, Sir John Murray was chosen ruling elder for the ensuing Synod.

May 16.—The whilk day was Patrick Ileis of Southsyd receaved by Mr James Fairlie from the place of public repentance, where he had sitten from the aforementioned day, and entred (continued) to sit without intermission in sackcloth.

(Leighton was absent from February till this time.)

1647, *Nov. 21*.—The whilk day Helen Smith was exhorted by the Minister, in presence of the Session, to have a care of herself and house, that she walked Christianlie. Because schoe was reported to have had ane unrulie and uncivill house, which cold not be throughly provin.

1648, *Feb. 27*.—And Didhop and Isobell Watt were reseaved publicly for a scandall they had given by being out in a yaird together, which in some circumstances had some presumptions; yet because the Session cold not knaw no more but that they were happily preveined from adulterie, did appoint them to acknowledge their scandall publicly.

March 27.—Bessie Lawsons and Marjorie Nicolsone humbled themselves on their knees before the Session for scolding, and were referred to the magistrat.

June 4.—Jon Clerk was punished by the civil magistrat for drunkenness.

1648, 17th *Sept.* is the last entry of the Session proceedings in this volume. No other volume is extant of its proceedings during Leighton's incumbency. His successor seems to have begun a new volume when he came in 1653. There is, however, one page containing short Sessional notices, extending from 3d *Dec.* 1648 to *Sept.* 23, 1649, and another containing notices from *May* to *July* 1650.

On a fly-leaf is a "Counpt of charges given for the building of the Eastern loft, beginning the 21 of *June* 1646." Among other items

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is one of £2, for "mending the doore of the kirk and the loaupping-on stone."

The Term of Mertemes 1650.

The quhilk day Robert Porteous did dischairg himself off the money quhilk he was dew to the schurch off Newbottell, and his debursment is all allowet. He restet off fre money—the soume off ane thousand merks Scotis quhiitch wes delyverit to Mr Lichtounne, minister thaire, for the quhitch he hes gevane his bond to pay interest; and now at this terme off Witsunday 1651, the said Mr Lichtounne hes deburset the half yeir's interest from Mertenmess 1650 to Witsunday 1625, at dispositione off the elders. And to testefie thir premisses, we the Elders underwretten hes subscriyvet with our hands.

THOMAS MEGOT, *Witness.*

ROBERT PORTEOUS Yonger.

JOHNE TRENT, *Witness.*

JOHNE EDMONDSTONE, *Witness.*

Some extracts from the Session's Accounts during Leighton's incumbency may be interesting.

1642.

July 31	Given at command of Session for ane horse to to the Minister,	£	s.	d.
		0	18	00
23 August	Given to James Johnson, wright, on command of the minister, for mending the pulpett,	1	10	0
"	Mair to Nicoll Simpson for making and dress- ing of the grein cloath to the pulpett, -	1	16	0
3 Septr.	Given to the Painter, at command of Session, for colouring the pulpett, -	4	3	4
4 Septr.	Accompt of the pulpett cloath:			
"	Item, for ane ell and quarter of cloath at 3 markes the ell, is -	£6	13	4
"	Item for 8 ell fustian at 16s. the ell, -	6	8	0
"	Item for 3 ell and ane half silk fringes, -	6	14	4
		£19 15 8		
4 Septr.	That same day given by Minister to Androw Lun,	£3	0	0
14 Sept.	Given to James Jonson for ane footgang to serve for the communion, -	00	12	00
16 October	Mair given out for pulpit cloath, -	20	00	00
	Robert Cuthbertson beadle at this time. William Hamilton schoolmaster of the parish. There was also a schoolmaster in Stobhill, Thomas Smebeard; and another in Westhouses, David Prengell.			

1643.

28 May	Mair to Robert Porteous to buy ane cave, to keip our communion wyne in, -	13	10	0
"	For carrying cave from Edinburgh, -	0	6	0
24 Septr.	Given out of the collections of the poore's money, for ane Psalm-book to serve the kirk, and for binding the Bybill, -	3	15	0
22 Octr.	Given for the Acts of the Assembly, -	0	13	4
"	Mair for the Covenant, -	0	4	0
"	Given at command of the Minister to ane gen- tilwoman in grit necessitie, -	4	0	0
10 Decr.	Mair for the subscriyving of the Covenant, to the Reidar that subscriyvit for thes that could not subscriyve themselves, -	1	10	4

(186)

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON AND HIS NEWBATTLE LIBRARY.

1644.

10 March	To James Jonson, wryt, for making steps of timber about the pulpett, - - - - -	£3 15 0
17 March	Given to Robert Cuthbertson (the beadle), for working at the kirk four dayis, - - - - -	1 4 0
17 March	Given to Robert Cuthbertson and ane boy for carrying the red out of the kirk, - - - - -	0 8 0
	(Many "gentilmen from Ireland" and other strangers in necessity helped.)	
	For hanging the belstring, - - - - -	0 12 0
	Drinksilver for 5 cairts in Easthouses for bringing hame timber to the kirk, - - - - -	1 0 0
5 May	Given to ane Hungarian scholler, - - - - -	2 13 4
14 July	Mair given be the baily out of his own purse to two poor women in necessity, at command of the minister, - - - - -	0 16 8
18 Aug.	Given to a daft man, - - - - -	0 4 0

1645.

10 March	The whilk day taken out of the poor's box, at command of the minister, to pay for glas windows to the kirk, - - - - -	£90 00 00
	(The Wester loft seems to have been built about this time.)	
1 June	Mair to the two fishars wyffes (often entered), - - - - -	1 13 4
"	Mair to the Egiptians, - - - - -	0 16 8
3 Aug.	Distribut for John Gillies his wyff, and boy, that died first in the visitation, - - - - -	8 10 0
	(Frequent entries connected with this visitation of the Pest.)	
20 Aug.	Mair given to William Hamilton for his extraordinary pains in wryting, - - - - -	8 0 0
"	Mair given to James Gilchrist for making the prese in the Kirk for to keip the Buiks given to the Kirk be the richt Nobill William Earle of Lothiane, - - - - -	8 0 0
"	Mair to doctour for visiting James Watson's daughter, after her depairting, - - - - -	6 13 4
"	Mair for aill to the seik, - - - - -	1 13 4
"	Mair for 200 panther naillis for the prese to hold the buiks in, - - - - -	1 6 8
"	3 gallons aill, - - - - -	1 12 0
"	7 firlots meill, - - - - -	11 4 0
15 Decr.	Nyne gallons aill, 5 dusson breid, for those under visitation, - - - - -	6 16 0
"	Four gallons 4 pynts aill, - - - - -	2 8 0
"	Four dusson breed, - - - - -	1 12 0
"	Ane boll and 2 peks meill, - - - - -	6 15 0
28 Dec.	To Richard Brown, for making seven graves to John Cairn's house, - - - - -	4 0 0

(The Dalkeith communion cups seem to have been borrowed on Sacramental occasions previously to the year 1646: entries occur of gratuities to "Dalkeith-belman" for the loan.)

The printed copy of the Solemn League and Covenant [Edinburgh, 1643], and now in the Royal Antiquarians' Society's Museum, cost Newbattle Parish 4/, and bears the signatures of Leighton, heritors, and parishioners, as affixed in October, 1643.

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON'S NEWBATTLE LIBRARY.

Some years ago a handsome brass memorial was erected in the parish church of Newbattle, beside the ancient black oak pulpit from which, during his incumbency of the parish (1641-1653), Leighton was wont to preach. The inscription, which gives the main events of his life, is as follows:—

To the glory of God, and sacred to the memory of Archbishop Leighton. Robert Leighton was born in London, 1611: educated at Edinburgh University, and on the Continent: ordained pastor of this parish on December 16th, 1641, where he ministered faithfully till 1653. Principal of Edinburgh University, 1653-1661; Bishop of Dunblane, 1661-1671; Archbishop of Glasgow, 1671-1674; after which he retired into private life, and lived with his sister at Broadhurst, in Sussex, for ten years. He died, according to his long cherished wish, in an Inn (the Bell Inn, Warwick Lane, London), by night, during his sleep,—June 25th, 1684; and was buried in the Parish Church of Horsted Keynes, Sussex. Blessed are the Peacemakers. For so He giveth His Beloved Sleep.”

In Horsted Keynes Church, two memorials are raised to his memory,¹ and the old farm-house is still pointed out where he stayed; though, curiously, in the diary of Mr Giles, who was rector there during Leighton's residence, there is no reference to him. Two memorials stand, one within and the other outside the parish church there, and the tradition is still fresh there that he would always go to church, especially on wet days, as an example to others. The Bell Inn, under the shadow of St. Paul's Cathedral, beside Amen Corner, where the Cathedral Canons lived, has only within recent years been transformed: the memory of Leighton still lingers round the place. Newbattle was his first charge,—and the following are all the traces that can now be gathered up of his presence and influence here:—

1. His old Pulpit: a small round oak pulpit with canopy; handsomely carved, and originally without a seat.

¹ “His remains were deposited in the south chancel of the Church of Horsted Keynes, in the county of Sussex, in which parish he had resided for several years with his sister and her son, Edward Lightmaker of Broadhurst. A plain marble slab bears this inscription:—
DEPOSITVM ROBERTI LEIGHTONI, ARCHIEPISCOPI GLASGUENSIS APVD SCOTOS,
QUI OBIT XXV DIE JUNII ANNO DNI. 1684 AETATIS SUAE 74” (Notice of Leighton by David Laing in the *Proceedings of the Society*, vol. iv. p. 488).

2. The ancient Hour Glass ; it is still entire, sand and everything, and stands about 8 inches high. The wooden frame is very rude, as is also the rough iron stand.

3. The ancient Funeral Bell, which was rung through the parish when a funeral was about to take place ; the handle is an imitation, in iron, of a leg-bone. On the front of the bell, —I M A 1616. Also the ancient church key of iron, sadly worn and rusted.

4. The Sacramental Vessels—

(a) Communion Cups. Communion cups of solid silver, not moulded, but beaten with the hammer ; of an unusually graceful shape—a large shallow bowl resting on a richly carved pedestal. They were all presented to the church during Leighton's incumbency, on May 29, 1646, by Robert Porteous, younger, Alexander Kaitness, Patrick Ellis of Southsyde, and Andro Brysson. They are still (with some modern additions) the eucharistic vessels of the parish. In 1732, one of these massive silver chalices was stolen, and carried off to England. In 1733 it was discovered at Newcastle, though some say Newbottle (near Fenicehouses, in Durhamshire),—the old name of Newbattle being Newbottle [the new residence],—and brought back damaged. The repair of it cost £6, 6s. Scots, half of which was charged to "James Wilson, the beadle." The marks of these repairs are still quite noticeable. Round the lip of each chalice are the words—"For the Kirk of Newbatl"—the name being spelt differently on each cup. The cups in Dunblane Cathedral are almost identical.

(b) Baptismal Vessels. A massive silver basin and beautiful ewer, hammered and inscribed. They were bought by the Session, and bear the inscriptions :—"Pereat qui amoverit vel in alium usum pervertit." ["Perish the man who bears it away, or turns it to another use,"]—with the Scripture texts :—*According to His mercy, He saved us by the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Ghost ;* and round the edge of the basin—*Repent and be baptised every one of you for the remission of sins.* Though not in actual use during Leighton's incumbency, the baptismal vessels belonged to his period, and were bought during his lifetime, during the second episcopacy, 1680.

5. Parish and Presbytery Records.—There are many references to Leighton, and some in his own writing, in the Session Records. In the Presbytery books there is much concerning him.

6. Leighton's Newbattle Library.—Thirty-one volumes are preserved of Leighton's Library, and are handed down from incumbent to incumbent, just as at Salton with the library of Bishop Burnet. Many of the books are much spoiled with damp, but they are as a whole of matchless interest. Some of them seem to have been presented to him as minister by William, Earl of Lothian, with whom he was on terms of the closest friendship, and intended to be handed on to his suc-

cessors. In the Session Records there is an entry,—“List of books given by the Earl of Lothian to the Minister of Newbattle.” But the list is gone,—only the title-page being left. Many of the present books must, from their internal character, have been gathered by Leighton himself. All the books, however, were acquired by Leighton when minister at Newbattle, whether by gift or purchase, so that the entire collection is entitled to the name of “Leighton’s Newbattle Library.” When Leighton left Newbattle for the Edinburgh Principalship, he left these volumes behind him:—

1. “*Clavis Theologica.*” Folio. “A Key to Theology.” A thick folio volume of blank pages with printed headings: a religious common-place book and theological ledger—in which to put down anything striking in the course of reading. A score of pages are torn out from the beginning, and in the pages left there is not a single MS. entry. The first remnant page is headed—“Whether Christ died for all men or not?” The first twenty pages have the general heading—“De Christo,” and there are spaces for notes on His Nativity, Death, Resurrection, &c. Then the Sacraments, Church, the Commandments, &c. It is pre-eminently a young man’s book and study-companion,—a methodical help to reading and meditation. Why there are no entries it is difficult to say; perhaps Leighton hit upon some better and less laborious method; but his Theological Lectures and Commentaries show deep research, and contain crowds of learned references which could not have been gathered in a day, but must have been the savings and accumulations of years of study. This has a peculiar interest, as probably one of Leighton’s earliest intellectual tools.

2. “*Doctrinale Bibliorum Harmonicum, id est Index dilucidus Novus*,—athore Georgio Vito D. Abbate coenobii Anhusani Wirtembergici.”—Winteri, 1613. Folio. A Harmony of the Bible. Each book of the Bible is taken separately, and its chief doctrinal points are alphabetically arranged. There is thus a doctrinal concordance for *each book* of Scripture, and not for the whole Bible, as in modern concordances. This copy bears marks of use, and there are oil stains on its pages from the old Scotch cruizies, which were universal in Leighton’s time. The author of this concordance was George Vitus, Lutheran Abbot of Wurtemberg.

3. “*Thesaurus Locorum Communium.*”—Augustinus Marloratus. Folio, 1574. A dictionary of common places, or concordance to the whole Bible, not taking the books separately, as in the last, but all Scripture in a mass. Not only are references given as, *e.g.*, under P—Pax—to all the places where “peace” occurs in the Bible, but illustrations are given in a freer and more general way than is common in modern concordances. It is remarkable that, under this word, the pages are much worn, and bear marks of much reading—which is in keeping with the character of the man to whom the book belonged. This Biblical Cyclopædia is by Marloratus, Reformed pastor in Rotterdam. At the beginning of the volume are a number of Latin poems laudatory of the learning of this great Biblical Scholar. There is also a sentence or two of commendation from the Reformer Beza. It bears the imprimatur of Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, given at Lambeth Palace, 1573.

4. The “*Magdeburg Centuries.*” Folio. Leighton’s handbook on general Church History, written by Matthew Flacius of Maldeburg, and still an authoritative work of reference. The History of the

Church is traced from the beginning till the dawn of the sixteenth century.

5. "Joannis Baptistae Folengii Mantuani, Divi Benedicti monachi, in Psalmos aliquot juxta Hebræam veritatem commentarius." [Title-page lost.] Folio. A commentary on certain Psalms according to the Hebrew Text, by Spitel of Mantua. The finest volume in the collection; it must once have been really a handsome folio. It has richly gilded edges, and is bound in particularly fine leather, which also has once been gilt. The author's name, "John Spitel," is done in gilt on front and back. Spitel was a monk of the monastery of Mantua, and his commentary on the Psalms is richly devotional, many passages reminding one of Leighton's own sublime strain of discourse. He may have received some of this style from his old devotional commentary, which was a standard work in its day. Leighton was accused of harbouring and using ascetical and Roman Catholic books, as Bishop Butler was in a later century; and in this small Newbattle Library, there is a good sprinkling of works by Roman Divines. One peculiarity of this book is, that each page is lined and bordered with red ink, evidently done by the hand, which must have been an immense labour, as there are over 1000 pages.

6. Osiander's—(a) "Summaries of XVth Century Church History." "Epitomes Historiæ Ecclesiasticæ centuriæ decimæ sextæ." Lucas Osiander, D. Tübingen, 1508. (b) "Summaries of XVth Century Church History." Ditto. Tübingen, 1507. Osiander's "Summaries of Church History," a well-known standard narrative of the Reformation age, with all its wars and controversies.

7. "D. Hieronymi Osorii Lusitani, Episcopi Sylvensis, de Regis Institutionibus et Disciplina, Lib. viii. Olysippone, 1571." Osorius, the Spanish Jesuit's treatise on "The Institutions and Discipline of a King," published in Portugal in 1571, with the Pope's imprimatur printed on it, and dedicated to Sebastian, King of Portugal. This work on monarchy, from a very high and "Divine-right" point of view, is bound in skin vellum, with rich gilt facings, and it has once been tied with green ribbons, the ends of which still remain. There are jottings by "R.L." on the fly-leaf.

8. Complete Catalogue of the Books in the Bodleian Library, 1620. In some respects the most interesting volume in the library—a small quarto, in vellum, containing a catalogue of all the books and MSS. in the Oxford Bodleian Library in 1620 (which is the date on this copy), published at Oxford, by John Lichfield and James Short. Possibly Leighton may have brought this old catalogue to Newbattle from Oxford with his own hand; but on the fly-leaf there is a faded jotting:—"1625, Mr Cheyne, Parson of Kinkell. Aet. 40 yrs." and a very striking coincidence is here. The parish of Kinkell, Aberdeenshire, in the first quarter of the seventeenth century had a series of mishaps, and hence also probably the name on the book, and its presence in Leighton's Newbattle Library. It is very remarkable that in this catalogue Shakespeare is not named, and John Knox's works are marked "imperfect." It is curious to see who are named and who are omitted.

9. *Philosophia digne restituta: libros quatuor præcognitorum philosophicorum complectens, a Johanne-Henrico Alstedio, ad illustrissimam Anglorum Academiam quæ est Cantabrigiæ. Herbornæ Nassoviorum, 1612.* John Henry Alsted's "Philosophy." A logical and philosophical work—a strange mixture of metaphysics, theology, logic, and psychology.

10. *Locorum Communium S. Theologiæ Institutio per Epitomen, Auctore Luca Trelcatio, judice ecclesiæ Rom.* London, 1608. A small volume of theology, logically arranged, from a strongly Protestant point of view. Published in London, 1608. It is bound in vellum, and has a complete index written in Leighton's own hand.

writing—the same handwriting as on other books here, and at Dunblane, where his great library exists. It is an interesting study in caligraphy.

11. *Speculum Pontificum Romanorum in quo imperium, decreta, vita, prodigia, interitus, elogia accurate proponuntur, per Stephanum Szegedinum Pannonium*, 1526. "View of the Roman Pontificate," by Stephen Szegedinus of Pannonia. The Roman Pontificate is described with grotesque fulness—"Its Rule, Decrees, Life, Wonders, Death, and Elegy accurately laid out." It is a strongly Protestant handbook, but has nothing else particularly interesting about it.

12. "Analysis Logica in Epistolam ad Hebraeos, Auctore D. Roberto Rolloco Scoto, Ministro Jesu Christi et Rectore Academiae Edinburgensis." "Logical Analysis of the Epistle to the Hebrews," by Dr Robert Rollock, Principal of Edinburgh University. Edinburgh (R. Charteris, King's Printer, 1605). It was under Principal Rollock's rule that Leighton's father was a professor, and not improbably this little commentary on the "Hebrews" may have been presented by the Principal and inherited. The most touching thing about it is that on the front page, a text written in Latin in the same hand as all the rest, is inscribed, and with the faded initials "R.L." after it:—"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Jesus Christ."

13. S. Chrysostom's Works in Latin. Antwerp, 1547. With some letters on the fly-leaf in another hand (a sort of shorthand)—and the word—"Jonathan."

14. *Jobi Historiae Docta et catholica explicatio per R. Patrem D. Joannem Ferum Metropolitanæ Ecclesiæ Moguntinensis. Coloniae Agrippinae*, 1574. A Roman Catholic Exposition of "Job," "not only to teach true doctrine, but to heal controversies," by John Ferus, Bishop of Mentz.

15. "Illustrium et clarorum virorum epistolae selectiores." Lugduni Batavorum, 1617. Elzevir Edition. "The Letters of Famous and Illustrious Men," showing the abuses of the Roman Church, &c., are well known.

16. Cornelius Crocus. Philology and Rhetoric. Discussions on words and meanings. Partly bound in an old vellum will, beginning—"Milhelmus." Curious old writing, and rich illuminations, with beautiful initial letters.

17. Calvin's "Commentary on the Acts of the Apostles" (Latin). (Much damaged and boardless.)

18. Claudian's Works, 1612, with Latin commentary on the poet. Editor—Caspar Barthius. (Much damaged and boardless.)

19. "De Prima Mundi Aetate," by Lambert Danalus. Four books, 1500. "Concerning the First Age of the World." (Boardless.)

20. "Papa Confutatus, sanctae et apostolicae ecclesiae in confutationem papae." London, 1580. Bound in a sheet of vellum illuminated in black and red lettering; fine initials. Protestant controversy.

21. "De Arcanis Dominationis Arn. Clapmarii," Lib. iii. Arnold Clapmarus. "Concerning the Mysteries of Government." And bound up with it in thick vellum are *Casaubon's Works*: "Isaaci Casauboni ad Frontonem Ducaem, S. J. Theologum Epistola, in qua de Apologia disseritur communi Jesuitarum nomine ante aliquot menses Lutetiae Parisiorum Edita." London, 1611—(vellum and strings). The latter treatise is peculiarly interesting as an indication of Leighton's affinity with the great scholars of the period who were being gradually drawn towards Episcopacy. Casaubon as a Continental Presbyterian who was attracted by the Church of England, might naturally be a favourite author with Leighton.

22. Theodore Beza's Works. Geneva, 1588; and bound up with it a History of the Reformers, with fine engravings—the only book in

the whole collection which has plates. Fine heads of Huss, Savonarola, Bucer, &c., and a full narrative of the Waldenses, especially the burnings of 1559, closing with "Emblems," and pictures with descriptive poetry below, like Quarles' "Emblems," &c., *e.g.*—"Life a Sea,"—and a representation of a ship ploughing its way amid "the troublesome waves of this present world."

23. Raymund Lullius' Works. "Ars magna."—Treatises on logic, rhetoric, astrology, science,—a general gazetteer and emporium of knowledge. A very fine copy, bound in vellum, with strings, of date 1592.

24. "A Commentary on the Galatians," by Dr Martin Luther. London, 1603, printed in black letter.

25. A volume of loose Tracts and Papers bound together—valuable but sorely spoiled by damp and mice. One of the tracts is entitled—"Christ Confessed, or several important questions and cases about the Confession of Christ, written by a Preacher of the Gospel, and now a Prisoner,"—written by a Covenanter. Also—"The Charge of High Treason, Murder, Oppressions, and other Crimes exhibited to the Parliament of Scotland, against the Marquis of Argyle and his Accomplices." January 23, 1646. And a large number of other Covenanting papers and tracts, including a tract on the persecutions of the Quakers, by Alexander Jaffray, Provost of Aberdeen,—the great advocate of the Quakers, and several times Commissioner to Parliament. Jaffray, for several years, lived in an old house in Newbattle, next to the manse, now pulled down, having married the daughter of Leighton's predecessor, the Rev. Andrew Cant, who afterwards became minister at Aberdeen. Leighton's strong advocacy of *Peace* in the troubled times of Episcopal and Presbyterian rivalry arose from—(1) His close friendship with the Quaker Jaffray, his next door neighbour; (2) His early education in France, where, for nearly ten years, till the age of 30, when he was appointed Minister of Newbattle, he associated with the French Quietists, of whom Fénelon and Madame Guyon may be taken as fair examples, and whose salient doctrine was that where religion does not work peace with God, peace with man, and peace in the soul, it accomplishes nothing; (3) His own innate spiritual tendencies, to some extent mystical, fostered too by his study of Roman Catholic mystical and spiritual writers; (4) A reaction from the fierce spirit of unrest and storm in the midst of which he lived; (5) To some extent the pacifying influence of the calm, beautiful scenery in the midst of which his lot was cast, first at Newbattle with its matchless woodlands and rich historic associations, and then at Dunblane with its noble reposing mass of cathedral masonry.

26. "The Perpetuall Government of Christ's Church," by the Rev. Thomas Bilson, Warden of Winchester College. Bilson was one of the first of Anglican High Churchmen. This book on Episcopacy was published at London in 1593, by Christopher Baker, Queen's Printer. It is an elaborate argument in favour of bishops, written by a strong advocate of the Episcopal order.

27. A little French Catechism (fly-leaf lost)—on the Christian Faith from the French Reformed point of view. At the end are the Ten Commandments put into verse, and a tune given, the music being printed. The tune is still a well-known one to us, and goes very well with the eight verses into which the Ten Commandments are compressed. It is strange to read that old music out of this battered old book. It was published at Lyons, by Jaques Faure. Bound in vellum, quartodecimo.

28. "A Familiar Commentary on the Epistle to the Romans" in French, with one of the boards covered with French writing—probably the work of some Huguenot Protestant. Leighton spent his youth in France, and brought this and other French volumes over with him from the Continent to Newbattle.

29. "A Replye to an answer made of Dr Whitgifte, against the Admonition to the Parliament," T. C. (probably Thomas Cartwright), Hooker's opponent. The book, at any rate—which is a hot one against bishops and archbishops, proving them unscriptural to the author's complete satisfaction, and treating Archbishop Whitgifte's arguments, on their behalf, in the most scornful manner,—is thoroughly in Cartwright's style and spirit.

30. A Work on Astrology, Physiognomy, Cheiromancy, and kindred arts. This is one of the most curious books in the collection, being full of woodcuts and designs of all kinds. The astrological section gives rules for sketching your life-history by the stars on the shortest notice, and on the most approved principles; that on Cheiromancy teaches the reader how to tell fortunes from the palm—scores of illustrations being given of variously contorted palms. The chapters on Physiognomy are particularly rich. The volume really consists of two works, of which exact details are appended:—

- (1) Johannes Hofferinus, Justingensis: De Compositione aut Fabricâ Astrolabii ejusdemque usu multifariisque utilitatibus.

Moguntise: Petrus Jordan: 1535. Fol.

Before the title page are 8 leaves:

(1) Preliminary title with woodcut of Time.

(2, 3, 4) Dedication by Petrus Jordan to Ferdinand, King of the Romans.

(4-8) Index.

"Prima Pars. de Fabricâ" extends to f. 30, recto.

"Secunda Pars. de Usu": f. 30 obv.—f. 77 obv. The last Prop. is No. 45.

Leaf at the end with emblems of Fortune within an architectural framework, and the colophon.

The work appears to have been first published at Oppenheim 1512-13, fol. 2nd Edition, Oppenheim 1524, fol.

- (2) Johannes ab Indagine: Introductiones apotelesmaticoe in Chyromantiam, Physiognomiam, &c.:

Argentorati: Joh. Schottus 1541. Fol.

Title-page with portrait of author.

p.p. 3-62. Chiromantia: 36 woodcuts of hands, and 6 of planets.

—63-76. Physiognomia: 22 heads.

—77-81. Periaxiomata de faciebus signorum.

—82-89. Canones œgritudinum.

—89-119. Astrologia naturalis.

—119-130. De judicio complexionum.

Leaf at end, with arms of the author on the front, and of the printer (Schottus) at the back.

The book appears to have been first published in 1522: at Strasburg in folio, and at Frankfort in 12mo. 3rd Edition, Strasburg 1531, folio. There are also later editions. English translation by Fabian Withers, London, Purforte, 1575.

Another relic of Leighton of great interest is preserved in the National Museum, and now exhibited. It is a copy of the Solemn League and Covenant, in the usual printed form (Edinburgh, 1643), which cost the parish the sum of 4/, and contains on the blank leaves at the end the signatures of the minister, heritors, and parishioners of Newbattle in October, 1643.

It may be repeated that the present parish church of

ARCHBISHOP LEIGHTON AND HIS NEWBATTLE LIBRARY.

Newbattle, of date 1727, is built of the old Abbey stones, many of which can still be traced in the walls and tower. At the dissolution of the monastery, the Abbey Church was pulled down, and rebuilt about 200 yards off. This was Leighton's church. In 1726 it was again shifted another 200 yards off, and the same old Abbey stones were built up again for the third time. Though the present church, therefore, is not Leighton's, the stones once heard his voice, and the monastic voices of earlier days. Part of the present manse of Newbattle is the old parsonage of the good Archbishop; his dining-room, bedroom, and study are small, quaint rooms, and on the outside stepped gable is the inscription, — "*Evangelio et Posteris.*" The London coaches ran past the end of his house in the olden days, and made their first stoppage after leaving Edinburgh at the ancient "*Sign of the Sun*" Inn, which is still standing, — a most interesting old building facing the gates of Newbattle House. The window of Leighton's parlour looks out on beautiful woodlands, and on the old inn which may have suggested to him his wish to die in an inn. Shenstone at a later day voiced this wish in his well-known verse, scratched on a window in the old Red Lion Inn at Henley with a diamond :—

"Who'er has travelled life's dull round,
Where'er his wanderings may have been,
Will sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an inn."

THE STORY OF THE NEWBATTLE COMMUNION PLATE.

NEWBATTLE parish has had three successive churches, — first, the Abbey; then Archbishop Leighton's church, now a burying vault; and our present fabric, which dates from 1727. The earliest mention of the communion plate is in connection with Alfred, the second Abbot of Newbattle, who in 1159 furnished the monastery with several silver vessels and a richly-embossed silver chest to contain articles of peculiar value and sacredness.

Then there is a dead silence of two hundred years, during which we hear nothing of the altar vessels and plate of the great monastery, though it is quite certain that these must have been largely augmented from royal and princely sources. It was the mediæval custom to commemorate any great benefit or deliverance by a gift to the altar.

In 1385 Richard II. and his uncle, John of Gaunt, invaded Scotland, and in their fiery progress northwards wrecked the finest abbeys and churches of the country, up to Edinburgh. The old Scottish bard, Wyntoun, in the chapter entitled, "When Richard, King of England, burned abbaies in Scotland," describing these ravages, says:—

With all their men the way they took
To Scotland, and at Melrose lay:
And there they burnt up that abbey
Dryburgh and Newbottle, they twa,
Untill their way they burned also.
Of Edinburgh The Kirk burnt they.

Thus Newbattle Abbey and the Cathedral of St. Giles' ("The Kirk of Edinburgh," as it was always called) shared the same cruel fate from the same ruthless hands. So great, indeed, was the havoc done to the latter that the Town Council and Guilds of Edinburgh all contributed handsome sums towards its restoration. Newbattle Abbey was burned to the ground, and its lofty towers and spires levelled with the dust; even its farms and granges were fired. Some of the monks

THE STORY OF THE NEWBATTLE COMMUNION PLATE.

were taken prisoner, and the few who were allowed to remain among the smoking ruins were obliged to sell twenty-nine massive chalices, besides all the other silver-plate and sacred altar ornaments, in order to get food. Thus the accumulated treasures of more than two centuries were scattered and irreparably lost. In the course of a few years the monastery was rebuilt and furnished anew with altar vessels, of less worth and splendour, however, than of old.

On the 30th of September, 1390,—five years after the dreadful havoc,—Sir James Douglas, of Dalkeith, made a will bequeathing to the Monastery of Newbattle, amongst other property, “a splendid jewel,” twelve silver dishes, and other plate, on condition that his body were interred beside that of his wife in the monastic cemetery,—now the marquessial gardens,—where, besides a host of ecclesiastical dignitaries, several royal personages sleep.

In 1479 Abbot John, desirous of perpetuating his memory, adorned the conventual buildings and furnished the altars with several rich chalices and ornaments.

Again the old place had trial of fire; the English destroyer came up once more in his hands in 1550, under the Earl of Hertford, and wrecked the Abbey; but history is altogether silent as to the fate of the gold and silver vessels. Although even then the Church was growing corrupt, and ripening for the great upheaval of the Reformation, there were still those who took pleasure in the old Abbey stones, blackened with English smoke, and to whom her very dust was dear; and with loving hands the old pile was reared again, and the voice of devotion was heard once more in the land. And then the Reformation came, and Mark Ker, the last Abbot, became the first Baron of Newbattle; the monks, old and young, were driven away, and their home was transformed into the mansion-house.

And here all traces of the plate are lost; in the troubles of the time many of the Scottish priests and monks fled to France, and to-day, in the Scots College at Paris, there are several of the ancient Scottish communion vessels,—amongst others, some of those of Glasgow Cathedral.

After the Reformed Church of Scotland was fairly organised, laws were enacted requiring every church to furnish itself with “large silver cups” for the communion wine, and large

plates for the bread. Almost all the old parish churches of the land possess these original vessels still,—which are all of the same general pattern,—large bowls on carved pedestals. They are, as a rule, of the purest silver, and are not moulded, but hammered into shape,—the marks of the hammer being still quite distinct. Such churches as Trinity College, Old Greyfriars', and St. Giles', in Edinburgh, still possess these original Reformation cups. Our cups and other sacramental plate are not of so early a date. Up till 1646 the Dalkeith plate was borrowed for sacramental occasions, and in the old session records are frequent entries of gratuities to the "Dalkeith belman," evidently for carriage. But in that year our Newbattle parishioners made a gift of plate to the Church.

The following is the entry in the Session Records regarding the gift of communion plate to Newbattle in 1646:—"Record of wescheles (vessels) and such like that pertain to the parosch of Newbattle, 1646. 29 May. The whilk day was given by Robert Porteous younger a silver cup for service to the Kirk. Likewise by Alexander Kaitnes, another of the same fashcion. Likewise by Patrick Ileis (Ellis) of Southsyde."

These are the vessels which the parish now possesses. They are of chaste and beautiful pattern; the marks of the hammer are quite distinct on the bowl, and on each of them are inscribed the words, "For the Kirk of Newbotl,"—the proper name being spelt differently on each of them.

For more than a century these four cups and other vessels were in constant use, when, in 1732, one of the cups was lost. There was a mystery about its disappearance, and for a whole year its fate and whereabouts were unknown. In 1733 it was found at Newcastle, and brought back damaged. The repair of it cost £6, 6s., half of which was charged to "James Wilson, the beadle." The marks of these repairs are still quite noticeable.

Ever since, these chalices have been used at every sacrament regularly,—all through two centuries,—up to November, 1885. Their beautiful pattern has been much admired, and copies of them have been executed. Their money value is very great, the silver being of the purest; a point on which our pious forefathers were most scrupulous,—that only the best should be given to God. At present they are worth more than their weight in shillings.

At a meeting of the Royal Scottish Society of Antiquaries, held in Edinburgh some years ago, a paper was read by Sheriff Macpherson on "Certain Communion Cups from Duirinish, Skye." A large collection of communion chalices,—about a hundred in all,—were on exhibition to illustrate the subject. It was a strange and touching sight. Cups from the Orkney Islands, from the distant Western Isles, from town and country—all stood together, probably for the first time in their history, and very likely for the last, as the trouble of procuring the vessels must have been enormous. One Orkney minister carried his plate with his own hands over land and water until the Scottish mainland was reached, when he delivered it up into responsible hands. Many of the cups were similar in shape to the Newbattle type, which was the prevalent shape of the period, and is seen in the cups of St. Giles', St. Cuthbert's, &c. Others were more of the wine-glass shape. Others were set on tall, tapering pedestals, richly adorned, these being as a rule pre-Reformation vessels. Two or three were just big silver tumblers; while some from the far north were made of horn, with a narrow silver edging. The Newbattle cups received special mention as next in historical interest after a magnificent silver-gilt chalice, three hundred years old. Their association with Leighton was specially referred to.

A word may here be said about the Newbattle baptismal plate,—which consists of a massive solid silver jug and basin. They were bought on March 20, 1681, the basin weighing "36 oz. 14 drops, at £3, 12s. Scots the oz." Round the edge of the jug are the words, "Repent and be baptised every one of you, for the remission of sins."

On October 12, 1679, four flagons of two pint apiece were bought, costing nine pounds Scots each.

These sacramental vessels were all used in that older Newbattle church which succeeded the Abbey as a parish sanctuary, but which is now almost obliterated, save for the small part of it used as a vault for the house of Lothian. It will ever be something to remember and be proud of, that they were handled and drunk out of by Leighton,—according to Principal Tulloch and Professor Flint, "the greatest saint that Scotland has had since the Reformation."

These ancient chalices are thus not without a history of their own; when rubbed, like Aladdin's lamp, the spirit of the

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past comes out and stands face to face with us. They were touched by the lips of Leighton; out of them the forefathers of the present families of Newbattle tasted the wine in which, year by year, they anew pledged themselves to Christ; they were probably out on the moors at the Covenanting communions on the Pentlands, so vividly portrayed in the well-known engraving. In 1888 a fifth cup was added as a memorial from the Newbattle congregation to the late Rev. Dr Thomas Gordon (minister of Newbattle). A sixth cup was recently presented by Mr and Mrs Ebenezer Dawson of Glenesk, Dalkeith, uniform in pattern, style, silver, and weight with the ancient vessels which have stood the wear and tear of time so wonderfully.

CHRONICLE OF THE CLERGY OF NEWBATTLE.

FROM 1140 A.D., when the Abbey of St. Mary, Newbattle, was founded, until 1560, there were 36 abbots, the chronicle of whose doings is briefly recorded in the Chartulary of the Abbey, preserved in the Advocates' Library in Edinburgh. From 1560,—the year of the Reformation,—until to-day, there have been 28 parish clergymen, and the full list is here given, with a few historical notes under each name.

RALPH, 1140 or 1141. A youth from Melrose. A legendary vision of the Evil One is recorded of him.

ALFRED, 1159. Who greatly improved the Abbey, and died 17th October, 1179.

HUGH, 1179. Famous throughout Scotland as a "settler of controversies." Resigned 1201.

ADAM, 1201. "Master of Converts." Resigned 1213.

ALAN, 1213. Formerly sub-prior of Melrose.

RICHARD, 1214. Formerly cellarer of the house.

ADAM DE HALCARRES, 1216. Formerly cellarer, afterwards Abbot of Melrose.

RICHARD, 1218. Master of Converts.

RICHARD, 1220. Received Alexander II. on 19th May, 1223; his Queen lies buried at Newbattle, as well as that of David II.

CONSTANTINE, 1230. Resigned 1236.

RODGER, 1236. From Melrose; cellarer there; afterwards went to France.

WILLIAM, 1256. Acquired for Abbey properties in Leith and Greenside.

ADAM, 1259. From Melrose; afterwards Abbot of Melrose.

GUIDO, 1261. The porter.

PATRICK, 1269-72.

WALTER, 1272.

WALDEVE, 1273. Cellarer at Melrose; "He departed to the Lord, leaving his house in full peace, and excellent condition."

JOHN, 1275. Did homage to Edward I. in prison. His seal is in Westminster Abbey Chapter-house.

GERVASE, 1312. Sat in Scotch Parliament at Cambuskenneth 1314, and Ayr, 1315; present at Bannockburn, where several churchmen fought, and the Abbot of Inchaffray blessed Bruce and the Scottish army.

WILLIAM, 1328. Got privileges from Melville.

ANDREW, 1330. Commissioner for Pope.

WILLIAM, 1350. Commissioner for Pope regarding Paisley Abbey.

HUGH, 1360. Monastery burned by English under Richard II. and John of Gaunt.

NICHOLAS, 1390. Abbey restored. 80 monks and 70 lay brethren.

JOHN GUGY, 1402.

WILLIAM MANUEL, 1413.

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WILLIAM HYREOT, 1458.

PATRICK MEADOW, B.D., 1460. Royal Commissioner for holding and continuing Parliament.

JOHN CRECHTOUNE, 1470. Abbey at height of its magnificence. In Glasgow University records he is referred to (1474)—“A venerable father in Christ, John Crechtune, Abbot of the Monastery of Neubotil”; and, in the same year, “Patrick Sluthman, a monk, of his convent.”

JOHN, 1479. Greatly adorned Abbey. In his reign America was discovered.

ANDREW, 1494.

JOHN, 1512. (Entertained James V. 22nd April, 1526.) The King granted the monks Prestongrange, where they shipped their coals. Morison's Haven is their old port, as the “Salters' Road” is their old highway to the sea.

EDWARD SHEWILL, 1526. Grants feu-charter for Craighouse lands to Hugh Douglas.

JAMES, 1531. Developed coal working at Newbattle. Contracts with Dunfermline monks regarding Prestongrange workings. The Newbattle abbots' residences at Inveresk are still standing,—now called Halkston House and Inveresk Lodge, containing crypts, chambers, and subterranean passages. Prestongrange Salt Works and Salters' Road.

JOHN, 1540.

JOHN HASWELL, 1542. Abbey burned by the English under Earl of Hertford. The Abbey was never quite rebuilt again. Remained Abbot till 1547.

MARK KER, 1547. (Son of Sir Andrew Ker of Cessford.) Reformation, 1560. Mark Ker made Commendator.

After the dissolution of the monastery, a period of irregularity seems to have set in, and, as all over Scotland, worship was neglected, morals deteriorated, and religion languished. In many cases the doors of the Parish Churches remained closed for years. In Knox's “First Book of Discipline,” it was laid down,—“To the churches where no minister can be had presently, must be appointed the most apt men that distinctly can read the common prayers and the Scriptures, to exercise themselves and the church till they grow to greater perfection; and in process of time, he who is but a reader may attain to a further degree, and by consent of the church and discreet ministers, may be permitted to minister the Sacraments, but not before he is able somewhat to persuade by wholesome doctrine besides his reading, and be admitted to the ministry” (iv. 5). As showing the difficulty of obtaining suitable clergymen after the Reformation, it is interesting to note that in 1567 the Rev. William Knox, nephew of John Knox, the Reformer, was appointed to minister at Cockpen, in the old church now ruined, and at the same time to have pastoral charge of Carington, Temple, and Clerkington (now part of Temple) parishes. The first settled minister after the Reformation of 1560 was ADAM FOULIS, who in 1570 was translated to Newbattle

from Heriot. In 1573 ROBERT WILSON was translated from Dalkeith to Newbattle. In 1583 JOHN HEREIS was translated from Ormiston to Newbattle. In 1606 ALEXANDER AMBROSE, M.A., was minister. In 1615 JOHN AIRD, M.A., became minister, having been translated from Newton. The old part of the present manse was built in 1625. During his incumbency there were eight or nine hundred communicants in the church, though, of course, then the parish was without *quoad sacra* churches, and the Newbattle sacrament was a great occasion, not only for the parish, but the district. The "Tent" was erected in the old historic churchyard, and immense gatherings of people assembled from all parts to participate in the solemnities. In these days neighbouring churches were closed when a Sacrament was celebrated, and the ministers and people of their churches journeyed to the place where the Communion was dispensed, many people taking Communion on successive Sundays in different churches. Doubtless a good deal of what Burns wrote sarcastically regarding the "Holy Fair" was true, and farm servants in those days of few holidays used to stipulate, on taking arles, for the "Dalkeith Fair" and "Newbattle Sacrament" as days of freedom. The large table-shaped tombstone in the churchyard which covers the ashes of the Welshes (Carlyle's relations) is still pointed out as having been used on these occasions as a table for refreshments. These traditions may be taken for what they are worth. This Mr Aird did much in Newbattle in his time for the cause of education, there being at his induction "no satled schole" in the parish. Through his exertions, Knox's great idea of a school in every parish as well as a church, was carried out in Newbattle. He was a man "eminent for grace and gifts, faithfulness and success." As showing the social state of Scotland at the time, it has come down in writing that he had "six silver spoons, twa silver tassies, and some broken silver work." Mark Carse, the famous "Laird of Cockpen," was his intimate friend, and also the Rev. John Knox, minister of Cockpen, grand-nephew of the Reformer and son of the first reformed parson of Cockpen. The "funeral bell," with its iron bone-shaped handle, which used to summon Newbattle parishioners to funerals, still exists, and bears the initials, "1616. M.J.A."—"Minister, John Aird." The Rev. ANDREW CANT, M.A., succeeded Mr Aird in 1639: he was trans-

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lated from Pitsligo, but remained at Newbattle only three years. He was one of the most uncompromising of the Covenanters, and forms a notable figure during the reigns of Charles I. and II. It was he who was sent by the "tables" (as the Convention of the National Party was designated, in opposition to the Royalists) to Aberdeen to induce the inhabitants to sign the Covenant, and, along with a few others, zealously promoted the Covenanting cause in the north, where Episcopacy was strong. On August 30th, 1640, he was with the army when the Scots obtained possession of Newcastle, and by request of the army preached in one of the churches of that city. He loved nothing better than to declaim from the pulpit against kings and magistrates, and though often taken to task both by civil and ecclesiastical courts, they had in the end to give in to this determined, dogged Presbyterian minister, who feared and cared for nobody. In 1640 he was appointed one of the ministers of Aberdeen, and left Newbattle, and while in the northern metropolis he ruled the church with a rod of iron. Many amusing stories are told of him. The Aberdeen people (never very keen for the Covenant) disliked him very much, and would not come out to church in the afternoon to hear him, contenting themselves with "half-day hearing." As a retaliation, and in order to compel them to come out a second time, he abstained from giving the congregation the blessing at the close of morning worship, and so, in order to receive the benediction, they were forced to appear at the afternoon service. It is also related that one Sunday afternoon during the sermon, a number of children made a considerable noise outside the old church of St. Nicholas where he was preaching, and Mr Cant, getting at last exasperated, rushed out of the pulpit and so through the congregation into the open-air, where he engaged in a vigorous chase after the ingenuous youth of the city where Jews cannot flourish, and having dispersed them, returned to the pulpit, and taking up the thread of his discourse where he had stopped it, finished his sermon. It is related that the people "marvelled greatly." He was strongly opposed to both Charles I. and II., and often preached before the Scots Parliament. At the Restoration in 1660 he was charged with sedition, and was obliged to resign his ministry at Aberdeen. Addison in the "Spectator" says (No. 147) that the word "cant" was derived from this minister's name, whom he de-

scribes as an "illiterate man." Cant's son became afterwards (1772) Episcopalian Bishop at Edinburgh, a repetition of the Leighton incident, where the Presbyterian father and martyr gave his son as a bishop.

In 1641, after Mr Cant's translation to Aberdeen, ROBERT LEIGHTON was ordained minister of Newbattle, December 16th. On that day "Mr Jhone Knox," nephew of the Reformer, preached before a large congregation gathered within the old church (of which only a fragment remains in the "Lothian Vault") a sermon on Hebrews xiii. 17,—"*Obey them that have the rule over you and submit yourselves: for they watch for your souls as they that must give account: that they may do it with joy and not with grief.*" The ecclesiastical steps connected with Leighton's election are recorded in the records of the Presbytery of Dalkeith, as follows:—

"Dec. 2, 1641. Compeared ye parishioners of Newbottle and testified their accepting Mr Robert Lichtounne to be their minister."

"Dec. 7, 1641. Returned Mr Robert Lichtounne his two theses [*i.e.* trial sermons]: endorsed. Compeared ye parishioners of Newbottle and accepted."

"Dec. 16. Admission Mr Robert Lichtounne. Whilk day (being appointed for ye admission of Mr Robert Lichtounne) preached Mr Jhone Knox: Hebrews 13, 17. Whilk day after sermon, Mr Jhone Knox put to Mr Robert Lichtounne and ye parishioners of Newbottle, sundry questions, competent to ye occasion, and after imposition of hands and ye solemne prayer, was admitted minister at Newbottle. Absent Mr James Porteous, elder. Mr Robert Rodger to intimate on Sunday next ye translation."

The following list of some of the members of Dalkeith Presbytery, while Leighton was at Newbattle, has been gathered together out of the dim and faded pages of the Presbytery Records, written in curious twisted hands, and the ink faded away with two and a half centuries of age:—

Rev. Andro Cant.

Rev. Oliver Colt (Inveresk).

Rev. Hew Campbell.

Rev. John Knox.

Rev. Wm. Calderwood.

Rev. Patrick Sibbald.

Rev. J. Gillies (previously Bishop of Argyle), Lasswade.

Revs. Adam and Gideon Penman; Mr Robert Couper; Mr James Porteous, elder at Newbattle (this James Porteous was a bailie in Newbattle, and presented one of the four silver Communion cups gifted to the church during Leighton's ministry. He was the ancestor of the famous Dr Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London, whose work on Christian evidences is still a standard one. It is believed his family came to this district originally from Jamaica); John Logan; James and Alexander Rotson, elders.

Archbishop Leighton's family motto was "Light on"; and the life-principle of this old Newbattle minister was (to

quote a few of his own sentences which deserve to be written in letters of gold), "Print in thine heart the image of Jesus Christ crucified,—the impression of His humility, poverty, mildness, and all His holy virtues. Let thy thoughts of Him turn into affection and thy knowledge into love." "Good words do more than hard speeches, as the sunbeams without any noise will make the traveller cast off his cloak, which all the blustering winds could not do, but only make him bind it closer to him." "It is not the gilded paper and good writing of a petition that prevails with a king, but the moving sense of it. And to that King who discerns the heart, heart-sense is the sense of all, and that which He only regards; He listens to hear what that speaks, and takes all as nothing where that is silent. All other excellence in prayer is but the outside and fashion of it; this is the life of it."

A full life of the good Archbishop is given elsewhere; and here we only give a few extracts from the session-records of the parish, written during his incumbency:—

"1643. 28 May. Mair to Robert Porteous to buy ane cave, to keip our Communion wyne in—£13 : 10s.

"For carrying cave from Edinburgh—6s.

"24 Septr. Given out of the collections for ane psalme-book to serve the kirk, and for binding the Bybill—£3 : 15s.

"22 Oct. Given for the Covenant—4s.

"10 Dec. Mair for the subscribing (subscribing) of the Covenant, to the Reidar that subscrivit for thes that could not subscrivye themselves—£1 : 10s : 4.

"1664. May 5. Given to ane Hungarian scholler—£2 : 13 : 4."
[This must have been some poor student from Hungary whom Leighton took by the hand and helped.]

"18 Aug. Given to a daft man—4s.

"1645. 10 March. Glas windows for the kirk—£90.

"1 June. Mair to the fishars' wyffes (often entered)—£1 : 13 : 4.

"1 June. Mair to the Egyptians (gipsies)—16s. 8d.

"20 Aug. Mair for aill to the seik—£1 : 13 : 4."

ALEXANDER DICKSON, M.A., succeeded Leighton in 1653, after the latter had left Newbattle to become Principal of Edinburgh University. He was the son of Dr David Dickson, Professor of Divinity in Edinburgh University, and after a few years' service in the holy ministry at Newbattle, he himself was called to be Professor of Hebrew in the same University as his father, in 1657. His father was a remarkable figure in Scottish history, having been a persecuted Covenanter, banished and deprived, and having also taken a leading part in the famous Glasgow Assembly of 1638. He, along with Henderson and Calderwood, prepared the "Directory for Public

Worship," and "The Sum of Saving Knowledge." He is more especially famous as the author of the beautiful hymn, "O mother dear, Jerusalem!" which may have been an echo of the Elizabethan priest's poem, "Jerusalem, my happy home." At any rate, both of these and all the other hymns of this type (and there are several) are begotten of an ancient Latin hymn of the eighth century which appeared during the pontificate of Urban VIII.,—the hymn for the dedication of a church,—"*Urbs beata Jerusalem*," or "*Caelestis urbs Jerusalem*,"—a grand old rugged hymn of the early Latin Church, of which Dr Dickson gave the following general rendering:—

- "O mother dear, Jerusalem!
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?
O happy harbour of God's saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil!
- "In thee no sickness is at all,
No hurt nor any sore;
There is no death, or ugly sight,
But life for evermore.
No dimmish clouds o'ershadow thee,
No dull nor darksome night;
But every soul shines as the sun,
For God himself gives light.
- "There lust nor lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, thirst, nor heat,
But pleasure every way.
Jerusalem! Jerusalem!
Would God I were in thee,
O that my sorrows had an end,
Thy joys that I might see.
- "No pains, no pangs, no grieving grief,
No woeful sight is there,
No sigh, no sob, no cry is heard,
No well-away! no fear!
Jerusalem the city is
Of God our King alone,
The Lamb of God, the light thereof,
Sits there upon His throne!
- "O God, that I Jerusalem
With speed may so behold;
For why? The pleasures there abound
With tongue cannot be told.
Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
With jasper, pearl and chrysolite
Surpassing pure and fine.

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"Thy houses are of ivory,
Thy windows crystal clear,
Thy streets are laid with beaten gold,
Where angels do appear;
Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamond square,
Thy gates are made of Orient pearl.
O God! if I were there!

"There David sings with harp in hand,
As master of the queir;
A thousand times that man were blest
That might his music hear;
There Mary sings Magnificat
With tunes surpassing sweet,
And all the virgins bear their part,
Singing about her feet.

"There love and charity doth reign,
And Christ is all in all;
Whom they most perfectly behold
In glory spiritual.
They love, they praise, they praise, they love,
They 'Holy, holy' cry;
They neither toil nor faint nor end,
But laud continually.

"O passing happy were my state
Might I be worthy found
To wait upon my God and King
His praises there to sound!
With cherubims and seraphims
And holy souls of men,
To sing Thy praise, O God of hosts,
For ever and amen."

It is interesting to think that Leighton's first act on going to be Principal of Edinburgh University, was to send the promising son of his colleague in the University Chair of Divinity to be his successor at Newbattle. Doubtless he got the appointment through Leighton's influence.

1657. During a period of national confusion, when the Covenanting struggle was at its height, calls were made to several ministers to fill Mr Dickson's office—amongst others to *HEW ARCHIBALD*, who, however, was rejected for vitiating his testimonial. He however served the cure for some time.

1660. *GEORGE JOHNSTON*, A.M., was translated from the parish of Lochrutton to Newbattle. His was, however, a most troubled ministry owing to the fierce contest between Covenanters and Episcopalians. On 11th June, 1662, he was deprived of his office by Parliament and ceased to be minister, being a determined Covenanter. In 1679 he was seized for preaching at Covenanting conventicles, and on refusing to desist was confined to the parish of Borthwick.

1663. *ARCHIBALD CHEISHOLM*, M.A., son of Walter C. Cheisholm, bailie of Dunblane, was appointed curate or minister of Newbattle, the Church of Scotland being Episcopal since the Restoration of the Stuarts in 1660. Leighton was at this time Bishop of Dunblane, and probably through his great influence, this son of

- the Dunblane bailie was made incumbent of Newbattle. From this date the "Book of Common Prayer" was regularly used in the church. Cheisholm was in 1667 translated to Corstorphine.
1667. ALEXANDER MALCOLM succeeded him, having been translated from the Edinburgh Tolbooth Parish. In 1681 he was translated to Greyfriars', Edinburgh (Episcopalian). During his incumbency a disastrous fire took place at Newbattle. In the Session Records of Cockpen this sentence occurs :—" 1675, December 26th. This day a collection intimate for the people who had their houses burnt at Newbattle, and the people exhorted to have it in readiness against Friday next, and the elders would come to their several houses to receive it."
1681. ARCHIBALD DOUGLAS, M.A., was translated from Newton to succeed Mr Malcolm. (Episcopalian.)
1682. ANDREW AUCHINLECK, M.A., was translated from the parish of Denino to succeed Mr Douglas. (Episcopalian.)
1687. GEORGE JOHNSTON, A.M., (above-mentioned), returned to Newbattle on the overthrow of Episcopacy, and was, after the "rabbling of the curates," restored as minister of Newbattle, the Church of Scotland having then adopted Presbytery as its church polity. Liberty was given to Presbyters who had been ousted by the Stuart bishops to return to their old charges, and, after all his vicissitudes, Johnston came back to his former incumbency at Newbattle. Shortly after he was translated to Edinburgh.

The Covenanters have left an indelible mark in this district. The martyred Argyle lay in the Newbattle vault for two months after his execution, under the care of the Earl of Lothian, whose sympathies were so strongly with the Covenant. The George Johnston referred to was minister of Newbattle in 1660, was deprived by Parliament in 1662, and in 1679 restored to Newbattle : seized again for preaching at Conventicles and confined in Borthwick Castle in 1670 : after his liberation, he was several times arrested during the Covenanting struggle. In 1687 he was restored to Newbattle and returned thither on liberty being given to Presbyterianism. He was afterwards translated to Greyfriars, Edinburgh, and the life of this strong Covenanting leader forms an interesting chapter in history. In 1684, Mr Macgeorge, minister of Heriot, was imprisoned for his Covenanting views. Rullion Green has its vivid memories of battle and blood, and of Hugh M'Kail and James Renwick, the last martyr of the Covenant. James Guthrie spent a night in Newbattle manse on his way to his execution in Edinburgh. Away up in the Pentlands at "Roger's Kirk" a wounded refugee from the battle of Rullion Green, belonging to Ayrshire, finding refuge at Blackhill House, expressed a wish to die "within sight of the Ayrshire hills." He was taken up the glen of the west water, and died within sight of his native county. A tombstone stands to his memory with this inscription,—“ Sacred to the memory of a

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Covenanter who fought and was wounded at Rullion Green, November 28, 1666, and who died at Oaken Bush the day after the battle, and was buried here by Adam Sanderson of Blackhill."

The records of the Presbytery of Dalkeith are very incomplete during the quarter of a century of the Covenanting struggle, as are also those of the kirk-sessions of the district. An original copy of the "Solemn League and Covenant" hangs in Newbattle House, and the Earl of Lothian, like Argyle, was a keen Covenanter, and his name is adhibited to it.

At Rullion Green the late Lord President Inglis of Woodhouselee, close by, had the memorial to the Covenanting martyrs, who fell in the "Pentland Rising," restored. The inscription is as follows:—

"A cloud of witnesses lie here,
Who for Christ's interests did appear,
For to restore true liberty
O'er turned them by tyranny;
These heroes fought with great renown,
By falling got the martyr's crown."

Hugh M'Kail was the most prominent of the leaders, and took refuge at Goodtrees, now Moredun, where a party of dragoons followed him up. He was apprehended on the Braid Hills, and hanged at Edinburgh Cross, amid the tears of the Scottish people, after addressing the assembly with touching affection and rapturous confidence.

Andrew Gillon, a Covenanter who suffered at the Edinburgh gallows in 1683, is buried near St. Andrews. He was accused of complicity in the murder of Archbishop Sharp, and took refuge in the Bilston glen with Mrs Umpherston. Gillon was first imprisoned in Dalkeith prison, and then in the Edinburgh Tolbooth, and chained to a thick bar of iron still to be seen in the Antiquarian Museum, Edinburgh. He was hanged at Edinburgh Cross on Friday, 20th July, 1683. His brother, Robert, married a Maggie Marr, and her name still survives in the designation of a field on Hardengreen Farm in Cockpen parish, which is still called "Maggie Marr's field." ["Andrew Gillon: a Tale of the Scottish Covenanters," by John Strathesk.]

1688. JOHN MOSMAN succeeded him. He seems to have been a Presbyterian minister very much after the bigoted, vicious type, satirized in "Scotch Presbyterian Eloquence Displayed." Indeed, in that book of terrible stories, prefixed by the most laughable satirical picture ever drawn, Mosman several times is held up to

ridicule. A good story is there told of him how at his induction sermon he gave out as his text,—“I am the Good Shepherd,” and from that motto drew an edifying picture of the relations which ought and were to subsist between pastor and people. “Now, brethren,” said this Boanerges, “I am going to be the shepherd and you are to be the sheep”; “and this Bible,” he said, holding up the bulky pulpit volume, “will be my tar-bottle, for I’ll mark you all with it.” Then, bending over the edge of his preaching-tub, he touched the precentor on the head and said, “Thomas, you’ll be the dowg.” “Deil a bit of your dowg will I be, minister,” cried the offended chief-musician looking up indignantly out of his singing-barrel. “O Thomas,” said the divine in his most soothing accents, “I spake mystically.” “Ah but, sir, retorted the unabashed son of Asaph, “ye spake mischievously!” Several good stories are told of this estimable divine, who spoke of David in the pulpit as “a wee mannikin, who with a slingie and a stonie brought that grate muckle giant Goliath to the ground.” He refused to pray for the King and Queen; ordered to appear before the Estates.

1695. ROBERT SANDILANDS succeeded.

1705. CHARLES CAMPBELL succeeded.

1721. ANDREW MITCHELL succeeded. During his incumbency the present parish church was re-built (1727), the same old Abbey stones being used for the second time ‡

1739. WILLIAM CREECH succeeded.

1746. JAMES WATSON. Relatives still living.

1754. GEORGE SHEPHERD. Relatives still living.

1779. WILLIAM PAUL. Went to St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

1786. JAMES BROWN. “Who greatly excelled as a preacher, and in 1794 built the beautiful village of Eskbank.” (Hew Scott's “Fasti”).

1813. JOHN THOMSON. Published “The constraining Power of the Love of Christ” (1839), which was greatly admired. Memorial in Church.

1841. DR VEITCH. Translated to St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh.

1843. THOMAS GORDON, D.D. Memorial in Church.

‡ All that remains of the second church is a portion of a doorway and a vault known as the Lothian vault, in which the last Abbot is buried and many of his descendants, as the quaint inscription on the front shows—“Jean Marchioness of Lothian built this Isle in the year of our Lord 1705,” a statement which probably must be interpreted as re-building, for in all probability, after the dissolution of the monastery, when the old Abbey stones, blackened with English fire, and ruined even unto death, were removed from the old site, marked out in gravel, beside the present dwelling-house, and re-built into the church a stone-throw off as the parish church of Newbotle, a vault was prepared underneath the chancel of the re-built church, the orientation of which is exactly the same as in the old site beside the cloisters, and in it were intended to be deposited the mortal remains of the commendator's family, which was now by allowance of the Crown in temporary custody of the entire monastic property and revenues. The “building” of 1705 could only have been a “re-building,” and in 1727 the entire church was moved to the other side of the road and re-built a second time,—the old Leighton pulpit being removed along with the church and all the other ecclesiastical belongings.

WILLIAM CREECH, THE FRIEND OF BURNS.

THE first edition of Burns' poems was published at Kilmarnock in 1786, under the title of "Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect." The second appeared at Edinburgh in 1788 from the press of William Creech, afterwards Lord Provost of Edinburgh. He purchased the copyright of the poems, and all along proved himself so warm and true a friend to the poet, that some account of him needs no apology.

Creech's father was minister of the parish of Newbattle in Prince Charlie's time, and saw all the rebellions and strivings of that memorable epoch. He entered the incumbency in 1739, succeeding the Rev. Andrew Mitchell, and died in the year of the battle of Prestonpans. There are those living in Newbattle to-day whose immediate ancestors of three generations back travelled up the brow of the hill in the upland part of the parish above the Roman Camp, and seawards towards

In the previous editions of "William Creech" the following note was prefixed:—"Though he had misfortunes great and small, Robert Burns had also many kind friends, who took the young ploughman by the hand, and acknowledging the fire of his genius, helped with the material fuel. Dr Laurie, minister of Loudon,—one of the poet's earliest benefactors,—introduced him to Dr Blacklock, the blind poet and divine, whom Dr Johnson 'beheld with reverence,' and who was practically the first to reveal to Scotland the greatness of her gift. The Earl of Glencairn,—the last to hold the title,—by his generous patronage of an Ayrshire peasant, gilded his coronet with imperishable glory, and shed a parting ray of light on the dying honours of his house. Dugald Stewart not only graced the chair of moral philosophy, but stretched out a warm hand to the author of the 'Cottar's Saturday Night.' But probably the most practical and useful friend Burns ever had was 'Willie Creech,' who in song and letter is often referred to by him. It is fitting that, after nearly a century of forgetfulness, he and his father should be commemorated in the place where the former was born, and where the latter offered the sacrifice of praise. The simple sketch appended is intended to revive some of the Creech memories and traditions lingering around Newbattle and Dalkeith, and as an apology,—if such were needed,—for the erection of a brass memorial to them both in the ancient sanctuary where the father ministered, and the repair and improvement of the tombstone in the churchyard where so many generations rest quietly after the storm."

Fawside Castle, to get a view of the battle while it was in progress. So that brings things up pretty close to the present day. We do not know on which side Mr Creech's sympathies were, but there was great excitement in the big village of Newbattle, which clustered round the old church, when the news of Prestonpans spread like wildfire.

William Creech was the son of a respectable farmer in Fife, where the name is not uncommon. He was probably related to the great Cambridge scholar, Thomas Creech, who died towards the close of the seventeenth century, and who translated Lucretius into verse. Creech certainly had considerable connection with England and the English.

After studying at the University of Edinburgh, where he distinguished himself very highly, and carried off many honours, he became tutor to Mr George Cranstoun, and on August 1st, 1733, he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel by the Presbytery of Jedburgh. The reason of his being there was that he had taken to teaching in the Grammar School of Jedburgh, then one of the first educational institutions of the time, —the old grammar schools of Scotland being splendid institutions of their kind, and real nurseries of learning and genius.

The headmastership of Jedburgh Grammar School fell vacant, and he applied for it in 1734, but failed. After about four years of teaching (teaching clergymen being then quite common, for indeed the schoolmaster was then regarded as a semi-cleric, as he still is in the North of Scotland, where many of the schoolmasters are in Orders, and preach occasionally, religion and education being then more closely allied, as in the older civilisation, when the school was part of the monastic buildings, and was taught by lay brothers), he received a call to Newbattle parish on the 22nd September, 1738, and was presented to the living by the then Marquess of Lothian. After all the preliminary stages had been taken, he was ordained in the church by the reverend fathers of the Presbytery of Dalkeith, who set him apart to the holy ministry of the Church of Scotland, and to the special pastoral charge of Newbattle parish. The Rev. Mr Cavers, of Fala, preached the sermon, and addressed the newly-ordained clergyman.

He married Mary Buley, an English lady, related to Mr Quarmer, of a very old Devonshire family, several of whom held the office of Black Rod in the House of Lords, and they

had one son, William, the famous Edinburgh bookseller, and two daughters, Margaret and Marjory, who died almost in infancy, and are buried in the old churchyard.

Mr Creech died at the early age of forty, but in his short incumbency of about seven years he was eminent for gifts and graces, and as an eloquent preacher, a faithful pastor, and a highly accomplished scholar. The tombstone in the old churchyard, now very defaced, and built into the wall, gives a hint or two of his faithfulness.

A few entries in the old session-books about this date are interesting :—

"1739, June 13.—The session applied 6 shillings (Scots) sterling, to be paid to Wm. Stephenson for 3 stools made by him for setting the plates on at collections. Likewise they appointed him to make two chairs for the elders to sit on when collecting." [Probably a quaint old chair still in the church porch is the very one, and is thus a curious antiquarian relic. Possibly the collecting stools are also the ones still in use.]

"1742.—The session, considering the many abuses that happen on the Lord's Day, came to a resolution that the elders who collect shall go through the town,"—[Newbattle being then a town with two bailies, several mills, inns, and public-houses, and a large population],—"each Sabbath in time of public worship, and observe what irregularities are in the place."

"1743, May 8.—The Marquis of Lothian ordained an elder."

"1745, August 11.—Mr Creech presided at a meeting of session."

"August 21. — Mr Wm. Creech, our minister, having this day deceased, the session could not have their quarterly meeting as proposed."

Almost no particulars have come down to us of this once famous man, but he distinguished himself highly in church courts, the Presbytery and Synod books testifying to this, and he was a fine classical scholar.

The same high literary qualifications come out in his only son, William, who afterwards rose to a high position in Edinburgh, and eventually became Lord Provost. The materials regarding the son are so numerous and varied that some notice of William Creech, jun., will not be out of place.

The minister died on August 21, 1745, aged forty, and in the seventh year of his able and brilliant ministry, and Mrs Creech, with her son, retired from Newbattle to an old house in Dalkeith, probably one still standing at the entrance to the town. The Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian showed her much kindness in her bereavement. William received an excellent education at the High School under Mr Barclay, an accomplished educationist, one of the ablest and most successful teachers in Scotland at the time, who in early life had

been tutor to Lord Charles Loughborough, and Lord Leven and Melville; and so close was the tie formed at Dalkeith Academy among the boys, that for long years after "Barclay's scholars" used to meet and dine together and talk over youthful exploits of long ago. To show how excellent a teacher he was, after he had been dead forty years, no less than twenty gentlemen who had been taught by him met together, presided over by Lord Melville, to drink a toast to his memory. "These meetings," says the biographer of Creech, "are still continued, though the hand of death has struck many of them down, so that now few are left."

Young Creech was also taught there by Dr Robertson, afterwards minister of Kilmaurs, who was then tutor to the sons of Lord Glencairn, all of them boarded at Mrs Creech's house at Dalkeith; and a great friendship was struck up between the two young noblemen and young Creech, which lasted till the very end of life, and continued afterwards even among other branches of the respective families.

While at Dalkeith young William Creech showed great aptitude for conversation, and much zeal in his studies, and fine literary tastes, just like his father. Next we find him going with his mother to Edinburgh, where he was received with great kindness by many of the late Mr Creech's friends, and especially by some of the family of Kincaid. Alex. Kincaid, a highly cultured man, was then His Majesty's printer for Scotland, and Lord Provost in 1777, in which office he died. Booksellers then in Edinburgh ranked next to the aristocracy, for it was in the old days of clubs and coffee-houses, and the bookseller's shop was the great rendezvous for talent of every kind. Mrs Kincaid was granddaughter of Robert, fourth Earl of Lothian, and daughter of Lord Charles Ker, and she continued and transferred the friendship of the noble family which had previously been given so generously to the widow and son of their favourite clergyman, whose ministrations they regularly attended, sitting in the gallery still known as the "Marquis' Gallery."

Mrs Creech was acknowledged to be a woman of sound culture, having received a very high-class education in Devonshire, but what was far better, a woman of true goodness and piety and deeds; and she made it her life-work to bring her son William to follow in his father's footsteps. She was ab-

solutely successful, and Lord Provost Creech was, we are told, just the Rev. William Creech reproduced. So like was he in face and height and appearance and voice and disposition that people who saw the son said the father was back again to life. He imbibed, too, his religious and ecclesiastical and theological tastes, and took a great part in religious controversy, but always with good taste and modesty of bearing. Neither father nor son were ever known to do a mean or dishonourable thing in their every-day spheres.

Young Creech in his leisure hours as a boy used often to write sermons, and tried to imitate his father's gestures in preaching, and had quite a collection of Scripture texts written down, with notes and parallel passages and the like. From the first he was an abnormally clever boy.

At Edinburgh University he completed his studies and got great fame. Being pressed to become a doctor, he studied medicine for a time; but Mr Kincaid, the famous bookseller, had him in his eye for his business, and at last Creech became an apprentice in his bookshop, which was then the firm of Kincaid & Bell,—both excellent men, moving in the highest circles of Edinburgh society. While in their service his excellent mother died, July, 1764, and young Creech was taken home by the Kincaids to live with them for altogether, and was treated with warmest regard and affection. In 1766, still in their service, he visited London, and pushed the business, and spending a year there, qualified himself as a proficient publisher and bookseller. At the same time he cultivated the acquaintance of his relative, Mr Quarmer, one of whose house was then master of the Black Rod in the House of Lords,—and thence he passed to Holland and Paris, where he stayed a few months, returning to Edinburgh in January, 1768. In 1770, along with his old playmate, Lord Kilmaurs, the second son of Lord Glencairn (Burns' patron also), he had a tour in Holland, Switzerland, and Germany, thus enriching his mind and fitting himself for the high station in life he was afterwards to occupy. In May, 1771, the firm of Kincaid & Bell, the most celebrated Scotch publishing firm of that century, was dissolved, and Kincaid took young Creech into partnership, and thereafter the firm became "Kincaid & Creech,"—a name to be seen on scores of old Edinburgh books. This firm existed till May, 1733, when Mr Kincaid, whose duty as

Lord Provost and as King's printer engaged him very much, left the business entirely to Creech, permitting the first name to stand as before; but henceforth it was Creech's firm in the High Street of Edinburgh, in a shop built against St. Giles' Cathedral on the High Street side,—the most central and convenient part in Edinburgh. Some ill-natured people used to say that Creech owed a great deal of his success to the position of his shop, which was always before the public eye, and in the most convenient point in Edinburgh. Lord Cockburn even said so, and that it was because he was in the very thick of business and attached literally to the old cathedral, that it became a resort of all the authors and literary men of the time. It was a big house of five storeys, and one of the many built round St. Giles' Cathedral, thus ruining its stately proportions. Pictures of the fine old pile with the "booths" built up against its outside walls are still preserved in the Cathedral.

Creech, from 1773 onwards, became one of the leading citizens of Edinburgh, and his shop the great meeting-place of literary men. Lord Kames was his closest friend. He was the original publisher of the sermons of Dr Blair, the eloquent minister of St. Giles', of which Creech was a leading and interested elder, and all through a zealous and able defender of the ancient Church of Scotland, of which his father had been so distinguished a minister. Some other famous *habitues* of Creech's shop were Dr Beattie, the polished writer; Dr Cullen, and Dr Gregory, the physician; Mackenzie, the author of "The Man of Feeling"; Lord Woodhouselee; Fergusson, the poet; Reid and Dugald Stewart, the philosophers; Dr Adam of the High School; Robert Burns, and many others. He published two well-known papers, "The Mirror," one of the best magazines ever conducted, the last number of which appeared 23rd January, 1779; and "The Lounger,"—short essays and papers on current topics,—after the model of Addison's "Spectator." So much society gathered around his shop that it came to be called "The Mirror Club," and it consisted chiefly of Lord Gray, Mackenzie, Low, Cullen, Lord Bannage, George Howe, Ogilvie, &c. Mr Creech formed the Edinburgh Speculative Society, which still exists, and he gave weekly breakfasts in his room above the shop, at which all the celebrities attended, and which came to be known as "Creech's Levées."

He took a great interest in Edinburgh as a citizen, and after serving in various municipal capacities, he was, on Provost Kincaid's death, elected Lord Provost of the City, amid the congratulations of the citizens.

All through these stirring times, and all through what was a very varied and full life, he carried his father's spirit. Amid innumerable society engagements with all the *literati* and noblemen of Scotland, of whom he was the respected centre,—cheering them all with his address and delightful conversation and genial happy presence,—he never suffered anything to interfere with reading and reflection, and above all, with the regular study of the Bible and morning and evening prayers. He took a warm interest in the various religious questions of the day, and always took a reasonable, sensible, and unbiassed view. He was on very close terms of intimacy with all the Edinburgh clergy, and especially with his own distinguished minister, Dr Hugh Blair, the author of some of the most polished sermons that have ever been written. His personality was so attractive that it was this that drew so many of Scotland's cleverest sons around him. He was an inimitable story-teller, and as Provost used to keep scores of diners-out in fits of laughter with his humour, and suddenly he would change to the most pathetic and touching strain.

Burns was introduced to Creech through the Earl of Glencairn, his old mate, who recommended to him the publication of the second edition of Burns' poems, which Creech undertook, and carried to a successful issue. Burns and Creech at once became close and warm-hearted cronies, and "mony a canty day and nicht they had wi' ane anither." There are a good many of Burns' letters to Creech preserved in Cromek's "Reliques of Burns." Here is one :—

"May 13, 1787.

"MY HONOURED FRIEND,—The enclosed I have just wrote nearly extempore in a solitary inn in Selkirk after a miserable wet day's riding. I have been over most of East Lothian, Berwick, Roxburgh, and Selkirk shires, and next week I begin a tour through the north of England. Yesterday I dined with Lady Harriet (Lady Harriet Dunn, sister of the Earl of Glencairn's wife), sister to my noble patron. 'Quem deus conservet!' I could write till I would tire you as much with dull prose as I daresay by this time you are with wretched verse. But I am jaded to death, so with a grateful farewell, I have the honour to be, Good Sir, Yours Sincerely,

"ROBERT BURNS."

Here is the special poem to Creech, which Burns address-

sed to him. The occasion was Mr Creech's journey to London for a few months, and Burns' grief at his departure :—

"Auld chuckie Reekie's sair distrest,
Doon droops her ance well-burnished crest,
Nae joy her bonnie buskit nest
Can yield ava;
Her darling bird that she loe's best—
Willie's awa'!

"Oh, Willie was a witty wight,
And had o' things an unco slight,
Auld Reekie aye he keepit tight
And trig and braw;
But now they'll busk her like a fright—
Willie's awa'!

"The stiffest o' them a' he bowed;
The bauldest o' them a' he cowed;
They durst nae mair than he allowed,
That was a law;
We've lost a birkie weel worth gowd—
Willie's awa'!

"Now gawkies, tawpies, gowks and fools,
Frae colleges and boarding-schools,
May sprout like simmer puddock stools
In glen or shaw;
He who could brush them down to mools—
Willie's awa'!

"The brethren o' the commerce chaumer
May mourn their loss wi' doulfu' clamour :
He was a dictionar and grammar
Among them a';
I fear they'll now mak' mony a stammer—
Willie's awa'!

"Nae mair we see his levee door
Philosophers and poets pour,
And toothy critics by the score,
In bloody raw;
The adjutant o' a' the corps—
Willie's awa'!

"Now worthy G——s' latin face,
T——s' and G——s' modest grace,
M——e, S——t, such a brace
As Rome ne'er saw;
They a' maun meet some ither place—
Willie's awa'!

"Poor Burns, even Scotch drink canna quicken;
He cheeps like some bewildered chicken
Scar'd frae its minnie and the cleckin
By hoodie craw;
Grief's gi'en his heart an unco kickin—
Willie's awa'!

"Now every sour mou'd girnin' bellum
And Calvin's folk are fit to fell him;
Ilk self-conceived critic skellum
His quill may draw;
He wha cou'd brawly ward their bellum—
Willie's awa'!

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

"Up wimpling stately Tweed I've sped,
And Eden's scenes on crystal Jed,
And Ettrick banks now roaring red,
While tempests blaw;
But every joy and pleasure's fled—
Willie's awa'!

"May I be slander's common speech;
A text for infamy to preach;
And lastly, streekit out to bleach
In winter snaw;
When I forget thee, Willie Creech,
Tho' far awa'!

"May never wicked fortune towzle him!
May never wicked men bamboozle him!
Until a pow as auld's Methusalem
He canty claw!
Then to the blessed New Jerusalem
Fleet wing awa'! ! !"

This fine song shows a really close friendship, and yet Burns and Creech had a disagreement as to money. Creech delayed in gathering in the profits of Burns' poems, and Burns being hard up, this annoyed him, and there was a coolness for a time. However, when all was settled, Burns said "he had been quite amicable and fair." As showing, however, that there was a coolness, during the temporary estrangement Burns wrote of him as

"A little, upright, pert, tart-tripping wight,—
And still his precious self, his dear delight."

Creech had another very close friend in Baron Voght of Hamburg, who resided for some winters in Edinburgh, and in a "Journal of a Traveller," written in Germany many years after, he describes Mr Creech among the remarkable men of Scotland. "It would be a pity," says the great German, "if he should die without recovering that fund of literary anecdote which long intimacy with all the learned men of his country had furnished him with."

The chief work of Creech himself is entitled "Fugitive Pieces," a collection of sketches of different events and doings in the course of his life,—some of them giving very curious sidelights on the days and manners of Scotland a century and a half ago. For example, in one paper he draws a contrast between the state of a Scotch parish forty miles from Edinburgh in 1763 and 1783, a period of twenty years.

"Land in 1763 at 6s. an acre in that parish. In 1783 at 18s. In 1763 oxen used to plough the field; in 1783 horses. In 1763 several acres at £3 per acre; in 1783, £7 and £8. In

1763 no English cloth worn but by the minister and a Quaker. In 1783 'there are few who do not wear English cloth, and several the best superfine.' In 1763 there were only 2 hats worn in the parish,—the men wore cloth bonnets; in 1783 these were all hats and almost no bonnets. In 1763 one eight-day clock in the parish, 6 watches, and 2 tea-kettles; in 1783, 21 clocks, about 100 watches, and above 80 tea-kettles. In 1763 the people in the parish never visited each other but at times; the entertainment was broth and beef; the visits out to an ale-house for 5 or 6 pints of ale, even many doing it without ceremony. In 1783 people visited each other oftener; a few neighbours are invited to a house to dinner; six or seven dishes are set on the table elegantly dressed; after dinner a large bowl of rum punch is drunk; then tea, and another bowl; after that supper, and what is called the great drunk. In 1763 all persons in the parish attended divine worship on Sundays; there were only 4 Seceders in the parish; Sunday was regularly and religiously observed. In 1783 there is such a disregard of public worship and ordinances that few attend divine worship with that attention which was formerly given. The decay of religion and growth of vice in this parish is very remarkable within these twenty years."

Here is another of his delightful little tit-bits:—

"Abridgement of a sermon which took up an hour in delivering, from the words, 'Man is born to trouble.' 'My friends, the subject naturally falls to be divided into three heads:—1, Man's entrance into the world; 2, His progress through the world; 3, His exit from the world; and 4, Practical reflections from which may be said:—*First*, then, man came into the world naked and bare. *Second*, His progress through it is trouble and care. *Third*, His exit from it none can tell where. *Fourth*, But if he does well here, he will do well there. Now I can say no more, my brethren dear, should I preach on the subject from this time till next year. Amen.'"

He also tells how a lady can furnish a dinner at 7d for two:—

"At the top, 2 herrings	1d.
Middle dish—1 ounce and $\frac{1}{2}$ of butter melted	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Bottom dish—3 mutton chops, cut thin	2d.
One side—1 lb. of small potatoes	1d.
On other side—pickled cabbage	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Fish removed—2 larks, plenty of crumbs...	1 $\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Mutton removed—French roll boiled for pudding	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.
Parsley for garnish	$\frac{1}{2}$ d.

7d.

"This dinner was served up on china, looked light, tasty, and pretty on the table, and the dishes well proportioned. We hope each lady will keep this as a lesson. It is worth knowing how to serve up dishes consisting of fish, joint of mutton, couple of fowls, pudding, vegetables, and sauce, for sevenpence!"

Judging from the pictures, which are still in his descendants' possession, Mr Creech seems to have dined at a higher figure, and to have had a less slender appetite than for stewed lark or a boiled French roll.

On one occasion Creech received a blank letter from a Mr H. on April 1st. This was his reply:—

"I pardon, sir, the trick you've played me,
When an April fool you've made me;
Since *one day* only I appear
That you, alas! do *all the year*!"

A very pretty little poem by him is entitled:—

"A RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS"

"Travel the world and go from pole to pole,
So far as winds can blow or waters roll,
So all is vanity beneath this sun;
To silent ocean through headless paths we run.
"See the pale miser poring o'er his gold,
See the false patriot who his country sold;
Ambition's votary groans beneath the weight,
A splendid victim to the toils of state.
"Even in the mantling bowl sweet poisons glow,
And love's pursuit oft terminates in woe.
Proud learning ends her great career in doubt,
And, puzzled still, makes nothing clearly out.
"Where, then, is earthly bliss? where does it grow?
Know, mortal, happiness dwells not below.
Look up to heaven, for heaven is daily care,
Spurn the vile earth and seek thy treasure there.
Nothing but God,—and God alone,—you'll find
Can fill a boundless and infinite mind."

To a gentleman who complained of having lost his gold watch, he rather quaintly wrote:—

"Fret not, my friend, or peevish say
Your fate is worse than common,
For gold takes wings and flies away,
And Time will stay for no man."

Here is a curious little local sidelight about the coaches of the day:—

"In 1763 there were 2 stage coaches and three horses, a coachman and postilion to each coach, which went to the Port of Leith (1 mile and a half distant) every hour, from 8 in the morning till 8 at night, and consumed a full hour on the road. There were no other stage coaches in all Scotland, except one,

which set out once a month for London, and it took from 12 to 16 days upon the journey. In 1763 there were 5 or 6 stage coaches, which took only $\frac{1}{2}$ an hour to Leith."

"J. Dunn, who opened the magnificent hotel in the New Town, was the first person who attempted a stage coach to Dalkeith, a village 6 miles distant. There are now coaches and flies all over."

A public masquerade was first attempted in Edinburgh in March, 1786, in the following advertisement:—

"A MASQUERADE.

"J. Dunn begs to inform the nobility and gentry that there is to be a Masquerade in his rooms on Thursday, 2nd March next. The prices of tickets are 1 guinea to Gentlemen, and $\frac{1}{2}$ guinea to Ladies.

"*N.B.*—Rooms in Hotel will be set apart, and refreshments and wines, sweetmeats, &c., in the large room. A band of musicians will attend, and the whole will be conducted with the strictest regularity and decorum. No admittance on any account into the Halls, no servants into the lower part of the house."

Mr Creech wrote a paper making fun of it all, and raised a great laugh about it.

Creech gives fine pictures of the young mashers of his day, with doublets and coloured finery, and swords and buckles and embroidered waistcoats and "tonish dress."

It was at this time that the great row took place as to clergymen going to theatres and encouraging the drama. The Rev. Mr Home had written his tragedy of "Douglas," a most moral and correct play, and many clergymen went to see it acted, including "Jupiter Carlyle" of Inveresk. Thereupon the General Assembly pulled them up, and forbade clergymen to countenance the stage in any way; but in 1783 a great change had come over public feeling, and it was quite common to see the black surtout and the roll of white muslin round the neck, in a theatre stall. The whole story of the controversy regarding clerical play-writing and theatre-going is given at full length in the Autobiography of "Jupiter Carlyle," the great minister of Inveresk, who stood by Home in his difficulty, and suffered along with him.

It was in May, 1784, that Mrs Siddons first visited Edin-

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burgh. A few citizens subscribed the money and invited her to come, which she did. There was, however, a fearful row, as the subscribers very naturally insisted on front seats, and the mob of 2000 people swelled in and crushed them all up. There were 2557 applicants for 630 seats. The weather was warm, and the house exceedingly crowded, and this gave occasion for the servants of the theatre introducing a variety of refreshments into the pit and gallery. Creech wrote a humorous poem on it :—

“AN EPISTLE FROM MISS MARIA BELINDA ———, ———
STREET, EDINBURGH, TO HER FRIEND MISS LAVINA L———
AT GLASGOW.

“Each evening the playhouse exhibits a mob,
And the right of admission's turned into a job.
By five the whole pit used to fill with subscribers,
And those who had money enough to be bribers;
But the public took fire and began a loud jar,
And I thought we'd have had a Siddonian war.
The Committee met, and the lawyers' hot mettle
Began very soon to cool and to settle.
Of public resentment to blunt the keen edge
In a coop they consented that sixty they'd wedge,
And the coop's now so crammed it will scarce hold a woman,
And the rest of the pit's turned a true public-house,
With porters and pathos, with whisky and whining,
They quickly all look as if long they'd been dining.
As for Siddons herself, her features so tragic
Have caught the whole town with the force of her magic.
Her action is varied, her vision extensive,
Her eye very fine, but somewhat too pensive.
I quickly return, and am just on the wing,
And some things I'm sure that you'll like I will bring—
The sweet Siddons cap and the latest dear ogle.
Farewell till we meet,

“Your true friend,

“MARY BOGGLE.

“June 7, 1784.”

After a long and useful life, and receiving every honour which Edinburgh, and indeed Scotland, and all literature could give him, he laid him down to die. In 1815 he was suddenly seized with illness, and he sank and passed away in January, 1815, aged 70 years.

The “Edinburgh Courant” of 12th January said of him :—“His conversational talents, whether the subject was gay or serious or learned, his universal good humour and pleasantry, and his unrivalled talent in describing to a social party the peculiarities of eccentric characters,, will be long remembered by the numerous circle to whom his many pleasing qualities so long endeared him, and who so sincerely regret that he is lost to them for ever.”

He greatly resembled his father in face, figure, and disposition, and fine Raeburn paintings of him are still preserved in the family, the chief representatives of which are the Watsons. In Kay's "Edinburgh Portraits," there are many references to Creech.

The ravages of time have very nearly destroyed the last remains of his father's monument in Newbattle Churchyard. All that remains of it is a headpiece built into the south wall, with an open book and the text, Job xix., 25, and a small piece of broken sandstone below, with the words,—“ M.S.D. Gulielmi Creech, Ecclesiae apud Newbattle fidelissimi . . . pietate, prudentia ma—— . . . hominem or . . . ”

Provost Creech is buried in the Greyfriars Churchyard in Edinburgh, and a great monument, erected by the city, is to-day rotting to decay.

Creech briefly sums up his life-philosophy in these words :

“ A languid, leaden iteration reigns,
And ever must o'er those whose joys are joys
Of sense.
On lightened minds that bask in virtue's beams
Nothing hangs tedious.
Each rising morning sees them higher rise,
Each bounteous dawn its novelty presents
To work returning.
While nature's circle like a chariot wheel
Rolls beneath their elevated aims,
Makes their fair prospect fairer every hour,
Advancing virtue in a line to bliss,
Virtue which Christian motives best inspire,
And Bliss which Christian schemes alone ensure ! ”

The brass in Newbattle Church and the new stone in the churchyard commemorate both father and son.

LITERARY ASSOCIATIONS OF NEWBATTLE.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND NEWBATTLE.

WHEN Sir Walter, after his apprenticeship to the law, settled down with his young French wife, Charlotte Margaret Carpenter, in December, 1797, the daughter of a gentleman of Lyons, whom he had accidentally met on an excursion to Gilsland Wells in Cumberland,—in the cottage now known as Scott's Cottage, Lasswade, he was only a rising young lawyer of Edinburgh. He had already published several works, translations of Burger's Ballads, but in December, 1799, he was appointed, through the influence of the Duke of Buccleuch, whose distant kinsman he was, Sheriff-Depute of Selkirkshire, at a salary of £300 a year. He dedicated the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to the young Duchess of Buccleuch, and almost every part of the district around Dalkeith has been celebrated by him in verse. The Esk valleys, he often said, were the most beautiful in Scotland, and certainly it was from the noble family of Dalkeith that he received his greatest encouragement and inspiration.

Scott's nearness to the Buccleuch family, when in Lasswade, helped him greatly in his work in many ways, and he was on terms of the closest intimacy with the fourth Duke. He was also on intimate terms with Robert Dundas, the second Viscount Melville, and was never out of Melville Castle, which stands quite near Lasswade. There are piles of Scott's unpublished letters preserved in the library of Melville Castle. He also was a frequent visitor at Dalhousie Castle, the Earl being a school and college companion; and, generally, Scott's connection with Lasswade and the neighbourhood was intimate, and he introduces almost every historic incident and picturesque feature or landscape of the entire Esk valley into novel or poem :—

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Sweet are the paths, O passing sweet !
By Eske's fair streams that run,
O'er airy steep, through copsewood deep,
Impervious to the sun.

There the rapt poet's step may rove,
And yield the muse the day;
There Beauty, led by timid Love,
May shun the tell-tale ray.

From that fair dome, where suit is paid,
By blast of bugle free,
To Auchendinny's hazel shade,
And haunted Woodhouselea.

Who knows not Melville's beechy grove
And Roslin's rocky glen,
Dalkeith, which all the virtues love,
And classic Hawthornden.

But so far as Newbattle is concerned, besides often visiting its churchyard,—famous through Old Mortality, the Resurrectionists, and others,—“ The Gray Brother : a Fragment ” is the finest remnant of his connection with and attachment to the place. It is only a fragment descriptive of the vision which was seen in the old valley, and may be quoted in full :—

The Pope he was saying the high, high mass,
All on saint Peter's day,
With the power to him given, by the saints in heaven,
To wash men's sins away.

The Pope he was saying the blessed mass,
And the people kneeled around,
And from each man's soul his sins did pass,
As he kissed the holy ground.

And all, among the crowded throng,
Was still, both limb and tongue,
While through vaulted roof, and aisles aloof,
The holy accents rung.

At the holiest word, he quivered for fear,
And faltered in the sound—
And, when he would the chalice rear,
He dropped it on the ground.

“ The breath of one of evil deed
Pollutes our sacred day;
He has no portion in our creed,
No part in what I say.

“ A being, whom no blessed word
To ghostly peace can bring;
A wretch, at whose approach abhorred,
Recoils each holy thing.

“ Up ! up ! unhappy ! haste, arise !
My adjuration fear !
I charge thee not to stop my voice,
Nor longer tarry here ! ”—

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Amid them all a pilgrim kneeled,
In gown of sackcloth grey;
Far journeying from his native field,
He first saw Rome that day.

For forty days and nights, so drear,
I ween, he had not spoke,
And, save with bread and water clear,
His fast he ne'er had broke.

Amid the penitential flock,
Seemed none more bent to pray;
But, when the Holy Father spoke,
He rose, and went his way.

Again unto his native land,
His weary course he drew,
To Lothian's fair and fertile strand,
And Pentland's mountains blue.

His unblest feet his native seat,
Mid Eske's fair woods, regain;
Through woods more fair, no stream more sweet,
Rolls to the eastern main.

And lords to meet the Pilgrim came,
And vassals bent the knee;
For all mid Scotland's chiefs of fame,
Was none more famed than he.

And boldly for his country, still,
In battle he had stood,
Aye, even when, on the banks of Till,
Her noblest poured their blood.

Yet never a path, from day to day,
The Pilgrim's footsteps range,
Save but the solitary way
To Burndale's ruined Grange.

A woeful place was that, I ween,
As sorrow could desire;
For, nodding to the fall was each crumbling wall,
And the roof was scathed with fire.

It fell upon a summer's eve,
While, on Carnethy's head,
The last faint gleams of the sun's low beams
Had streaked the gray with red;

And the convent bell did vespers tell,
Newbottle's oaks among,
And mingling with the solemn knell
Our Ladye's evening song :

The heavy knell, the choir's faint swell,
Came slowly down the wind,
And on the Pilgrim's ear they fell,
As his wonted path he did find.

Deep sunk in thought, I ween, he was,
Nor ever raised his eye,
Until he came to that dreary place,
Which did all in ruins lie.

He gazed on the walls, so scathed with fire,
With many a bitter groan—
And there was aware of a Gray Friar,
Resting him on a stone.

"Now, Christ thee save!" said the Gray Brother;
"Some pilgrim thou seemest to be."
But in sore amaze did Lord Albert gaze,
Nor answer again made he.

"O come ye from east, or come ye from west,
Or bring reliques from over the sea,
Or come ye from the shrine of St James the divine,
Or of St John of Beverley?"—

"I come not from the shrine of St James the divine,
Nor bring reliques from over the sea:
I bring but a curse from our father, the Pope,
Which for ever will cling to me."

"Now, woeful Pilgrim say not so!
But kneel thee down by me,
And shrive thee so clean of thy deadly sin,
That absolved thou mayest be."—

"And who art thou, thou Gray Brother,
That I should shrive to thee,
When he, to whom are given the keys of earth and heaven,
Has no power to pardon me?"

"O I am sent from a distant clime,
Five thousand miles away,
And all to absolve a foul, foul crime,
Done *here* 'twixt night and day."—

The Pilgrim kneeled him on the sand,
And thus began his saye—
When on his neck an ice-cold hand
Did that Gray Brother laye.

DE QUINCEY AND NEWBATTLE.

The little cottage where De Quincey lived with his girls is still standing on the declivity of the steep hill at Polton. The De Quinceys were of Norwegian descent, and came over with William the Conqueror. The family, however, in course of time dropped the "De," but the great author, with his taste for romance and antiquity, revived the ancient prefix. His father was a literary man, and in 1775 published a book on a tour through the Midlands. He married Miss Penson, and there were four sons and four daughters of the marriage, Thomas being the fifth child and second son, born August 15, 1785. It was probably at Manchester that he first saw the

light, but he spent his early childhood at Greenhay, a little way out of Manchester, a fine residence which his father built in 1792, at a cost of £6000. He early began to show a disposition for dreaming and reverie. His mother was a very intelligent woman, and her letters rival Lady Montagu's. His father having died in 1796, his mother went to Bath, and Thomas was sent to Bath Grammar School; later on to Winkfield School in Wiltshire, where he formed a close intimacy with young Lord Westport, with whom he spent several vacations in Ireland. Next he was sent to Manchester Grammar School, from which he ran away and began a course of vagrancy on his own account, wandering over North Wales, the Lakes, and London. He took lodgings in Greek Street, London. He was very shy and timorous, and wonderfully eccentric; he could not do anything like any other body. Carlyle, seeing him at the age of eighteen, was struck with the oldness of the expression on the boyish face, and his gentle demeanour and wonderful gift of delivery and mellifluous speech. In 1803 he entered himself at Oxford as an undergraduate at Worcester College, where he got the name of being a very strange, studious, kind, but eccentric man. When he went up for B.A. his examiners said he was the cleverest man they had ever had to do with. Next, leaving the University, he took a cottage at the English lakes, Townend Cottage, Grasmere, in November, 1809, and was thenceforth to be enrolled as one of the English Lakists, of whom Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Bishop, Watson, and Charles Lloyd were all there at the time. Here he amassed a great library and lived on books, hills, lakes, and opium. Partly to relieve the weariness of a weak and fragile physique, partly to open the doors into the other world, the unseen universe of imagination and mysticism, he took the ruby fluid which was to him the key into that world, "liquid damnation," as Professor Masson calls it. While there, busily writing for the magazines, and preparing his "Confessions of an opium-eater," and other works, he married Margaret Simpson, the daughter of a neighbour, she being eighteen and De Quincey thirty-one. Just before marriage he managed to reduce his daily allowance of opium from 8000 drops a day to 1000 drops or 40 grains. His description of the delicious sensation and the glorious visions vouchsafed to the opium-eater, is a thrill-

ling picture, were it not for the awful portrait given of the victim after paradise had been lost and the grey work-a-day world reappeared. Next we see him editor of "The Westmoreland Herald," and more busy than ever writing to "Blackwood." And then he comes to Edinburgh and lives at 42 Lothian Street, under the shadow of the University, in the old town. Next his eldest daughter, Margaret, induced him to take the cottage of Mavis Bush, between Lasswade and Polton, now called "De Quincey Villa," to be a home for the family, for Thomas, himself, could settle nowhere, but was always on the move and always in dreamland. He, however, kept on his house in Lothian Street, and divided his time between Lasswade and Edinburgh,—often lying out in the open-air with the constellations for a canopy,—often being lost to his family of young children for weeks at a time. He was a well-known figure in the Grange, Lasswade, Dalkeith, and the district round for twenty years prior to his death in the autumn of 1859. There are many in this district who remember him well, and his odd and eccentric ways and his habits of fearful confusion and disorder. A well-known lady in Eskbank recently deceased, used to relate how her housemaid turned the dreamer from the door under the impression that he was a vendor of stationery, with the remark, "we don't require any to-day." There are also traditions of love-letters having been frequently carried by those still living when small boys, between Prestonholm and the young Misses De Quincey at Polton during their father's absence. Those who arranged his rooms after his death are still living, and declare that such a confusion of paper-scrap never was seen before,—a perfect snow-storm of pamphlets and books. He is buried in St. Cuthbert's Churchyard, Edinburgh, and a plain stone marks the spot. [See Professor Masson's "De Quincey."]

CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND NEWBATTLE.

Early last century the widowed Countess of Haddington married Captain Hay, and resided at Woodburn, the finely-situated, beautifully-wooded mansion overhanging the South Esk. She was one of "Camp Meg's" kindest friends. In

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1824, Mr James Wilson, a well-known traveller and naturalist, married Miss Isabella Keith, also a naturalist, and settled down at Woodburn, where they enjoyed a singularly happy life in congenial pursuits and studies. Together they composed almost all the articles on Natural History in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," and wrote countless articles on the same subject to the "*Quarterly Review*," "*Blackwood's Magazine*," &c. Wilson's diary is delightful reading, especially the accounts of his rambles in Sutherlandshire. in search of rare eggs and birds. His studies solaced him for many years after his wife's decease in 1837, also the visits of his brother, Professor John Wilson, better known as "*Christopher North*," who is still remembered as a sojourner at Woodburn. After the burial of the genial author of the "*Noctes Ambrosianæ*" in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, James lived for two years, and died on Sunday morning, 18th May, 1856, at Woodburn, with the words of the 23rd Psalm on his lips, and full of triumphant Christian faith and love. His life forms one of the "*Favourite Christian Biographies*." [Edinburgh: Gall & Inglis.] General Lord Ralph Kerr now resides in the beautiful old mansion.

Thomas Carlyle's visit of a week to Newbattle Abbey is still remembered in the valley. The high opinion he entertained of his host and hostess, the Marquess and Marchioness of Lothian, is referred to in another chapter. The Chelsea sage seems to have fairly revelled in the host of Cromwell and other letters of which the house is full, as well as in the countless treasures and pictures for which the stately historic residence is famous.

ALEXANDER JAFFRAY, THE QUAKER.

In an old house now pulled down, which used to stand beside Newbattle Church, on the other side from the manse, lived the famous Quaker, Alexander Jaffray, whose "*Diary*" is a rich and full story of the Covenanting period. It was edited and published by John Barclay in 1856 (Aberdeen: George & Robert King), and is in two parts,—the first being a religious diary giving a day by day account of Jaffray's spir-

itual condition. Carlyle said that if Jaffray had said less about his soul and more about Oliver Cromwell he would have done the world a greater service. In an age of religious contention and fighting, like Leighton, who was his friend, he sought peace in an inward spiritual life of individual walking with God. The second part of the Diary gives "memoirs of his contemporaries and companions in the profession of the same Christian principles." He was one of the very earliest Scottish Quakers, and, curiously, ever since his residence in Newbattle, there has always been a small representation of the body in the district. Jaffray was Provost of Aberdeen, one of the Commissioners to King Charles II., and a member of Cromwell's Parliament. He married the daughter of the Rev. Andrew Cant, who left Newbattle to be minister of Aberdeen. When Jaffray was appointed by the judges at Edinburgh to be Director of the Chancellery, in March, 1652, he removed from Aberdeen, and through his wife's connection with Newbattle, he took up residence in the old house beside Newbattle Church (now demolished) on 15th November, 1656. He records in his diary the goodness of God in arranging all the details of the journey from Aberdeen to Leith,—“we were carried as it were on eagles' wings, without the least trouble to the mother or to the young ones that were with her, though the season of the year was not very convenient for such to travel in; yet by the good hand of our God with us, were all brought safely to Newbattell.”

Leighton had resigned the charge three years earlier, and Alexander Dickson was minister,—the son of Professor David Dickson, the Covenanting martyr and hymn-writer, who wrote the hymn,—“O mother dear, Jerusalem.” The relationship between Jaffray and Leighton and Cant was thus a very close one. In 1657 he left Newbattle to reside in a house near Holyrood Abbey, at Abbeyhill. It is said that James Guthrie, the Covenanting martyr, spent some of his last days at Newbattle, in company with sympathising friends, including the Earl of Lothian. At any rate, when Guthrie and the other Covenanters were imprisoned in the Tolbooth in Edinburgh, Jaffray often visited them and had conversations with them as to the causes of God's wrath against Scotland. He was on intimate terms with George Fox, the Quaker, who wrote several Encyclical letters to the Quakers in Scotland through him. When the

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Restoration took place in 1660 Cant left Aberdeen and came to Liberton, where his son was minister, and thus Jaffray came again into close contact with his father-in-law. Both of the Cants, father and son, were summoned in 1662 before the Privy Council, but suffered nothing, and indeed the son conformed to Episcopacy. Jaffray was all through a zealous member of the Society of Friends, and was driven, like Leighton, to seek an inner spiritual and hidden life by the troubles and disputes and controversies of the times.

WHITTIER AND NEWBATTLE.

In 1870 Miss Ellen C. Miller, a quakeress who had connection with Newbattle, joined a party of Friends in a pilgrimage to the East, and has summed up her impressions, which are very interesting, in a volume entitled,—“*Eastern Sketches*,” in which she gives a devout and interesting account of the journey which she made in the Orient in company with Eli and Sytsil Tones, Quakers, who felt drawn to go to the East and proclaim Christ. The poet Whittier, of America, had at one time thought of joining the party, being of a Quaker tendency himself, but circumstances prevented him, and he sent the following verses as an apology :—

“As one who watches from the strand
The life-boat go to seek and save,
And all too weak to lend a hand
Sends his faint cheer across the wave ;

So, powerless at my hearth to-day
Unmeet your holy work to share,
I can but speed you on your way
Dear friends, with my unworthy prayer.

Go, angel-guarded, duty-sent—
Our thoughts go with you o'er the foam ;
Where'er you pitch your pilgrim tent
Our hearts shall be and make it home.

And we will watch, if so He wills
Who ordereth all things well, your ways,
Where Zion lifts her olive hills
And Jordan ripples to His praise.

Oh ! sweet to tread where Jesus taught,
And tread with Him Gennesaret's strand ;
But whereso'er His work is wrought,
Dear hearts, shall be your Holy Land ! ”

BURNS AND NEWBATTLE.

There are no memories of Robert Burns having ever been in the Newbattle valley, though he, during his visits to Edinburgh, must surely have visited some of the interesting places in the district. Liberton has an interesting connection with Robert Burns. Near Southfield, at the hamlet of Greenend, there lived for some time the Rev. John Clunie, who is taken notice of in Connolly's "Eminent men of Fife." He was the author of the well-known Scotch song, "I lo'e nae a laddie but ane." Born about 1757, he was educated for the ministry of the Church of Scotland, and after being licensed to preach the Gospel he became schoolmaster at Markinch, Fife, and having an excellent voice, he also acted as precentor. He was afterwards, about 1790, ordained minister of the parish of Borthwick, in Mid-Lothian. Burns, in one of his letters, dated September, 1794, thus celebrates him for his vocal skill:—"I am flattered at your adopting 'Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes,' as it was owing to me that it saw the light. About seven years ago I was well acquainted with a worthy little fellow of a clergyman, a Mr Clunie, who sang it charmingly, and at my request Mr Clark (Stephen Clark, the composer) took it down from his singing." He was minister of Borthwick for twenty-seven years, and died at Greenend, Liberton, in 1819.

One of Burns' songs, "Sae far awa'," is set to the air of "Dalkeith's Maiden Brig," probably the old Roman Bridge in Newbattle grounds, and is as follows:—

Oh sad and heavy should I part,
But for her sake sae far awa';
Unknowing what my way may thwart
My native land sae far awa'.
Thou that of a' things Maker art,
That form'd this fair sae far awa';
Gi'e body strength, then I'll ne'er start
At this my way sae far awa'.

How true is love to pure desert,
So love to her, sae far awa':
An' nocht can heal my bosom's smart,
While, oh! she is sae far awa'.
Nane other love, nane other dart,
I feel but hers, sae far awa';
But fairer never touch'd a heart
Than hers, the fair sae far awa'.

The other literary associations of Newbattle are rich and varied, and form a deeply interesting chapter in its history.

THE SURROUNDING SANCTUARIES.

1.—INVERESK.

NOW that the discussions on "How Long" and the causes of non-church-going have died down, it may be interesting, especially at this time, to take a glance at the quaint and capacious church of St. Michael, Inveresk, which, owing to its magnificent situation, has for generations borne the local name of "The Visible Kirk." Visible, indeed, it is from land and sea for a dozen miles and more, itself commanding one of the richest and most far-stretching views in Scotland, with the loamy lands of the Lothians around it, the Pentlands, Moorfoots, and Lammermuirs in the distance, Arthur's Seat couching on the west, and away far to the Highland gates the masses of Ben Ledi, Ben Cruachan, and the other giants which bar the way between the lowlands and the North. The Lomond Hills of Fife, with their rounded tops and dropping slopes, gleam across the Firth, with its never-ceasing life of steamer and of fishing craft.

This was the spot chosen by the Roman soldiers for one of their greatest camps and stations, and the remains of their presence are numerous, altars and coins and earthenware having been recovered, while in the grounds of Inveresk House and of the modern mansion of St Michael's there are many relics of the presence of the legionaries. Probably the old bridge of Musselburgh, "the honest toun," which boasts three shells as its crest, was built by these wonderful military engineers, who brought with them to Britain that marvellous skill in building and organising material forces of which the vast aqueducts and cyclopæan walls of Italy are still eloquent. From this great central camp the Romans carried roads inland. It was joined to the great "Watling Street," which passes from the south through the Channelkirk moorlands and across the Soutra Hill to Borthwick. A road was carried up the Esk valley

to Newbattle, where the picturesque "Maiden Bridge," which in its ivy-covered beauty—no mean rival of the "auld brig o'Doon"—still spans the sweetly flowing Esk, bears striking testimony in its massive sides and triple-ribbed arch to the lasting character of their engineering work. From this point inland the whole neighbourhood is reminiscent of the Roman Eagles—Campend, in Newton; Dalhousie Chesters (castra), in Cockpen; Borthwick and Heriot have all their memories of the vanquishers of Caledonia.

After the departure of the legionaries from Scotland, the camp at Inveresk changed its character and its mission, and the stones in all probability were used to build the first Christian church on the historic hill-top. Instead of the golden eagle, the symbol of the place was to be an *Agnus Dei*. Nothing is known of this earliest ecclesiastical foundation, but the old church of St Michael, which was pulled down in 1804, was a large Gothic structure, which probably, as in the case of other ancient churches built on the sites of Roman camps and temples, was partially built of the old heathen stones. It was with peculiar appropriateness that the church on Inveresk hill was dedicated to St Michael and All Angels. It was on a hill-top that the archangel wrestled over the body of Moses, and almost all the churches with this dedication are built on lofty sites, overlooking wide stretches of country, the most remarkable example being the French fortress-church, bearing that name, which towers over the Gulf of Brittany. Both England and Scotland are dotted over with churches dedicated to the conquering angel, while there are four Scottish parishes of the same name, with the word "kirk" as a prefix. The beautifully restored church of St Michael's, Linlithgow, has a sculptured image of the angel, whose form is also carved in stone at Dallas, painted on the Aberdeen Episcopal "Registrum," while it glows in the magnificent transept window of Christchurch Cathedral, Oxford, as a memorial to that great and distinguished Scotsman, William, eighth Marquess of Lothian, who was reputed to be the most brilliant student ever sent out from under the shadow of Big Ben.

There is no tradition as to whether this old St Michael's on Inveresk hill had a spire or steeple or saddle-back tower, but at any rate it must have, like its successor, formed a conspicuous object in the landscape, whether viewed from land or

sea—not unlike the stately church of Notre Dame de la Garde, which in the bay of Marseilles lifts from a lofty rock its majestic tower, crowned like its Avignon neighbour with a colossal golden statue of the Virgin and Child, the latter holding out his infant hands in blessing over the blue waters of the Mediterranean.

The Reformation had one of its centres in Scotland at Musselburgh, the reputed miracle of the curing of the blind urchin being a factor in the stormy movements of the time. “Our Lady of Loretto” was a famous shrine, and when the historic church in the low-lying part of the town was pulled down and re-erected into the Town Hall—a quaint old building still doing good service—the Pope gave his ban to Musselburgh. Nothing is known of what happened during these stirring times to St Michael on the hill, but the storm passed, and the reformed faith and worship were established and settled in the place of the old.

“The grandest demi-god I ever saw,” said Sir Walter Scott, “was Dr Carlyle, minister of Muselburgh, commonly called Jupiter Carlyle, from having sat more than once for the King of Gods to Gavin Hamilton; and a shrewd, clever old carle was he, no doubt, but no more a poet than his precentor.” The great figure of Jupiter Carlyle fills up the history of Inveresk during the latter half of the eighteenth century; indeed, so powerful was his influence that “scarcely a Primate of the proud church of England could over-top in social position and influence the Presbyterian minister of Inveresk.” His personality was the gathering-point for the literary and social forces of the day; his influence was felt all over the south of Scotland, and the story of his life as told by himself in his autobiography is the most valuable record we possess of the social and religious state of Scotland in the eighteenth century.

A splendid example he was of an independent, spirited Scottish minister, who feared God and knew no other fear, and who hated all shams, whether social or religious, with a perfect hatred. “I must confess,” is one of his memorable sentiments addressed to those who cynically observed as to the Church of Scotland, with its comparatively small endowments, that “a poor Church makes a pure Church”—“I must confess that I do not love to hear this Church called a poor Church, or the poorest Church in Christendom. I doubt very much that if it were minutely inquired into this is really the

fact. But, independent of that, I dislike the language of whining and complaint. We are rich in the best goods a Church can have—the learning, the manners, and the character of its members. There are few branches of literature in which the ministers of this Church have not excelled. There are few subjects of fine writing in which they do not stand foremost in the rank of authors, which is a prouder boast than all the pomp of the hierarchy.” The sentiments of the minister by the Esk strangely harmonise with those of the ploughman by the Doon; the one voice in the Church, and the other in the world, spoke for that generation the best sentiments of independent, freedom-loving Scotland.

At this time of day merry thoughts possess the mind as one thinks of the Jupiter-like divine of St Michael's having been condemned by his Presbytery for aiding, abetting, and encouraging John Home, minister of the East Lothian parish of Athelstaneford, in the production of his very mild dramatic effort—“Douglas: a tragedy.” He came out victorious at the General Assembly, escaping with a mild advice from the Moderator neither to deal with plays nor frequent theatres any more.

In 1745 Carlyle watched the battle of Prestonpans being fought between the Royalists from the quaint round tower of Prestonpans Church, still standing. He was always a loyal son of the house of Hanover, and was all through his life a *persona grata* at Court, as well as an unmistakable ornament in every way to the society of his time. In his autobiography, he gives many interesting incidents in the career of Prince Charlie—his crossing of the old bridge at Musselburgh with his Highland troops, the Royal levée and review at Holyrood (at which he himself was present), the very appearance of the “Bonnie Prince,” with his fine features and sad expression.

For long the old church where he ministered was found too small and inconvenient for the growing town at the Esk estuary, and in 1804 the present building was begun, to take the place of the ancient edifice, the stones of which are incorporated in the present church. The old man hoped to have had the gratification of opening it on the first Sunday of August 1805, “were it only with a brief prayer,” but his wishes were not to be gratified, for illness so pressed upon him that he could not be present, and he died on the 25th of that month.

His two successors in the ministerial office of Inveresk, Mr Moodie and Mr Beveridge, with him cover a period of a century and a half,—a remarkable record, hard to beat in any Scottish parish. The new church was typical of the time,—the style of architecture called “ Heritors’ Gothic,” now happily a thing of the past so far as both churches and heritors are concerned. The building consisted at first of a great square teacaddy-looking building, with no adornments or spire, or anything to divert the mind from the unseen beauties of the Faith. It was suggested to the Duke of Buccleuch that a spire would be an improvement, though “ a very little one ; ” to which suggestion his Grace, who was a patron and heritor, replied that there should be a spire at each corner—a suggestion which happily was not acted on, as the edifice might to the wit-loving folks of the honest town have suggested a dirty and weather-beaten brides-cake on the hill-top. One steeple was subsequently added to the quaint edifice, and forms a landmark for all the country and the sea, over which it towers in dignified simplicity. The fine restoration of twelve years ago, instigated and carried out with so much enthusiasm by minister and people, has made the historic place, especially internally, worthy of divine worship, and of its dedication to those whose motto—written to-day in letters of gold on the archway above the magnificent organ—is, “ Praise ye the Lord.”

One other personage connected with this interesting “ visible kirk,”—one among many who have worshipped in and laboured on the side of the angels on this hill-top,—cannot be passed over without a grateful recollection. The beloved physician-poet of Musselburgh, “ Delta Moir,” had in church and town the joyful sphere of his literary labours. The humorous author of “ Mansie Wauch,” the pathetic writer of “ Elegiac Effusions,” the learned minstrel who sang of the memories of Seton, and Hawthornden, and Newbattle, and the rest, lies in the churchyard taking his last sleep. His “ contentions ” with the bodies and souls of those to whom he ministered will never be forgotten. Straying one day through the autumn-tinted woods which clothe the Inveresk hill, he wrote these words :—

“ In gazing o’er a scene so fair
Well may the wondering mind compare
Majestic nature with the strife
And littleness of human life !

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Within the rank and narrow span
Where man contends with brother man,
And where, a few brief seasons past,
Death is the common doom at last."

Standing on the time-honoured old hill, with its countless memories, and looking around on the historic scenes and active life and silent death around it, St. Michael's vision comes before the eyes. "The chariots of God are twenty thousand, even thousands of angels. The Lord is among them, as in Sinai, in the Holy Place."

II.—THE HOUSE OF SOUTRA.

The view from Soutrahill is one of the very finest in Scotland, embracing the Lothians and all the lands around the Forth. The ancient "Domus de Soltre" or the Soutra monastery was a monastery, hospital, and sanctuary. Pilgrims from the South of Scotland to Edinburgh made it their resting-place, so that on that bleak, storm-swept, lonely hill-top of the Lammermuirs it served something of the same purpose as the Great St. Bernard in the Alps for pilgrims from France to Italy. The ancient Roman military road,—“Watling Street,”—crossed the Borders at Carter Fell and onward to Channelkirk and Soutrahill, and thence to Borthwick, — this ancient road being distinctly traceable in the different colour of the grass and the solid stone foundation beneath it. Quite possibly the Roman soldiers may have had a camp at this hill-top, as they had at Channelkirk, and the church and monastery, as in so many other cases, may have superseded the military station. The House of Soutra,—the “St. Bernard’s” of the Lammermuirs,—was founded in 1164, by King Malcolm, “for the entertainment of pilgrims.” Possibly the foundation of Soutra monastery may have been a year or two earlier. [See Rev. James Hunter’s valuable work on Fala and Soutra.]

Chalmers, in his “Caledonia,” says it was “the best endowed house in Scotland,” and the Chartulary, preserved, like the Newbattle one, in the Advocates’ Library in Edinburgh, proves it to have been one of the wealthiest religious houses in the land, possessing properties all around,—in Channelkirk, Elphinston, Ormiston, Haddington, Cranston, Kirkurd, Temple, Mount Lothian, Earlston, Lauder, Edinburgh, and elsewhere. By the charter of Malcolm the Maiden, the house

was recognised as a hospital for pilgrims, a shelter for the destitute, and a sanctuary for the oppressed and persecuted. The charter of Pope Gregory IX. says,—“If in future any person, ecclesiastic or layman, aware of this writing of confirmation shall do anything contrary to the tenor thereof, let him know that he thereby renders himself liable to divine punishment, and becomes alienated from the Most Holy Body and Blood of our Redeemer, the Lord Jesus Christ; but upon all who keep these laws may the peace of the Lord Jesus Christ descend, and may they have the reward of everlasting peace.” (A.D. 1236.) This charter is the first indication of the house having come under the rule of Rome. The house all through the middle ages was a *hospice* for the lonely traveller crossing the bleak Lammermuirs, as well as a wealthy place of entertainment for distinguished visitors. The fathers exercised medical and surgical skill on all who came, while the “Trinity Well,” or “Ternity Well,” as it is called,—a spring of bright pure water still bubbling on the steep roadside,—was a favourite place of pilgrimage for sick folks, who declared its miraculous powers. Like all great monasteries, “Trinity College,” Soutra, had the right of sanctuary, and a chain marked the sacred place, which no one dare invade without permission, as at Newbattle, and, until quite recent times, at Holyrood.

In its earlier days Soutra Hospital seems to have been unattached to any particular order, but in course of time the Pope, at the desire of the Master and Brethren, put them under the rule of the Augustinians, Canons Regular or Black Friars. Their dress was a black cloak over a black cassock, and reminiscences of their presence and appearance still exist in the names of the district, Blackshiels, Brothershiels, Brotherstane, &c. The Brothers had a mill, as usual, on the Lincdean burn, a mile and a half from the monastery, the road passing near Woodcot, by the side of which still bubbles the “Friar’s” or “Prior’s” well. The brethren, like the great St. Bernard monks of the high Alps, were great travellers, and Alexander I., in 1182, gave them a special safe-conduct and protection. The master was always a man of high position in the church.

In 1462, Mary of Gueldres, the widow of James II., (who was killed by the bursting of a cannon at Roxburgh Castle), with the consent of Archbishop Kennedy of St. An-

drews, founded Trinity College and Hospital in Edinburgh, at the foot of the Calton Hill, now covered by the Waverley Station, and transferred the princely revenues of Soutra to this new collegiate institution, which, in its rebuilt form, rises above the Waverley Station on the opposite side from the Calton Hill, and is called "Trinity College Church." The original revenues of Trinity College of Soutrahill were divided in perpetuity between the provost and eight prebendaries of the new Edinburgh house,—the master, who received the rents of Falahill, Strathmartin, &c. ; the sacristan, who received those of Gilston, Brotherstane, Balerno, &c. ; the other prebendaries having the old lands and livings apportioned to them, and they themselves took the names of the lands from which they drew their livings, being called the prebendaries of Brotherstane, Gilston, Strathmartin, Ormiston Hill, Newlands, &c., although serving in the new Edinburgh house. Henceforward the church of Soutra was served by a vicar, and the provost and chapter of the new Trinity College in Edinburgh became patrons of the various livings held by the old house. At the Reformation the Lord Provost and magistrates were acknowledged by Queen Mary as proprietors both of the old house and lands on Soutrahill and of the new Trinity College and all its revenues in Edinburgh.

In 1542 James V. gathered an army of 30,000 men at Soutrahill. Somewhere about this time the King lost himself in the moors and woods which surround the monastery on every side, and came at last to a shepherd's house,—that of John Pringle, shepherd to Sir William Borthwick, who held the lands of Soutra from the Edinburgh Trinity College, the institution having been removed a hundred years before. King James never revealed his identity, but the shepherd suspected high rank in his guest, and had the best hen in the yard roasted for the supper. In the morning, as a token of his appreciation of the shepherd's hospitality and the bird's appetising qualities,—though, doubtless, the splendid clear hill air did something to sharpen the royal appetite,—he made Pringle a gift of the lands of the "Beadsman's Acres," which remained in the family till early in the nineteenth century, when the Laird of Soutra Mains bought it. The Pringles are buried in the transept on Soutrahill,—called the "Aisle,"—the only portion left of the great building, though the founda-

tions can be traced all over the hill-top. On one of the stone doors of the aisle there is an inscription to several Pringles, renewed as lately as 1827. The lonely aisle forms a prominent object in the landscape, breaking the evenness of the bare hill and descried from the farthest distances. When the house was in its glory the great building must have been a conspicuous landmark from every side, towering above the brown moors. The old ballad, sung by wandering strollers in days gone by,—“The Guidwife of Soutra,”—tells the story of the shepherd and the King:—

“Hae ye no heard o’ the guid auld times
When Pringle was sae luckie
To get a lump o’ Soutrahill
Just for a roasted chuckie.”

Pringle had good reason to bless his poultry-yard and his chuckie.

After the Reformation the vicarage and parish of Soutra were united with those of Fala (“Faulawe”: cf Falkirk or Fa-kirk), or the sloping declivity, the parish church of which was dedicated to St. Modan, and which had, like Soutra, been under the Edinburgh Trinity College. The Trinity College in Edinburgh consisted of nine clergy, two clerks or choristers, and thirteen alms-men, who wore blue gowns. Matins were said daily at 5 a.m. from Pentecost to Michaelmas, and at 6 a.m. during the other six months. After service the canons every day visited the tomb of the foundress,—Queen Mary, who was buried there on November 16, 1463,—sprinkling it with hyssop and reciting the “De Profundis.” The revenues amounted to £362, 6s 3d. The nave was never completed, but the present aged structure is very fine, and makes a striking feature in the interesting church which has had so many vicissitudes, the stones having lain out on the Calton Hill for years, numbered and marked, after the removal from the old site at Leith Wynd and prior to their re-erection at the present site. The present charities known as “Trinity Hospital,” Edinburgh, and “Trinity House,” Leith, derive their funds from the ancient establishment.

At Burghlee, at the foot of Soutrahill, James Logan was born and bred, and possibly it may have been here that he wrote or got the idea of the second and other paraphrases. At any rate, the wild Lammermuir,—stretching across from the old monastery to Channelkirk and Carfraemill,—with its

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dreary, bleak road, marked with snow - posts, is suggestive enough of "each perplexing path of life" and "this weary pilgrimage." In the old days the monastery hill-top was the token of rest, shelter, guidance, and comfort; but to Logan this sight of the long weary winding road, with its snow - posts, and exposure, suggested the need of a divine guide.

Whether the "domestic hymn-prayer" of Scotland,—sung so often on occasions of parting, or when, wreathed with veil and orange-blossom, the youthful bride bids farewell at the altar to her father's house and her mother's loving care,—was inspired by the wild loneliness of the Lammermuir with the old God's House as its only landmark, save the snow-posts and the shepherd's hut at Huntershall marking the place where Edinburghshire, Haddingtonshire, and Berwickshire meet,—whether that is an historical fact or not, at any rate the scenery of the place is suggested in almost every line:—"O God of Bethel,"—the lonely pilgrim house on the hill-top overlooking moorlands, rich pastures and fields, far-stretching sea and distant islands; "by whose hand Thy people still are fed"—suggestive of the hand-feeding of the sheep on those bleak slopes where sounding rushes and brown peat are more frequent than the grass and the clover; "who through this weary pilgrimage hast all our fathers led,"—the long three miles and more of road with its guiding snow-posts and foot-sore travellers; "our vows our prayers we now present before Thy throne of grace,"—pointing upwards to the once spacious and magnificent House of Prayer, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, where day and night of old the sacrifice was offered and the prayer was made; "God of our fathers be the God of their succeeding race,"—the fathers are asleep, but the stream of pilgrims still passes across the hill of life and needs the old guide and pilot; "through each perplexing path of life our wandering footsteps guide,"—the mists on the moor and the snow-drifts often in this very place causing the traveller to lose his way, and the moorlands around Soutra have many traditions of such incidents; "give us this day our daily bread and raiment fit provide,"—suggestive of the food and fresh clothing given at the House of Soutra to the way-worn, travel-stained pilgrim; "O spread Thy covering wings around, till all our wanderings cease," — reminiscent of the wide

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broad pinions of some of the large moorland birds as they swoop across the blue with an ever-keen eye on the nest of young among the rushes; "and at our Father's loved abode our souls arrive in peace,"—the safe arrival of the pilgrim at the House which crowns the hill and ends the weary journey; the closing verse of the paraphrase gathers up the pilgrim-idea of the place and the rest of the House that is on high. The whole pilgrim-idea of the paraphrase and the place is identical with Archbishop Leighton's idea of life and his wish to die in an inn,—“so like a pilgrim going home who was weary of the turmoil and dustiness of the road,”—an idea as old as St. Paul who besought his hearers “as strangers and pilgrims,”—as old as Egypt and the Vedic age of India,—as old as Jacob who leant upon his staff and worshipped, sleeping on the rude stones of Bethel, which, in his vision, became the first steps of the radiant angel-thronged heavenly staircase.

Soutrahill is literally the hill of the shoemaker (*cf* the “Souter Johnnie” of Burns, and the song,—“Up wi’ the Souters o’ Selkirk”), and this adds to the vividness of the pilgrim-idea,—the weary sole of the traveller and the rest to the footsore. So the past generations weaved their life-web and are asleep:—

“He dropped the shuttle, the loom stood still,—
The weaver slept in the twilight grey:
Dear heart, he will weave his beautiful web
In the golden light of a longer day.”

The weary soul gets rest and the life-web gets finished.

III.—CRICHTON COLLEGE.

The most interesting memories and the most varied of the Tyne district surround Crichton Castle and its collegiate Church of St. Mary and St. Mungo. Mainly through the generous dealings of the present laird of Prestonhall, the old church has lately been restored from a condition of filth, ruin, decay, and desolation, in which it had remained for generations, into a stately, inspiring house of prayer. The church consists only of a beautiful chancel, transepts, and saddle-back tower, for the nave was never finished. It was founded on 9th December, 1449, by the great Lord Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, whose stately and historic castle, in ruins, rises be-

side the church. The clergy consisted of a provost and eight prebendaries or chaplains, two singing boys, and a sacristan. There were four special stalls in the gift of the Archbishop of St. Andrews,—those of Vogrie, Arniston, Middleton, and Locherworth (Loquhariot), — small villages round about the church, which still exist, the second of them having, through the great development of the mining industry, commenced by the monks of Newbattle in the fifteenth century, who, Father Hay says, gave the poor “black stones” (coals) instead of bread, become a prosperous town, better known as Gorebridge.

The situation of this church on the face of a lonely veldt-like hill, far from all human habitations, and originally simply the private chapel of the great Crichton, is in keeping with the architecture, which, though stately and impressive, is extremely plain Gothic, with little or no ornamentation save a wreath of stone flower-work on the outside chancel walls and a few carved heads above the windows, representing monastic faces in all conditions of sadness and gladness, humour and misery. The six inside pillars are garlanded at the top. The tower has a low bell-gable. Crichton grew in course of time into a wealthy and powerful ecclesiastical institution, and unfortunately, before the Reformation, became, like Melrose and other abbeys, from various causes, lax and careless. Father Hay describes “the voluptuous life of the canons,” and the monk of Cambuskenneth describes their “fidgetting in the stalls, the lawsuits in church, the payment of Easter dues and tithes within the sanctuary, the eating, drinking, and sleeping permitted when workmen gave up work at an hour too late for their return home or people came from far, and the binding of sick pilgrims to the pillars in the hope of being healed.” The revenues of the establishment amounted to £133, 6s 8d, and on the dissolution of the religious orders at the Reformation the forfeitures were granted to Patrick, Lord Hales, who by James VI. was created Lord Creighton. The last provost, Sir Gideon Murray, had the church lands of Crichton created into a temporal estate, just as in the case of Newbattle, where the last abbot was made commendator of the entire property.

The great Sir William Crichton, who, “out of thankfulness and gratitude to Almighty God for all the manifold deliverances he had vouchsafed to him,” founded this interesting college,—one of some forty scattered over Scotland,—

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dedicated, like Borthwick, Penicuik, and other Mid-Lothian sanctuaries, to St. Mungo the Beloved,—was a man of ancient family and immense power. The barony of Crichton goes back to the reign of Malcolm III., and in the foundation charter of Holyrood by David I., Thurstanes de Creichton is a witness. In 1240, William de Crichton is mentioned as “lord of Crichton,” while his son was one of the barons who in 1296 swore allegiance to Edward I. The great chancellor was the guardian of James I., and had many strange experiences in connection with the boy-king, being besieged in Edinburgh Castle, but at last, in the full enjoyment of the royal favour, he died in 1454. Many great Crichtons adorn the page of Scottish history, notably the “Admirable Crichton” of the sixteenth century, who was one of the moving spirits of Scotland during the reigns of Queen Mary and James VI. Bishop Crichton of Dunkeld was the Prelate who in 1539, on the examination of Dean Thomas Forrest, Vicar of Dollar, for heresy,—(burned for his Reformation principles),—declared that he was glad he “never knew what either Old or New Testament meant, for as for him he would know nothing but his breviary and pontifical.” Another Crichton, of Brunstane in Mid-Lothian, was banished by the Regent Arran at the Reformation for his reformed views. Crichton Castle, the seat of this ancient family, is described by Sir Walter Scott in “Marmion” as the place where that hero lodged, but which, he declares, is now the resting-place of miry cattle.

“That castle rises on the steep
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine.”

All these alders and willows are now away, — used to make gunpowder-charcoal during the Napoleonic wars and scares, and now the valley is a veldt. But the castle still stands in its picturesque and lonely watch, with its graceful portico and beautiful grand hall;

“The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders’ various hands;”

and the old church is there, with its mingled memories and its restored beauty and risen hopes. Queen Mary stayed at Crichton Castle with Darnley, as she stayed at Borthwick Castle with Bothwell.

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Ancient and venerable as these buildings are, they are juveniles compared with the pre-historic Picts' House in the neighbouring farm of Crichton Mains, discovered some fifteen years ago, with its underground dwelling and human remains. It is almost the only underground dwelling of early man discovered in Mid-Lothian, and is undoubtedly the oldest habitation in the neighbourhood, and makes even the old castle and college young and recent.

Exactly opposite Crichton Church, on the other side of the veldt-like valley, stands the ancient farm of Hagbrae, which got its name from the fact that it was the favourite place for the burning of Mid-Lothian witches or "hags" for two hundred years after the Reformation. To-day it is a large red-tiled establishment, in full view of Crichton College Church, so that the expiring hag might through the flames of her pyre catch sight of the holy place, whose God she had profaned.

Crichton Castle was far more splendid than the usual Scottish castles of the period. Its twisted stone cordage, rosettes, and ornaments tell of fine taste. Its magnificent staircase and gallery are the admiration of every visitor, and though the "miry kine" sometimes have their home there, as Sir Walter Scott poetically observes, the castle still strikes one by its grandeur and proportion. The horrible dungeon called "Massie More,"—a foreign name used of the same *oubliettes*, dungeons in Moorish castles in Spain, and doubtless brought to Scotland by foreign travellers,—is there still, as terrible as the bottle-dungeon in the Castle of St. Andrews or the awful *oubliette* in the Castle of Chillon on the shore of the blue lake of Geneva. Sir Walter Scott's poetic pictures of Crichton Castle in "Marmion" are among his very finest efforts.

The hut of "Camp Meg," the famous Newbattle witch-doctor of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, away up on the top of the Roman Camp Hill, overlooked Hagbrae on the other side. Had "Camp Meg" lived a century earlier she would doubtless have been sacrificed like hundreds of other uncanny folks of these dark days. At Longfaugh there are very perfect remains of a Roman camp; while in Crichton glen the summer display of glow-worms is wonderful. An old minister of Crichton, writing of this feature, says that the late visitor to the glen "will find himself amply rewarded in the brilliant display of shining lamps which the little *illuminati*

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of the glen are ever and anon beaming out around him. They are best in July and August, and at the beginning of September are extinguished for the season." The beautiful seat of Costerton, with its sweet primrose glen, was in 1840 the residence of the Very Rev. Francis Nicoll, D.D., principal of the United College, St. Andrews.

IV.—COCKPEN CHURCH.

The proper name of this beautiful and historical parish is "Gowkpen" or the "Cuckoo-hill." The presence in the early spring of the cuckoo in the richly-wooded Esk valleys is recorded in the names of other places in the vicinity. Gowkshill on the opposite hill is the "hill of the cuckoo," while Penicuik, further up the Esk, means exactly the same as Cockpen,—with the distinctive parts of the word transposed,—"the hill of the cuckoo": between "gowk-pen" and "pen-i-gowk" there is no great difference. The old Scottish farce of April 1st, "huntigowk," gives an idea of the date when the bird of spring appears in the lands around the Esks,—with the corncrake as its companion spring visitant, although, in fact, it is May before the voice of either is heard in the land.

Old Cockpen Church,—the ivy-clad ruins of which are still standing at the Butlerfield end of the parish,—was a chapel under Newbattle Abbey, and was served from thence. It is a simple nave, strongly reminiscent of Alloway Kirk, and contains, among many interesting memorials, the monument to the great Marquess of Dalhousie, Viceroy of India, who guided the destinies of millions of the human race.

William Knox, nephew of John Knox the Reformer, was minister of Cockpen, and took a strong part in the movement initiated by the Presbytery of Dalkeith to remove the images and altars of the neighbouring Roslin Chapel. As at Crossraguel under the patronage of the Kennedys, so at Roslin under the patronage of the St. Clairs, great difficulty was experienced in accomplishing the removal of the superstitious elements in the church and worship. John Knox's family is closely linked with this part of Mid-Lothian. It was probably at Giffordgate, Haddington, that the Reformer was born,—a scion of the Gifford branch of the Knox family, which originally belonged to Ranfurlie, Renfrewshire, and of which the foremost

living representation is Uchter John Mark Knox, fifth Earl of Ranfurly, and until recently Governor-General of New Zealand. William Knox, son of the Reformer's brother, succeeded his father as minister of Cockpen, and his son John was minister of Carrington from 1619-61. It was he who in 1641 preached in Newbattle Church at the ordination of Robert Leighton, afterwards the saintly Archbishop. Mr John Knox, a son of this Carrington minister, was his father's colleague and successor from 1653-1659. Cockpen, therefore, had two generations of Knox in its pulpit, the Reformer's nephew and grand-nephew, while Carrington had also two, the Reformer's great-grand-nephew and great-great-grand-nephew. On the occasion of a great fire in the then extensive village of Newbottle, a collection was made in Cockpen for the distressed folks in the neighbouring valley, and is still recorded in the minutes. Roman remains exist in Cockpen, and the very name of "Dalhousie Chesters" signifies the camp ("castra") at Dalhousie. Cockpen was originally a chapel under and served by Newbattle Abbey, and part of the lands of Cockpen still belong through commendatorship to the House of Newbattle.

The old bell of Cockpen,—now included in the new bell recently erected in the beautiful church tower,—was originally the bell in Kinkell parish in the north. That parish became bankrupt, and the minister was hanged for a crime, and on the head of these troubles the precentor drowned himself. Finally, all the church's moveables were sold to pay debts,—including the bell, which was bought by Cockpen, and one of the minister's books—(Catalogue of the Oxford Bodleian Library, 1620),—which came to Newbattle and is still included in the Leighton library there, and bears the inscription:—"1625. Mr J. Cheyn, parson of Kinkell, Act 40." The writing is very faded, and the volume, bound in vellum, does not even mention Shakespeare in the list of works in the great Oxford library. A rhyme as to these disasters used to be current both at Kinkell and Cockpen:—

O what a parish is that of Kinkell,
Hanged the minister,
Drowned the precentor,
And fuddled the bell,—

the last line referring to the manner in which the liquid assets of the church were to some extent disposed of.

V.—DALKEITH COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

The town of Dalkeith, which stretches from the ducal gates southwards in a long High Street, has as its most outstanding antiquity the fine old parish church of St. Nicholas, the choir of which, containing the recumbent figures of the Douglasses, the burial-place of the successive families who lived in the castle, is now in ruins. It is very interesting to know that up till 1377 Dalkeith was neither a parish nor had it a place of worship. The district was included in Lasswade, and the people worshipped either in Lasswade Church or in Newbattle Abbey. It was Sir James Douglas of the castle who, in 1377, built a chapel, and in 1386 a small hospital for six poor men, very much akin to those of Greenside, St. Leonard's, Cambuslang Spital, Cavers Spital, Govan, Glasgow, and elsewhere, where aged poor persons lived in peace at life's close, and had the privileges of daily worship in the hospital chapel. This was the nucleus of the Dalkeith ecclesiastical establishment, which afterwards became the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, and a parish of Dalkeith was marked out subsequently. The apse of the present church is octagonal, and is ruined, but the general effect is of a worshipful, stately, and imposing ecclesiastical building, with excellent pillars, arches, carvings, and faces. The spire, some ninety-six feet in height, is modern, a great fire having burned the old spire and much of the church a number of years ago, when the old bell fell and was shivered to pieces. Pieces of this bell, and of the ancient bell of Newbattle Abbey, which also fell, in 1547, in the fire of the monastery, are still in existence. In later times, — during the last half of the fifteenth and first sixty years of the sixteenth century,—Dalkeith Church was a college, like Roslin, Crichton, Restalrig, and Seton, in the immediate neighbourhood, having a provost and canons, who performed their ministry in Dalkeith and round about. The livings connected with the collegiate church of St. Nicholas, Dalkeith, were in the patronage of Dunfermline Abbey, as were also those of St. Giles (Edinburgh), Inveresk, Cousland, Lasswade, Newton, and many others. When in 1650 Cromwell visited Scotland, he made Dalkeith his headquarters, and used the church to house his English Guards and horses, at which the minister, Mr Hew Campbell, was so affrighted, that "neither sermone nor session could be kept." General Monk and the English Commissioners and troopers arrived at Dalkeith in 1652, and remained there five years,

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and though at first their advent occasioned great anxiety, in course of time the people became used to them, especially as they conducted themselves in a conciliatory and friendly manner.

VI.—LASSWADE CHURCH.

The Church of St. Edwin, Lasswade, was served by a curate from Restalrig Collegiate Church in pre-Reformation days, when the village was called "Leswalt" or "Leswolt." Among the many possessions of Restalrig, was Lasswade in one direction, and St. Mary's, Rothesay, in the other. Lasswade seems, in course of time, to have become an independent and far-stretching parish. There was also a chapel at Melville, and traces of chapels to St. Leonard and St. Anne are still in evidence. A beautiful fragment of the old Church of St. Edwin still stands in the churchyard covered with ivy. The belfry fell some years ago, but two square corner towers are still standing. In the old days the church had no seats, but each worshipper brought his stool. The lower part of the belfry was for long used as a watch-house in Resurrectionist days. Bishop Fairlie, the ousted Bishop of Argyll and the Isles, was, on the restoration of Presbytery, at his own piteous request, made minister of Lasswade, his distresses having brought him to abject poverty. He appealed to the Church for relief. The Rev. John Paton, some time minister of Lasswade, held the office of King's Almoner for Scotland, an office which involved his preaching every King's birthday before the Canongate bailies and the King's blue-gown bedesmen, and at the close giving each bedesmen as many shillings as the King was years old, and a blue great-coat to the men, a cloak to the women, with a leaden badge, inscribed, "Pass and repass," which gave them the right to beg. Forty to fifty bedesfolk enjoyed these annual privileges,—not very different from the ceremony in Westminster Abbey on Maundy Thursday, and when the King's "maundy money" is distributed at the altar by two almoners bearing towels, — a reminiscence of Christ's foot-washing, — to the aged poor of Westminster. These bedesmen, like most Scottish institutions of the kind, gradually died out, and the office of King's Almoner, held by Mr Paton, lapsed into the Scottish Exchequer.

VII.—PENTLAND CHURCH.

Pentland Parish dates from a very early period, and belonged to Holyrood Abbey (1128). In 1296, Stephen de Kyn-gorn, the parson of Pentland, "swore fealty to Edward I., and had his forfeited goods restored." Old Roslin village stood quite close to Pentland Church, the parish of which included the Barony of Roslin. The present village of Roslin was built by Henry St. Clair to accommodate the masons and artificers employed by him in building Roslin Chapel. Old Roslin stood, according to Father Hay, at Bilsdone (Bilston) Burn. The old parish of Pentland was mainly owned by the St. Clairs of Roslin, but in 1633 the barony of Pentland passed into the hands of the Gibson family. The foundations of the old church can still be traced, and three monumental slabs, probably pavements of the old church, are in existence.

The Pentland pastor at the Reformation, — Sir David Hutchesone,—was a pronounced Reformer, and in 1540 he was denounced for heresy and his goods gifted to Sir Oliver St. Clair of Roslin. The next Pentland incumbent was Sir John St. Clair, the fourth son of the latter, who became Dean of Restalrig, Bishop of Brechin, and Lord President of the Court of Session. He performed the marriage ceremony in Holyrood Abbey between Mary Queen of Scots and Darnley, in July, 1565. When the Reformation came, Pentland was put under the charge of a reader from Lasswade until 1590, when a duly ordained minister was appointed in George Lundy, who, however, was so harassed by the St. Clairs of Roslin and Dryden,—and even threatened with his life,—that he finally sickened and died in 1592, after which date Pentland ceased to be a parish, and worship was no longer held.

VIII.—LIBERTON CHURCH.

The original name of Liberton was probably Lepertown, or the town of lepers, for the reason that in the middle ages when leprosy was common in Scotland, the stricken were confined to this village and were forbidden to approach the city. Each leper carried a pair of clappers to give warning of their approach. The existing name in the parish, "Clapperfield," and other kindred names, recall the life of the men who stood afar off, and from the summit of the hill gazed with wistful eyes on the city which they could not enter. It has not been

recorded whether there was a "leper window" in the old Liberton Church, as was usual and as can be seen in Bamburgh Church and elsewhere, through which the unfortunate stricken received the elements of the sacrament standing outside. The derivation of Liberton from "Lepertown" has been challenged on the ground that there is no record of any plague till 1282, and the name "Liberton" was applied to the village on the hill 139 years before. In a charter of David I. the name occurs, and the king farmed a large portion of the land, and the men who worked it were called "Libertines" or freedmen. Whatever the origin of the name, Liberton became, at any rate, the concentration camp for the lepers of the Lothians. The name "Spittletown" is also frequently met with in old records, and is a reminiscence of the leper hospital. The bell of the old church of Liberton was a heavy and magnificent one, and could be heard at Soutra-hill, 16 miles off, on a calm day, just as the great bourdon bell of Kirkwall Cathedral could; with still water and air, be heard across the sea on the mainland of Caithness.

Liberton, however, was not an hospital for lepers, but possessed a striking attraction for all afflicted with leprosy or any other skin diseases in the famous "Balm well of Liberton," which is still in existence, carefully arched over and guarded by iron gates. It stands in the grounds of the small property called "St. Catherine's," on the highway to Loanhead. The water is clotted with black oil patches, and is a most interesting study in physical science, the presence of these masses of oil being due to the shale-formation so famous in the district where the Clippens Oil Company have their workings. It is really a deep bath of the shale oil produced naturally in the district, and is still used by some of the farmers in the neighbourhood to cure horse-sores and the like. Hector Boëce says of St. Catherine's Well:—"About two miles from this town (Edinburgh), a spring on which drops of oil float, gushes out with such force that if you draw nothing from it the flow is no greater, and however much you take away no less remains. It is said to have arisen from some of the oil of St. Catherine which was being brought from Mount Sinai to St. Margaret, having been spilt at that spot." Matthew Mackail, a surgeon, in 1664 describes it fully, and tells how James VI. visited it in 1617, and ordered it to be built from the bottom with stairs up and a cover erected over it. Cromwell destroyed

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this erection, which again was rebuilt at the Restoration. A chapel used to stand near it in the lands of St. Catherine's. The tradition was that a vessel of the oil of St. Catherine was being brought from Mount Sinai (St. Catherine's shrine) to Queen Margaret, and the bearer stumbled and spilt some of it, hence the holy oil or balm well began its career of healing. The proximity of the Straiton oil-fields is a more probable origin, though as with another matter, you can take your choice of explanations.

The convent of St. Catherine's, corrupted now into "The Sciennes" (St. Catherine of Sienna) on the south side of Edinburgh, which stood in the district now called "Sciennes," had its origin from one of the Rosslyn St. Clairs, who probably also built the chapel of St. Catherine near the well, dedicating the former to the saintly Catherine of Sienna, who in the fourteenth century roused Europe with her powerful personality, life and work, and the latter to the great Alexandrian saint and martyr who met her death on the wheel, still called "The St. Catherine's wheel," and whose exiled refuge was at the foot of Mount Sinai, where the famous monastery of St. Catherine's commemorates her exile, martyrdom, and legendary entombment by the angels. The sisters of the Sciennes house came out in procession once a year and visited the Balm Well and the chapel. On the lintel of the well are the letters "A.P." Near St. Catherine's is a rising called Grace Mount, formerly Priesthill, probably connected with the chapel. The Roslin St. Clairs seem to have been enamoured of the St. Catherine's of the Church,—five in number of its hagiology.—for in addition to the Church of St. Catherine of Sienna in Edinburgh, and the Chapel of St. Catherine of Mount Sinai at Liberton, they built a third St. Catherine's among the Pentlands as a thank-offering for victory in a coursing match between the greyhounds of St. Clair and those of Robert Bruce,—a chapel dedicated to the youthful martyr of Mount Sinai and now covered over, save in times of great drought, by the waters of the reservoir. The Sciennes house was the last monastic establishment founded in Scotland before the Reformation, and was the special home of the unmarried daughters of the Crown.

IX.—ROSLIN CHAPEL.

The proper name of Roslin Chapel is the "College of St. Matthew,"—originally a collegiate church like St. Giles', which afterwards, in Episcopal times, developed into a cathedral; Restalrig, originally a great minster, out of the stones of which the Nether Bow of Edinburgh was chiefly built, leaving only the tiny fragment of the chancel as a place of modern worship; Crichton, of which only the chancel was built, and (not to give further particulars of any) the ancient churches of Dalkeith, Corstorphine, Craill, Foulis, Kirkheugh, Methven, St. Salvador, St. Leonard, Tullibardine, Aberdeen, Cullen, Kinnethmonth, Kilmun, Guthrie, Gullane, Dunglas, Dunbar, Trinity College (Edinburgh), Seton, Stirling, Yester, Lincluden, Biggar, Bothwell, Carnwath, Dumbarton, Hamilton, Kilwinning, Maybole, Peebles, Abernethy, Tain, Kilmaurs, Glasgow.

The idea of a "college" or "collegiate church" with its provost and canons was that in any town which from its size, position, or history, seemed entitled to have more than an ordinary parish church, there should be an ecclesiastical establishment, with a full body of clergy attached, which might form a religious centre for a district. Beautifully situated amongst the woods of Hawthornden, with the Pentland Hills as a background, and surrounded by scenery of altogether unique beauty, Roslin College still rises, the perfection of architecture planted in the midst of the perfection of natural beauty, — a pocket cathedral in an earthly paradise, — William de St. Clair, Earl of Orkney, founded it on September 21, 1450 (St. Matthew's Day), and had it dedicated to the apostle who obeyed Christ's command, — "Follow Me." The present chapel was intended only for the choir, the rest of the building, as in the case of Crichton College, never arriving at completion. But though only a fragment, it is altogether unique in the richness of its decoration and style.

Its founder, determined to build "a church of extraordinary glory and magnificence,"—an architectural gem in the midst of scenic beauties which could not be surpassed,—drew on the resources of all lands to carry out his design. Perhaps St. Clair remembered the legend of the richly-decorated Burgos Cathedral in Spain, that angels built its roof; at any rate,

there are resemblances in its style to that wonderful cathedral pile, and the model of the thirteen pillars of Roslin Chapel was the nave of the Cathedral of Següenza in Spain, one special feature of the former being, however, the horizontal arches over the side aisles, which, however, though quite straight and roof-like, are supported by safety-arches concealed by a face ornament on each side. The riches of almost every phase of Gothic architecture were gathered together by the princely St. Clair, except that which was at the time in vogue in England, and with the minute decorations of the Tudor Gothic is combined the solidity of the Norman style.

Roslin to a great extent is a repetition of Glasgow Cathedral on a smaller scale, but with infinitely greater elaboration and ornamentation. Each is built on a sloping hill, hence the opportunity for a crypt, as was also intended at Crichton,—the naves being cryptless. The styles, however, of all countries,—Moorish arabesques, enrichments which could only have been copied from Burgos and Oviédo and other Spanish minsters; the vault of tunnel shape has its transverse ribs incrusting with stars, pendants, and clusters of every conceivable description, after the French form. At Plougasnou, in Brittany, there are the same Gothic "barrel roofs" and identical pendants hanging down from the crown of the vault, and curiously-moulded shafts with flat carving in the caps,—ideas which could only have been derived from the French architects,—what is called the style of "Breton renaissance"; while Italian architecture is also represented, the master-mason himself having spent many months in Rome to conceive the idea of a fresh pillar.

The reason of the international character of the Roslin architecture is not far to seek. Lord St. Clair was master-mason of all Scotland, and desiring to mark his sense of the honour done to him and the trust reposed in him in committing to his keeping the highest secrets of the mystic brotherhood, he founded the church not only to eclipse the construction of other noble founders, but also to embody and petrify the ideas, mysteries, and symbolism of that Freemasonry of which he was the arch-custodian,—Jachin and Boaz glorified, with the lily-work and much else besides. And so, to initiated eyes, every flower and leaf, every arch and pillar and fluting has a Masonic meaning. The whole theory of human life, the mysteries of earthly existence and of the Divine government, are all carved out,

—idea after idea, symbol after symbol,—so that Roslin Chapel is literally a sermon in stone on the mysteries of Freemasonry. Freemasonry is understood all over the world, and its signs are international, and so it was suitable that the architects of this Cathedral of Freemasonry should come from the north of Spain, that the roofs should be copied from the old churches in the south of France, that some of the pillars should be literally the other halves of shafts still standing in some of the Italian churches, that even Saracenic and Moorish ideas should mingle with those of the Normans and Goths.

Every one knows the story of the “Prentice Pillar,” how, in the absence of the architect in Rome to get new ideas for the great work, a young apprentice tried his hand at original architecture, and carved out this beautiful column, with its wreath of leaves springing out of the base; and how the master in his wrath killed the youth who had been so presumptuous. Even that pillar, however, has a symbolical meaning, for at the foot of it a worm is represented eating away the vitals of the clinging plant, with the result that only leaves are found upon it,—possibly a parable on the social and religious corruptions of the day,—“nothing but leaves.” Similar traditions cling round similar “Prentice Pillars” in Rouen and in other ancient minsters. One lovely carving represents satan dragging a girl from her mother’s care, with an angel holding a cross beckoning in front,—a stone sermon on good and evil influence. The virtues, the seven deadly sins, the star of Bethlehem, the instruments of the Passion are all carefully portrayed.

Twelve barons of St. Clair lie in the vaults below the chapel clad in armour, and when the crypt was last opened the breastplates were found lying as they had been left, and a little dust beneath each. Who has not heard of the lurid redness which is said to light up the chapel on the eve of a St. Clair’s death, to which Sir Walter Scott refers in the “Lay of the Last Minstrel” :—

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moon-beam.
It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

X.—RESTALRIG COLLEGIATE CHURCH.

Very few of the thousands who, on the thin iron line of civilization, rush past the little village and church of Restalrig, under the shadows of Arthuf's Seat, are aware of the unique interest which clusters round that ancient and picturesque shrine. Its story is to a great extent buried in the forgotten past, whose long dim aisles house the forgotten dead. But, just as the stone which we carelessly kick out of our path, when picked up by the naturalist and examined, brings forth a new discovery for all time, so in these stones there are sermons, and you have but to rub them like the magician of old, to have the spirit of the past come out and meet you : and glancing from to-day's watch-towers out on the dim, misty, looming past, tombed figures take shape, and old dusts begin to speak.

Tradition says that along with St. Rule, who was wrecked in St. Andrew's Bay, there came several other pioneers of the Gospel, among whom was a certain woman, Triduana. She is to-day little more than a name, but she seems to have been one of those who, swallow-like, heralded the coming of the Gospel-spring in Scotland. The starlight that caught your eye last night was light that left the stars a thousand years ago ; your eye caught a thousand arrivals from journeys of thousands of years ; and the Christian light which floods Scotland to-day started thirteen hundred years ago, with those holy men and women, who themselves, like the stars, are unseen and unknown, but the waves and influences of whose lives are still felt and realised.

One tradition has it that Triduana was a Greek lady of royal blood, to whom, after a sight of the Cross, this world became very small ; the sentiment of Mary, Queen of Scots, was hers :—

"Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,
In me no taste for grandeur now is found !"

After a life of missionary labour in Scotland, she died, and was buried, and Restalrig [or Restalric, or Lestalric] Church covers her remains.

It was once a large and stately edifice. The little bit remaining is only a portion of the chancel, all the transepts and nave having been swept away. It was founded by James III., and was a rich and powerful corporation, a collegiate church, consisting of a dean, eight prebendaries, three chaplains, and

two singing boys. It held the Church of Lasswade, the rector of that town having a stall there, also St. Mary's Rothesay, besides valuable property in Bute, Leith, &c. The octagonal chapter-house, with a fine central pillar and groining, was built by Sir Robert Logan, who died in 1539. Originally dedicated to the Holy Trinity and to SS. Mary and Margaret, its chief interest lay in the fact that it contained the tomb and shrine of St. Triduana, St. Rule's companion. That shrine was one of the most renowned places of pilgrimage in the middle ages: it was supposed to work miracles, especially in diseases of the eye, one of the earliest recorded instances of such cures being that of John, Bishop of Caithness, who in 1200 journeyed from Scrabster, blinded and with his tongue cut out by Earl Harold of Orkney (as the old Saga relates); and it is said he was cured by his pilgrimage hither. Many other such pilgrimages are on record, and the place got not only great fame, but also considerable wealth in consequence. St. Triduana's chapel in that noble church was served by a prebendary who ministered at her altar, and also acted as organist in the church.

Restalrig Church, for this reason, attracted the attention of the first Reformers in 1560, and it is almost the only case in which Knox and his colleagues actually demolished a sacred edifice. It is one of the earliest entries in the transactions of the first reformed assembly of the Church of Scotland,—“That Restalrig Church be utterly demolished as a monument of idolatry.” In 1559-60, Lord Gray, Commander of the English forces, during the siege of Leith, threw up trenches round the church, and lodged himself with his horsemen within its walls. In December, 1560, it was demolished by the Protestant throng and utterly razed, save only for the little piece of the east end, which was left in ruins. The great masses of stone were carted off to build the Nether Bow of Edinburgh, which was almost entirely drawn from this rich quarry; and even so late as 1571, one Alexander Clark found stones enough left at the old site to build his house. For many years the small remnant of the church, with its three pillared bays and fine east window, remained an utter ruin, and to a great extent roofless; but within recent years it has been worthily restored, and is now appropriately used as a chapel of the Church of Scotland. Several notable people are buried in the pretty

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churchyard which spreads around it, and was for long a favourite place of sepulture for Episcopalians. The ruin of St. Anthony's Chapel, on a spur of Arthur's Seat, looks down upon it,—perched up there among the flocks of the Holyrood monks, because St. Anthony was the guardian of the brute creation, and is said to have made the lambs and the birds, and even the fishes his companions. The stately towers of Hale-rude-house (Holyrood) rose up at the other end of the meadow, and it is to be hoped will very soon be restored, with the Auld Brig o' Ayr, the Scots Greys, the Ben Nevis Observatory, and other Scottish interests which have too long been neglected.

One cannot look at the little chapel without wishing that those who professed to cure blindness there, had not been, in later days at any rate, such blind leaders of the blind, and that their spiritual cataract had not become so dense, that the offending eye had so ruthlessly to be plucked out.

But all such spiritual developments are in the hands of Him who of old touched the eyes of blind Bartimeus on the wayside; and though such spiritual blindness cannot, alas, be numbered as one of the extinct diseases, but has only taken other forms, yet the Church of God can never sigh,—“Oh for the touch of a vanished hand,” for Christ's touch has still its ancient power. At best in life we see “men as trees walking,” as they did long ago: but now as then, “The Lord God walks among the trees of the garden.” And a broad charity like that of the Lord Jesus, whose mission was to open the blind eyes, and who looks with larger, other eyes than ours, to make allowance for us all, bids us gaze back through the dim mist of the past on that earlier faith with a forgiving eye, and forward to a still more perfect day when we shall no longer see through a glass darkly, but face to face,—

“Waiting for the end
Of all misunderstandings and soul-hunger,
When lack of love shall trouble us no longer;
When a white shroud shall cover up our faces
And better people fill our vacant places!”

xi.—NEWTON CHURCH.

Newton, or Neaton, Church was granted to the monks of Dunfermline (like St. Giles') in the twelfth century, and the ruins of the old church stand beside the Buccleuch woodlands,

within sight of the railway, a tall square tower rising above the holy place. There was another church and parish, that of Woolmet or Wymet, which was probably the chapel of the fine old house of Woolmet, famous as the retreat of Francis Stewart, the second Earl of Bothwell, in James VI.'s reign, after the battle of Craigmillar. The house is still a stately baronial mansion, and has interesting historical memories. David I. granted the church of Woolmet, which is still standing in the village of Edmonstone, to the monks of Dunfermline, like the church of Newton. At the Reformation the two chaplaincies and parishes were united, and a new church built in the centre of the parish, the church lands being given to Lord Thirlestane by James VI., from whose descendants they passed to the Wauchopes, while the Newton portions eventually fell in to Buccleuch. The church of Newton to-day has interesting memorials on its walls of those whose life it was to "win" the coal, and is an ideal country church and churchyard, echoed in some of Mr Martin Hardie's paintings. The old estate of Sheriffhall has interesting memories, while the "Kaim" (hence "Campend" or "Kaim-end")—a round earth-heap surmounted by trees, is supposed to cover the remains of those who fell in some of the early battles of prehistoric Scottish history.

Monkton House, between Newton and Inveresk, was the favourite residence of General Monk, and near it is the "Rout-ing Well," so called from a noise which it is supposed to make predicting a coming storm. This well, dug many fathoms deep through a rock in order to get below the coal-strata, communicates with the coal-seams below, which occasions a rumbling noise, "which does not precede but accompanies a high wind." The gardens of Monkton were among the earliest in Britain, and in the books of Dalkeith Palace it is entered that fruit and vegetables came thence in more excellent quantity and quality two and a half centuries ago than from any other quarter. The house was originally built by the monks of Newbattle, to whom the property belonged, and the west side of the courtyard is the work of the monks. It stands two storeys high, and has the usual hall and other rooms on the ground floor, and bedrooms above, while the turret staircase and the fine mullioned dormers of the upper floor are unique. A branch of the Hays of Yester succeeded to the property, which

came into the hands of the Falconars, and finally into those of the Hopes of Pinkie. ["Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland," iv.]

Monkton Hall, a little nearer Musselburgh, is also an interesting old residence full of antiquarian memories. Newton House is a large, commodious and massive mansion-house dating far back, quite of the same style as Monkton House, Woolmet, &c., close by, and in all probability the laird of Newton or Neaton was the originator, patron, and protector of Neaton Kirk close by. To-day only the church tower stands, surrounded by trees, and with about half-a-dozen table-tombstones around it. The entrance to the tower is a round arch, and the marks of presses, doors, fireplaces, and roofs are quite traceable. The sweet old tower, standing out on the ploughed field,—with its castellated top and many memories, is romantic to a degree, and in early spring, when the fresh olive-green is on the old churchyard trees, is beautiful and suggestive beyond words.

XII.—CARRINGTON CHURCH.

The picturesque ruined church of Carrington stands in an isolated field half-a-mile from the present village and church, now called Carrington, but once called Primrose,—an indication of the old connection between the house of Rosebery (Primrose) and this district, which up to the Moorfoots is the property of the Lord of Dalmeny. The church of Carrington or Kerrington has a very curious history. In a document of the chartulary of Scone Abbey, dated February, 1356, it is stated that the Abbot of Scone is to get the church of Blair, with its pertinents, in exchange for the parish of Carrington. Blair had belonged to William, Bishop of St. Andrews, Carrington to the Abbey of Scone. It was a matter of arrangement between the two, and was apparently amicably settled. But in Scone Chartulary there is another document, a bull of Pope Gregory the XI., dated 1373. In 1356 the Bishop of St. Andrews had apparently given up all claim to Blair Church in exchange for that of Carrington. The Abbot of Scone seems, however, to have had his doubts about the binding character of the transaction. He appears to have dreaded that he might lose Carrington and fail to get Blair.

And so he sought the good offices of Robert II., who had been crowned at Scone, to secure a bull from Pope Gregory confirming the exchange. This bull is an interesting document. It narrates that Carrington "abounded in revenues," but was so distant from Scone, and the way to it was beset with so many difficulties that it would be more suitable to transfer it to the Archdeacon of Lothian. The revenues of Blair were very poor, but that church was close by Scone. The vicar at the time of the exchange was paid the stipend of 10 merks or £6, 14s. 3d. Carrington income could easily have been far more, and yet not so very much. To-day the rental of Carrington is £4000, of Blairgowrie, £27,000.

After the Reformation the charge of Carrington was held by John Knox (1619-61),—grandson of the second minister of Cockpen, and, therefore, great-grand-nephew of the Reformer, and he ordained Robert Leighton to Newbattle. He was succeeded by his son, John (1653-9), the great-great-grand-nephew of the Reformer.

XIII.—BORTHWICK CHURCH.

The valley of the Tyne stretches from the hillfoots around Borthwick, on through Crichton, and out through Haddingtonshire. Borthwick Castle, recently restored, is one of the very finest peel-towers in Scotland, standing on a tongue of rocky land, and the roof of the grand hall is so lofty that it was almost a proverb that a knight on horseback could swing his spear without touching wall or wood. That roof is still in admirable preservation, and in one of the panels there is the inscription,—“Ye Temple of Honor.” The fireplace is carved and gilded. Queen Mary’s room is still pointed out, and the nailmarks of the ancient tapestries which hung on its walls are traceable. The two great towers are very striking. It is said that something like half-a-century ago a foolhardy student jumped from one to the other,—a tempting of Providence almost as great as that of the Italian mason, who, when Durham Cathedral was finished, swung a rope from tower to tower and walked across it, performing a somersault in the middle. The roofs of the towers are saddleback and covered with stone-slates, as at Corstorphine, Crichton, St. Margaret’s Chapel in Edinburgh Castle, &c. There is an excellent spring well in a

vault on the left side. The original home of the illustrious Borthwicks was Catcune Castle, famous as the residence of the great Sir William Borthwick, who had to do with the strong national movements of his age. It is said that the founder of the noble house was a Livonian knight called Burtick, who came with Edward Atheling and his sister Margaret (afterwards Malcolm Canmore's wife) to Scotland in 1067, and settled here. Then Sir James Borthwick, who made the fame of the house, received permission on 2nd June, 1430, to erect a castle at Lochwarret (Locherworth or Loquhariot) to take the place of the old Catcune Castle. From Currie glen, close by, the stones were brought, and while it was building Sir James was created Lord Borthwick, in recognition of his great services to the nation. He died in 1458, and was buried in the Church of Borthwick (St. Mungo's), where his recumbent figure, along with that of his wife, is still to be seen,—one of the few perfect recumbent tombs in Scotland. He lies in full armour, and the sleeping pair form a very beautiful piece of sculpture. This ancient portion of Borthwick Church,—now at the rear of the beautiful parish church,—is a fine relic of the age, and the piscina and other features are still in good preservation. The carved flowers on the outside walls below the stone roof are copied, as at Roslin, from the flora of the valley, which, doubtless, the sculptor held in his hand as he carved. The faces, which alternate with the flowers, represent joy, grief, mockery, surprise, cunning, singing (the trumpet-like carving representing the music issuing forth as in the S. transept of St. Giles', Edinburgh, beside the organ), resignation, merriment, death. The faces are almost identical with those on the outside of Crichton choir, and are probably the work of the same hand. The massive roof of paving-stones is identical with that of Corstorphine. The church was in all probability built about the same time as the castle, and was in all likelihood originally simply the chapel of the house of Borthwick. It was dedicated to St. Mungo, whose influence was widely felt in this part of Mid-Lothian. Glasgow Cathedral is St. Mungo's or St. Kentigern's Church, and still retains his well and tomb in the beautiful crypt. It was at Glasgow ("the dark forest") that St. Mungo and St. Columba met, with their missionary bands. St. Mungo has given his name to a Dumfriesshire parish. The old friary of the Observant Friars, also, at

Lanark, founded in 1314 by King Robert, bears his name. Alloway's haunted kirk is St. Mungo's, and Burns has sung of the thorn hard by, "where Mungo's mither hanged hersel'." Besides giving his name to the churches of Penicuik, Borthwick, and Crichton, the name and influence of this early missionary can still be traced all over Lanarkshire and eastern Mid-Lothian, and it is singular that "Mungo" should still be a favourite Christian name in Mid-Lothian, and also that it should have been the name of the great modern traveller, Mungo Park, who did so much to open up Africa to light and civilization. St. Mungo's mother was St. Thenaw, whose corrupted name appears still in Glasgow in "St. Enoch's" Station, just as "St. Rollox" in the same city is properly "St. Roche," from a chapel on the hill there, and "Manuel" on the North British Railway is properly "Immanuel," from the ancient church dedicated to "Christ Immanuel," which has almost entirely disappeared. The Penicuik Lodge of Freemasons is called "St. Mungo's." His influence in the upper ward of Lanarkshire and the Esk valleys was almost as great as in Clydesdale, all of which he made his own by missionary effort. His proper name was Kentigern, and he was born at Culross, and flourished in the last half of the sixth century. "Mungo" or "Beloved" was a name of endearment given him by his devoted disciples, and so deep was the affection of Scotland for him that the new name very nearly ousted the old. It is interesting to remember that St. Mungo was grandson to the famous King Loth, whose name survives in the title of the lands over which he ruled,—*"Lothian."* King Loth's regal residence was at the foot of Traprain Law.

From the death of the first Lord Borthwick in 1458, son succeeded father, until the ninth lord, who died without issue, and the title expired. Descendants of the house of Borthwick, however, still live at Crookston (and in the Castle), while one is the respected chief of the Mid-Lothian constabulary.

The sixth Lord Borthwick was the staunch friend of Mary Queen of Scots, who lived with Bothwell within the walls of the grim fortalice in the valley. It was her last home of liberty, for when she fled from Borthwick Castle she very soon passed on to her captivity. The memories of Queen Mary cluster very thickly around the grand old keep, which keeps silent guard over the lovely valley, through which the express

trains rush in their mad progress to the south. James, the ninth lord, was a warm-hearted partisan of the Stuarts, and in the interests of Charles I. he for a time defied Oliver Cromwell. Cromwell bombarded the castle, and the marks of his shot and shell can still be traced on the walls, as well as in the earth-mounds in the vicinity, raised for his cannon. The record of the house of Borthwick is a noble one, as no atrocious or brutal crime such as characterised most houses of mediævalism, can be imputed to Borthwick, but, on the contrary, there is a fine tradition of patriotic work well done. The nephew of the ninth lord,—Lord Dundas of Harvieston, succeeded to the castle and estate, but the title lapsed. In 1692 he sold the property to Sir James Dalrymple, progenitor of the house of Stair. In 1760, Mitchelson of Middleton bought it, and in 1812 it was bought by Mr John Borthwick of Crookston. Lengthy litigations have taken place over the revival of the title, claimed both by the Crookston and the Nenthorn branches of the Borthwick family, and in 1870 the House of Lords gave the title to the Nenthorn branch,—descendants of the third lord, and the present peer is the twelfth.

The beautiful new church of Borthwick was a gift to the parish from the Kidd family (1850), and the old portion of the church is the hall and vestry. The great historian, Principal Robertson, was born in the old manse in 1721. His father, the Rev. William Robertson, was minister of Borthwick, and afterwards of Lady Yester's and Old Greyfriars', Edinburgh. He was the author of the 25th, 42nd, and 43rd paraphrases,—three of the finest in the collection.

Beautiful Currie Glen, with Currie House, is close by, while interesting Roman remains in the way of roads and camps are on the hillsides, the great Roman road, "Watling Street," passing through the parish. A Roman camp is on the summit of one of the Heriot Hills close by.

A very striking feature is to be observed in the glen from Borthwick to Crichton on summer evenings, in the presence of multitudes of glow-worms, which seem to have a special affection for this locality. The "*lampyris noctiluca*" or glow-worm, is a short little worm, thick and ugly by daylight, but at night its light-emissions are wonderful and mystic. It can extinguish its light at will when frightened, and on misty

warm summer evenings during June, July, and August, thousands of these marvellous night-lights can be seen in rapid motion in the Crichton Glen. The glow-worms close their "feast of lights" about 11-12. If one of them is caught and put in a glass case it will keep shining on for weeks till the phosphorescent deposit or luminary matter is exhausted, when it dies.

xrv.—HERIOT CHURCH.

The remains of a small Roman camp are on the hill above the Heriot valley. The old chapel of Heriot or Herieth was under Newbattle Abbey, and was a vicarage worth £19, 7s 10d scots. It served the hill district of the Moorfoots to the east, as the chapel and house of Moorfoot, the ruins of which are still standing at the foot of the Powbate Glen, did the western portion of the rich green pastoral mountainsides and moors, which are still as beautiful and refreshing to soul and body as ever.

Walcott, in his "*Scoti-monasticon*," says that Gawin or Gavin Douglas (1516), the renowned Scottish poet and bishop, was at first rector of Heriot. Other authorities say he began his clerical life as rector of Hawick, which has more evidence in its favour than the other statement. He was afterwards Provost of St. Giles', Edinburgh, and Bishop of Dunkeld. He played an important part both in Church and State, and added great lustre to St. Giles and Dunkeld alike. He was a poet and a scholar, and translated into Scottish, Virgil's "*Æneid*," and Ovid's "*Remedy of Love*," besides writing the "*Palace of Honour*,"—an apologue for the conduct of the king, in which, in a vision, the vanity of earthly greatness is beautifully depicted. He was the friend of Polydore Virgil, and presented him with a commentary of the history of Scotland, in which the Scottish race is traced back to Athens. He was Provost of St. Giles when the fatal news of Flodden reached Edinburgh, and the women crowded into the old minster to pray for "the Flowers of the Forest." Owing to the enmity of the Earl of Angus, an unjust sentence of proscription was issued against him by the king: the Pope cited him to Rome: on his way he sickened in London of the plague and died there in 1522, and was buried in the Savoy

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Chapel. It is interesting to trace the great career of this distinguished Scotsman back to the green hills and sweet valley of Heriot, where his poetic gifts may have received their earliest impulses, as Robertson received his, centuries later, at Borthwick, on the other side of the same swelling Moor-foots.

SOME SMALLER PROPERTIES IN NEWBATTLE.

THERE are many places of deep historic interest in Newbattle parish regarding which much could be said. The fine old mansion-house of Southside — once a dower-house of the Lothian family, and, within living memory, ornamented on the top with fine battlements, has interesting traditions. One laird, Patrick Ellis, gave in 1646 a communion cup to the church, which, with the other three, given in that year by Alexander Caithness, Robert Porteous, and Andrew Bryson, are still in use, and were gifted to the church in the sixth year of Leighton's ministry at Newbattle,—the cups for the sacrament having, previous to that donation, been borrowed from Dalkeith.

D'Arcy Farm and its picturesque lands on the hillside above the ancient village of Easthouses (referred to frequently along with Westhouses in the charters of Newbattle Abbey), got their name from the Lady Caroline D'Arcy, who, in 1735, married William Henry, the fourth Marquess, just as the "Talbot Park" received its name from the matrimonial alliance of the House of Lothian with the Talbots, the "Campbell Park" with the Argylls, and the "Fortescue Park" with the Fortescues. The village of Westhouses used to stretch extensively round the hillfoot beneath the Roman Camp, where "Camp Meg" lived. It formerly contained a school, and old coins of the Stuart period have been found among the stones. The Cock-houlet Wood beside it is reminiscent of the old farm and village which stood there half a century ago. A somewhat famous well,—St. Helen's Well,—used to be popular as a place of resort for the healing of diseases, just like the St. Catherine Balm Well at Liberton. Maisterton Tower is another old castle in the parish, forming a notable landmark in the landscape, seen from afar by sailors in the Forth. It is a thoroughly mediæval keep, and was the residence of the Baron of Maisterton, which of old was also a

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separate parish, the chapel being at Bryans or Brien as it is called in the Newbattle chartulary. The fine old trees round Bryans farm are probably indications of where the Churchyard stood, and a portion of the byre was many years ago largely paved with the gravestones. One tree is still called "The Lady Tree," and possibly the "Lady's Road" may have got its name from the Virgin, who was the special patroness of Newbattle. The farm called Mansfield may have been the glebe of Bryans chapel, standing as it does half-way between the Maisterton Tower and Bryans. Fordel, in the eastern portion of the parish, so-called from the ford over the river Tyne, which passes through the Oxenfoord and Prestonholm valley, giving its name to Ford, famous as the place where iron ploughs were first made in Scotland,—is to-day famous as the finest strawberry-producing district in Scotland.

Lothian Bridge, with its striking railway arches, over which of old the horse-trains were dragged to Newington from Newbattle, but over which now-a-days the Flying Scotsman every night rushes with its ripple of lighted windows and sounding din, till the Borthwick hills surround it, and all is still, was, until recent years, the seat of the great paper industry, begun and continued for several generations by the Craig family. The village, indeed, rose around that industry, which owed so much to the genius and personality of Mr Robert Craig, a man as gifted as he was attractive and loveable. This world-famed industry was in 1890 transferred to the neighbourhood of Airdrie, where, at Moffat and Caldercruix, great works provide employment for hundreds of people, the company being known as Messrs Robert Craig & Sons, Limited. Newton Grange House occupies the site of the old monastic farm mill, and Mr John Romans, the present venerable laird, can lay claim for his family to three centuries of settlement in the historic place.

At what is now known as Barondale House, on the Esk shore at Newbattle, the scene is laid of the "Laird of Cockpen." Tradition declares that Mark Carse was the veritable laird of Cockpen, who wandered down the riverside from Old Cockpen House, a mile higher up the South Esk from Newbattle, down to Barondale House, which stands still, though renovated, by the waterside, near the Newbattle bridge. "Doun by the

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dyke-side a lady did dwell." The "dyke" was the old Monkland wall still standing in Newbattle village, and "Claversha-Lea" (Barondale House) was by the water amid the beautiful scenery of the romantic Newbattle valley. Mrs Jean was brewing the "elder-flower wine,"—one of the dear old drinks of long ago,—and the Newbattle valley is full of these old-fashioned trees and shrubs. The laird walked down the Esk side by a path still traceable through the river brushwood, and, arriving at his destination, asked the lady's hand. His actions seem to have been too sudden, for flat-footed Jean refused him with a lofty disdain not uncommon on such occasions, we are informed. She thought better of it, however, and, having evidently arrived at the stage of "where is he?" took him, and thus the Cockpen and Barondale estates were united under Laird Mark Carse, who thus had an estate in Newbattle. What is termed by scholars "the poultry verse" in the old song, is a modern addition and is seldom sung, save by those who have not confined themselves to the mild Newbattle stimulant termed by the song, "elder-flower wine." In 1722 this small Newbattle estate of Mark Carse fell into the hands of Lord Lothian.

Reference has already been made to the charming estate and mansion of Woodburn, with its recent memories of Christopher North. The distinguished general, Lord Ralph Kerr, C.B., brother of the late Marquess, is now the occupant of the mansion. Quite near it, and in a haugh by the river, stands the large thatched house of Newmilns, for many years a prosperous corn-mill. Robert the Bruce is said to have owned a field in the parish, and his son David II. buried his mistress, Catherine Mortimer, in the Abbey.

The old school and schoolhouse of Newbattle, founded mainly through the influence of the Rev. James Aird, about 1620, are still standing near the now demolished village of Crawlees. The late Mr David Dunlop, a fine type of the old Scottish parochial schoolmaster, for a generation adorned his position and sent many excellent scholars out into the world. His diary, still extant, is an interesting and intellectual record of the times in which he lived, and reveals a disposition and nature at once enlightened and progressive. The adjacent village of Crawlees has altogether disappeared, save for an old well and a hole leading down to the coal, by which women

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led up the coals to the surface. Blackcot, close by, was once a flourishing farm, and under the surveillance of the Burtons, —one of whom was drowned in the "Captain," was an important element in the parochial life. Lawfield Farm and Tower, Blinkbonny Farm, Hillhead, and Lingerwood are also to be named as important factors in the old Newbattle days, as they are still at the present time.

CAMP MEG.*

(a) CRICHTON AND HAGBRAE.

THERE are few districts in Scotland so rich in historic memories as the Tyne valley in Eastern Mid-Lothian. The Scottish Reformation had practically its beginning at the foot of it, when at Ormiston Knox, as tutor to the Cockburn family, embraced and declared the doctrines of the reformed faith. It was Thomas Gwilliam, the provincial of the Black Friars in Scotland, born at Athelstaneford, who "was the first man from whom Mr Knox received anie taste of truth." Moffat, the African missionary, was born in Ormiston. Possibly at Burghlee, at the foot of Soutra Hill, where he was born, James Logan wrote the second and other paraphrases. At any rate, the wild Lammermuir, stretching across from the old Soutra Monastery of the "Holy Trinity,"—the revenues

* The following preface introduced the story of "Camp Meg" in its earlier editions:—"The narrative of Camp Meg's life has been gathered together, throughout the years, from many different sources, persons, and places, and every endeavour has been made to ensure accuracy and fulness. Francis Rigby's little book, published many years ago, and now very scarce, is the basis of the story, which was corroborated, told over again and enlarged upon with endless variety to the writer by the late Mr Abram Douglas, of Mayfield, whose father and his family were Meg's kindest friends. Many others, including Mr John Romans, J.P., and C.C. for Newbattle, of Newton Grange House, Miss Margaret Noble, Easthouses, Miss Jane Clyde, Newbattle, and many more, both living and deceased, have kindly contributed to the storehouse of her biography; while Mr George Douglas, J.P., Dalkeith, has not only corroborated what is here written and greatly added to it, but himself knew the heroine of the Camp intimately; and to him, therefore, with deepest respect, I venture to dedicate this little volume, gratefully thanking him and the other contributors to the work, and wishing my six octogenarian friends, who are still living and remember Camp Meg, and who have generously helped me, continued health, peace, and blessing."

Alas! since this was written Mr George Douglas has passed away, also Mrs M'Culloch and Mr Robb, who all knew the heroine well. The Misses Donaldson at Newtonloan House, who are still alive, remember seeing Camp Meg often in their father's farm kitchen at Gowkshill, where she was a frequent visitor.

of which were transferred by Queen Mary of Gueldres to endow Trinity College, Edinburgh, — to Channelkirk and Carfraemill, with its dreary, bleak road marked with snow posts, is suggestive enough of "each perplexing path of life" and "the weary pilgrimage." But we must say no more, or the everlasting "Bruce-Logan controversy," almost as immortal and unending as that of the "Casket Letters," will be on us. Prestonhall, with its rich wooded valley, is for ever associated with that famous Duchess of Gordon who died there in October, 1760, and whose husband proclaimed Prince Charlie King at Castle Gordon, fought for him at Sheriffmuir, and was imprisoned for his conduct in Edinburgh Castle. The Duchess had bought this fine mansion and estate at a judicial sale in 1738 for £8877, and at her death left it to her fourth son, Lord Adam. Oxenfoord Castle, close by, and the House of Stair form an essential part of the history of Scotland. The upper end of the Tyne valley touches Borthwick, with its ancient collegiate Church of St. Mungo, covering one of the few perfect recumbent-figure tombs in Scotland,—a parish of which the finest tradition probably is that the great historian Robertson was born within the manse, where his father wrote three of the "paraphrases." Logan at one end of the Tyne valley and Robertson at the other are thus accountable for a considerable share of what the Anglican humorist calls "the Caledonian poets."

The most interesting memories and the most varied of the district, however, surround Crichton Castle and its collegiate Church of St. Mary and St. Mungo.* Mainly through the generous dealings of the present laird of Prestonhall, the old church has lately been restored from a condition of

* **ST. MUNGO.**—Glasgow Cathedral is St. Mungo's or St. Kentigern's Church, and still retains his well and tomb in the beautiful crypt. It was at Glasgow ("the dark forest") that St. Mungo and St. Colomba met, with their missionary bands. St. Mungo has given his name to a Dumfriesshire parish. The old friary of the Observant Friars, also, at Lanark, founded in 1314 by King Robert, bears his name. Alloway's haunted kirk is St. Mungo's, and Burns has sung of the thorn hard by "where Mungo's mither hanged hersel." Besides, giving his name to the churches of Penicuik, Borthwick, and Crichton, the name and influence of this early missionary can still be traced all over Lanarkshire and Eastern Mid-Lothian, and it is singular that "Mungo" should still be a favourite Christian name in Mid-Lothian, and also that it should have been the name of the great modern traveller, Mungo Park, who did so much to open up Africa to light and

filth, ruin, decay, and desolation, in which it had remained for generations, into a stately, inspiring house of prayer. The church consisted only of a beautiful chancel, transepts, and saddle-back tower, for the nave was never finished. It was founded on 9th December, 1449, by the great Lord Chancellor, Sir William Crichton, whose stately and historic castle, in ruins, now overshadows the church. The clergy consisted of a provost and eight prebendaries or chaplains, two singing boys, and a sacristan. There were four special stalls in the gift of the Archbishop of St. Andrews,—those of Vogrie, Arniston, Middleton, and Locherworth,—small villages round about the church, which still exist, the second of them having, through the great development of the mining industry, commenced by the monks of Newbattle in the fifteenth century, who, Father Hay says, gave the poor “black stones” (coals) instead of bread, become a large town, better known as Gorebridge.

The situation of this church on the face of a lonely veldt-like hill, far from all human habitations, and originally simply the private chapel of the great Crichton, is in keeping with the architecture, which, though stately and impressive, is extremely plain Gothic, with little or no ornamentation save a wreath of stone flower-work on the outside chancel walls and a few carved heads above the windows, representing monastic faces in all conditions of sadness and gladness, humour and misery. The four inside pillars are garlanded at the top. The tower has a low bell-gable. It grew in course of time into a wealthy and powerful ecclesiastical institution, and unfortunately, before the Reformation, became, like Melrose and other abbeys, from various causes, lax and careless.

civilization. St. Mungo's mother was St. Thenaw, whose corrupted name appears still in Glasgow in “St. Enoch's Station,” just as “St. Rollox” in the same city is properly “St. Roche,” from a chapel on the hill there, and “Manuel” on the North British Railway is properly “Immanuel,” from the ancient church dedicated to “Christ Immanuel,” which has almost entirely disappeared. The Penicuik Lodge of Freemasons is called “St. Mungo's.” His influence in the upper ward of Lanarkshire and the Esk valleys was almost as great as in Clydesdale, all of which he made his own by missionary effort. His proper name was Kentigern, and he was born at Culross, and flourished in the last half of the sixth century. “Mungo” or “Beloved” was a name of endearment given him by his devoted disciples, and so deep was the affection of Scotland for him that the new name very nearly ousted the old.

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Father Hay describes "the voluptuous life of the canons," and the monk of Cambuskenneth describes their "fidgetting in the stalls, the lawsuits in church, the payment of Easter dues and tithes within the sanctuary, the eating, drinking, and sleeping permitted when workmen gave up work at an hour too late for their return home or people came from far, and the binding of sick pilgrims to the pillars in the hope of being healed." The revenues of the establishment amounted to £133, 6s 8d, and on the dissolution of the religious orders at the Reformation the forfeitures were granted to Patrick, Lord Hales, who by James VI. was created Lord Creyghton. The last provost, Sir Gideon Murray, had the church lands of Crichton created into a temporal estate, just as in the case of Newbattle, where the last abbot was made commendator of the entire property.

The great Sir William Crichton, who, "out of thankfulness and gratitude to Almighty God for all the manifold deliverances he had vouchsafed to him," founded this interesting college,—one of some forty scattered over Scotland,—dedicated, like Borthwick, Penicuik, and other Mid-Lothian sanctuaries, to St. Mungo the Beloved,—was a man of ancient family and immense power. The barony of Crichton goes back to the reign of Malcolm III., and in the foundation-charter of Holyrood by David I., Thurstan de Creichton is a witness. In 1240 William de Crichton is mentioned as "lord of Crichton," while his son was one of the barons who in 1296 swore allegiance to Edward I. The great Chancellor was the guardian of James I., and had many strange experiences in connection with the boy-king, being besieged in Edinburgh Castle, but at last, in the full enjoyment of the royal favour, he died in 1454. Many great Crichtons adorn the page of Scottish history, notably the "Admirable Crichton" of the sixteenth century, who was one of the moving spirits of Scotland during the reigns of Queen Mary and James VI. Bishop Crichton of Dunkeld was the Prelate who in 1539, on the examination of Dean Thomas Forrest, Vicar of Dollar, for heresy,—burned for his Reformation principles,—declared that he was glad he "never knew what either Old or New Testament meant, for as for him he would know nothing but his breviary and pontifical." Another Crichton, of Brunstane in Mid-Lothian, was banished

by the Regent Arran at the Reformation for his reformed views. Crichton Castle, the seat of this ancient family, is described by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion" as the place where that hero lodged, but which, he declares, is now the resting-place of miry cattle.

"That castle rises on the steep,
Of the green vale of Tyne;
And far beneath, where slow they creep
From pool to eddy, dark and deep,
Where alders moist and willows weep,
You hear her streams repine."

All these alders and willows are now away,—used to make gunpowder-charcoal during the Napoleonic wars and scares, and now the valley is a veldt. But the castle still stands in its picturesque and lonely watch, with its graceful portico and beautiful grand hall;

"The towers in different ages rose;
Their various architecture shows
The builders' various hands;"

and the old church is there, with its mingled memories and its restored beauty and risen hopes. Queen Mary stayed at Crichton Castle with Darnley, as she stayed at Borthwick Castle with Bothwell.

Ancient and venerable as these buildings are, they are juveniles compared with the pre-historic Picts' House in the neighbouring farm of Crichton House discovered some fifteen years ago, with its underground dwelling and human remains. It is almost the only underground dwelling of early man discovered in Mid-Lothian, and is undoubtedly the oldest habitation in the neighbourhood, and makes even the old castle and college young and recent.

Exactly opposite Crichton Church, on the other side of the veldt-like valley, stands the ancient farm of Hagbrae, which got its name from the fact that it was the favourite place for the burning of Mid-Lothian witches or "hags" for two hundred years after the Reformation. To-day it is a large red-tiled establishment, in full view of Crichton College Church, so that the expiring hag might through the flames of her pyre catch sight of the holy place, whose God she had profaned.

Wonderful indeed was the witch-craze which seized hold both of England and Scotland after the Reformation. Persecution, torture, and burning were transferred from one sphere

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to another, but the spirit was much the same. The statutes of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and James I., all require death as a penalty, and the last statute against witches was only repealed in 1736, amid almost universal lamentation on the part of the religious world. Old Zachary Gray, the editor of "*Hudibras*," says:—

"Some only for not being drowned,
And some for sitting above ground
Whole nights and days upon their breeches
And feeling pain—were hanged for witches."

He adds that during the Long Parliament over three thousand wretched women were burned in different parts of England for supposed illegal dealings with Satan.

The case of the "*Lancashire witches*" is the most terrible on record, for the three women burned were not "*hags*," but beautiful girls, burned at the stake as witches mainly through the villainy of the imposter Robinson, whose wretched life has been dramatised by Heywood and Shadwell. Usher and Hales are the constantly-quoted authorities in our old Bibles on questions of sacred and secular chronology. The latter, Sir Matthew Hales, the finest lawyer of his day, and a man of clear reason and sound common-sense and religious feeling, condemned two women to death in 1664—Amy Duny and Rose Cullender—on evidence of witchcraft which is an insult to human intelligence; and yet Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the "*Religio Medici*," and one of the finest ornaments of English literature, corroborates Hales' view, and vouches entirely for the truth and validity of all the charges.

Under Lord-Chief-Justice Holt in 1694 a turn came in affairs; in that year Mother Munnings was charged with being a witch. She was a wizened old hag, and was supposed to have satan's marks on her body. But Holt gave the jury such a common-sense and firm charge that for almost the first time on record the witch escaped death, and from 1694 until 1701 no witch was burned in England, chiefly through his stern opposition to the superstition.

In 1711 an Englishwoman named Wenham was charged with witchcraft, and Chief-Justice Powell asked the jury—"Do you find her guilty upon the indictment of conversing with the devil in the shape of a cat?" to which the foreman replied,—"*We find her guilty of that.*" She however escaped with her life. But in 1716 the old rage against witches

revived, and at Huntingdon a Mrs Hicks and her little daughter of nine were burned to death for having sold their souls to the devil and for raising a violent hurricane "through pulling off their stockings and making a lather of soap!" This was the last case of witch-burning in England, for in 1736 the law, which owed its origin to the Puritans, who took as their motto the Old Testament texts,—“Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live,” and—“There shall not be among you a witch,” was repealed, and the punishment for witchcraft was changed to the pillory or imprisonment.

Writing on the twentieth statute of Henry VIII. regarding witchcraft, the great legal authority Barrington says that altogether 30,000 witches were burned in England since the Reformation. The Act repealing witch-burning is IX., George I., cap. V.

Though foisted upon Scotland by Cromwell, Puritanism took firmer root there than in England, and not only expelled the old Reformed confessions and practices and forms of John Knox, but introduced a fiercer persecution of witches than had ever been known before,—a persecution compared with which all previous persecutions either Roman or Protestant were mildness itself.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, under strong Puritan influence, the Presbyteries of Scotland burned the witches by the thousand, and Hagbrae was a favourite altar for the dreadful immolation. Hardly a session-record in Scotland but has its dreadful entries regarding witches and witch-burning. In the Kirkcaldy books under date 1633 there is this entry:—

For 10 loads of coals to burn yem	-	-	£3	6	8	
For a tar barrell	-	-	-	0	14	0
For harden to be jumps to them	-	-	-	0	3	10
For making of ym	-	-	-	0	0	8

The Session records of Spott in Haddingtonshire, close by, contain these entries:—“1698. The session, after a long examination of witnesses, refer the case of Marion Lillie, for imprecations and supposed witchcraft, to the Presbytery, who refer her for trial to the civil magistrate. The said Marion generally called the Rigwoody witch.” “Oct. 1705. Many witches burned on the top of the Spott Loan.” North Berwick has its humorous traditions of how the Fife witches crossed the Forth on their broomsticks, and gathered in St.

Baldred's Chapel by the harbour to hear satan expound his views to them. The less said of the concluding act of homage to the eloquent pulpiteer the better.

From the quaint old diary of Robert Birrell the following extracts are culled:—"25 June, 1591. Euphemia M'Kalzen was burnt for witchcraft." "21 July, 1603. James Reid burnt for confessing, consulting, and using with satan and witches, and who was notably known to be ane counsellor with witches." "24 July, 1605. Henry Lowrie burnt on the Castle Hill for witchcraft done and committed by him in Kyle, in the parish."

The minister at Gladsmuir in 1705, Mr John Bell, wrote a "Discourse on Witchcraft," one chapter of which is entitled—"Symptoms of a witch, particularly the witch's mark, mala fama, inability to shed tears, &c., all of them providential discoveries of so dark a crime, and which like avenues lead us to the secret of it."

It is notorious that John Knox believed in witchcraft, as well as in visions and special spiritualistic interpositions. In his "History of the Reformation," and other works, there are frequent references to the hags; and in thorough Old Testament spirit, he held with most of the Reformers that only one punishment was possible for them. The witch of Endor, Manasseh's trafficking with the black arts, Jezebel's "many witchcrafts," and even St. Paul's summary of the works of the flesh, including "idolatry, witchcraft," stood luridly in front of the Reformer's eyes, and made them energetic in dealing with the evil.

At the close of the seventeenth century, the wife of a distinguished Edinburgh lawyer was strangled and burned for witchcraft, which she herself owned to and confessed. In the eighteenth century Captain Weir and his sister,—aristocrats residing in the best part of Edinburgh, in the fashionable High Street,—were both publicly burned at the cross for the same offence. One of the witch's marks was if the supposed "hag" had a little brown mark on the back or shoulders, and if a pin were driven in and no pain were felt, that was proof positive that the person was a veritable witch.

The witches' death-list is a long one. Witch-burning became the new superstition of the Reformed Churches, and a much more disastrous one than any of the old death-deserving

offences. England sacrificed 30,000 hags ; Geneva burned 500 over Calvin's grave ; at Como, in Switzerland, 1000 were destroyed in one year ; while in Scotland during the sitting of one Parliament alone 600 unfortunate women were destroyed like night-moths in a paraffin lamp !

The earliest Scottish Act against witches was in 1563, by the first Reformed Parliament. Probably no witch had ever been burned in Scotland before. That fate was reserved for other offenders. After the Reformation thousands were destroyed, thus testifying to the mistaken zeal of the Reformed Church to live up to the strict letter of the newly-discovered elder scripture, and not to "suffer a witch to live."

The procedure in connection with a witch was methodical and highly organised. After a Session and Presbytery had searched out a case and became convinced that "the devil was in it," the witch passed out of ecclesiastical hands and was passed over "to the civil magistrate to be dealt with." She was then conveyed to Edinburgh and tried in the High Court of Justiciary. Seated in their scarlet robes and crosses, on chairs covered with scarlet cloth, each wearing a black cap on his head, the fifteen Lords of Session listen to the case. The bench is raised on a dais, and the business begins at eight in the morning, the Lord President seated in the middle and seven judges on each side. Ten advocates in gowns of Paris stand around. A tall wax candle painted over with religious emblems burns on the President's right hand and a gold cross hangs on his breast. In the horse-shoe form the judges sit and listen.

And now comes the awful part of the scene ; a rack covered with black cloth stands in front of the Lord President,—the rack being used in Court up to William III.'s reign, and still in use in various foreign countries. No witnesses are allowed for the defence,—only the evidence of the Session of her parish, and of the Presbytery who handed her over to be dealt with. The hag is stripped in court to the waist, and if the devil's marks are seen, that is proof that satan had nipped her person. Next, a needle,—so contrived that when pressed against anything it glides up into its own handle with the very slightest pressure, without pricking at all,—is applied to one of the marks. The witch naturally feels no pain, though the witch-pricker has the instrument

against her body, for the needle is not piercing her but is up in the handle, and therefore she does not utter the slightest cry or murmur. This is proof positive of her guilt, for a witch is insensible to pain. The needle was supposed to go into her body, but really the point, slightly blunted, never pierced her at all.

Her guilt is now amply proved, for the witch-pricker, clad in scarlet doublet, leathern apron, and with bare arms, has wounded her, but she has not felt the pain. The judge puts on the black cap again, blows out the candle, and gives doom after trial by racking. Stretched on the rack, the poor creature gives way and faints. She is then taken out, dressed in sackcloth with white cord, a white cross and skull sewn on the back and breast, and carried off either to the City Cross of Edinburgh, or preferably to Hagbrae, or some other favourite witch-pyre, to be burned in sight of all those whom she is supposed to have wronged, and cursed, and blighted. Awful memories cling round Hagbrae, facing the sweet College of St. Mary and St. Mungo the Beloved! Many a time doubtless the old bell, "founded in 1619," and re-cast in 1702 by Sir James Justice of East Crichton, rang out across the valley, as the flames roared up at Hagbrae opposite, and divine anger was appeased. Might not the dreadful old symbols of death-torches,—white tongues of flame on a black background, which used to cover the walls of one of the Crichton Church transepts, used as a tomb,—be a reminiscence of the horrible witch-nightmares of Hagbrae?

Undoubtedly, it was a remnant of mediæval superstition, —a remnant indeed of the earlier devil-worship of Druidical and later times, when as at the Callernish stone circle in Lewis, and as at Stonehenge, the hot red blood of human victims hurried from the stone of immolation down the drain and into the thirsty earth.

The same thing is to be met with to-day fifty miles inland from some civilised towns in British West Africa, where the only religion is witchcraft, and the only priest the magician, who conducts dealings with the unseen devildom, with cannibalism as an addition. The American Indian chief, who was treated by the missionary to a strong dose of the sternest Jonathan Edwards Calvinism, with its extremest threats and most awful horrors proceeding from the Divine,

replied that he and the missionary adored the same deity ; " only," he added " your God is our devil ! " One thinks of that story in connection with the horrors of Hagbrae. The first witch was burned in Scotland in 1563 ; the last, Maggie Osborne,—a beautiful young girl who was driven stupid by " Adair, the saviour of Ayr," into confessing herself a witch, —was burned in 1722, and is buried in the Fort Churchyard in Ayr, under the shadow of the church tower of St. John's, —all that remains of a great ecclesiastical edifice, which Cromwell first used as a stable and then demolished to build his wall round Ayr, and to fortify the town of Wallace, Bruce, and Burns.

The Act against witches was not repealed in England until 1736, and in Ireland not till 1821. When it was repealed in Scotland a national fast and day of humiliation were held, just as when the act of Catholic Emancipation was passed, and just as was threatened when the great scourge of cholera raged, had not Sir Robert Peel given the very sage, practical advice,—“ Rather clean your drains.”

Even during the middle of the eighteenth century, and towards its close, belief in witchcraft lingered in Scotland. Dr Chalmers, while in the Tron Church of Glasgow, used every Sunday to visit an old lady at Bogleshole, between Campsie and Glasgow,—Mrs Elizabeth Drew,—who, when Prince Charlie swooped down suddenly from the Highlands and quartered his men on her father's farm there, remembered vividly how his Highland soldiers cut up the farm cheeses with their swords and roasted the junks at the kitchen fire. She was only a little fair-haired girl at the time, and Prince Charlie, seeing her sitting by the kitchen fire, frightened and anxious, went up to her and stroked her gold hair, and told her not to be afraid, for no harm would come to her. That touch became the glory of her life, and she told the tale often to Dr Chalmers and other Glasgow citizens, who visited her regularly until she died in 1821, at the great age of 104. An oil-painting of her is still in existence. As a little child she was bewitched by a passing vagrant, who cast on her " the evil eye " as she was playing in the farmyard. For long she " dwined away " and was ill and sickly, until, through the exertions of the minister, the witch was discovered and forced to undo the harm. This was about the year 1730, just after the repeal of the witch-burning laws in Scotland.

In 1775 nine old women were burned at Kalish, in Poland, "charged with having bewitched and rendered unfruitful the land belonging to a gentleman in this district." Such is an extract from the "Gentleman's Magazine" of 1775. Even into the nineteenth century, more especially in the Highlands and islands of Scotland, the belief in "uncanny folks" prevailed, and, indeed, still prevails to some small extent in lonely Highland glens beneath the awful shadows of the great Inverness-shire and Sutherland bens. All hill-peoples are superstitious, and England still thinks that the Scotch are full of superstitions, and of strange notions about the unseen and spiritualistic communications and influences. When one recalls the popularity in the south of "Planchette," even in the highest places, and the strange doings of "the souls," and the sober statements of Mr Alfred Wallace and other scientific spiritualists regarding their communications with the unseen, and the almost universal superstitions as to lucky horse-shoes, May weddings, and Friday sailings, one can readily forgive the simple crofter and the lonely Lewisman fisher for kindred beliefs, surrounded as they are with the steep frowning glories of dark Highland mountain-chains and the weird loneliness of the brown moor and desolate ocean.

Verily Hagbrae has its lurid memories, as Crichton Church and Castle have their sacred and festive ones. The old spots where the Scottish witch-fires were lighted are not few and far between. The Cross of Edinburgh, the Cross of Dalkeith, the Cross of Musselburgh, were all famous burning-places. The Knock of Crieff has still its old tree to mark where the spot was for the passing of the witches. The Spott of Haddingtonshire has its terrible memories. But for a lonely business-like burning-place, in full view of the sanctuary whose God had been profaned, there is no place to equal Hagbrae. It was a good thing that "Camp Meg," who lived early last century in witch-like solitude and eccentricity on the summit of the Roman Camp Hill, overlooking Newbattle on the one side, and Crichton and Hagbrae on the other, was mercifully born after the witch-burning Acts were repealed, or, judging from her strong supernatural reputation, which still lingers all over Eastern Mid-Lothian, she would have added a fresh victim to the witch-fires of Hagbrae.

(b) CAMP MEG.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century the whole of Great Britain was in terror lest the great Napoleon, who had advanced across Europe, conquering and to conquer, should steal across the narrow silver streak of sea which separates our little group of rocky islands from the north-west of Europe, and annex our patch of land. Beacon-houses and watch-towers were hurriedly raised, so that on any alarm being given of the approach of the French flat-bottomed boats, signals could be flashed from one post to another along the miles of shore. Indeed, in these anxious months, the appearance at night of the country must often have borne a striking resemblance to the scene on the memorable Diamond Jubilee night, when Berwick Law answered Lammer Law, and the Lammer flashed its signal to Carnethy and Arthur's Seat. One of these beacon-houses was raised on the now wooded hill known as the Roman Camp, from which a magnificent view is to be had of fourteen counties, and of the sea from Leith to the desolate Isle of May. That there was once a Roman Camp on that hill, above historic Newbattle, is undoubted. There are still remains of mounds and trenches, and the marks of a stone circle, where probably the General's tent was pitched. The neighbourhood is rich in Roman remains. The village of Edgehead, on the far side of the Camp Hill, was formerly called Chesterhill (Camp Hill). Dalhousie Chesters, the Chesters, and other place-names of to-day all point back to the Roman occupation. There are small camps near Borthwick and in Heriot, while Roman bridges still stand in the district, notably the Maiden Bridge of Newbattle, afterwards adopted by the Cistercian Monks there as the abbey bridge, near which the great gates were raised. Inveresk hill, crowned with the "Visible Church" of St. Michael's (as Newbattle was the "invisible church," so called from its low-lying site, not from any special grace or celestial worth), is rich in Roman remains, and altars, mosaics, antiques, and even a well remain to testify that there the Roman Eagles were gathered together. Recently some fresh coins were unearthed on the hill.

It was, then, on the boldest point of the Roman Camp Hill that a beacon-house was built,—one of a chain along the entire east coast; and the picture rises before one of fire-flash answering fire-flash through the dreary nights of anxious wait-

ing,—relieved for other people in towns and country by incessant drills and military exercise, in preparation for the invader. When the scare came to an end in 1815, and Waterloo ended Napoleon's career, the lights went out and the beacon-houses fell into decay; and in the deserted watch-house on the Roman Camp Hill, commanding the grandest and most widespread view probably in Scotland, "Camp Meg" finally took up her residence. Without question, her figure, so grotesque and unearthly, fitting across the first quarter of the last century, forms one of the most curious and out-of-the-way subjects of investigation; and the generations which knew her or had heard directly of her, from fathers and mothers, are rapidly disappearing. There are still some few remaining in the ancient parish, while some have gone to lands far distant, and others, now white and frail, are glad to hear again of the weird old witch-doctor, who combined veterinary skill with catechetical instruction. From about a score of these the facts and traditions of this paper have been carefully gathered and preserved, ere these, too, pass away.

The consistent tradition of all the old folks is that Camp Meg's real name was Margaret Hawthorn, and that she came from Galloway, where the name is still quite common. And the story usually told of her is that she occupied there an excellent social position, and was married to a man of high position and considerable fortune. He was cut off early in life, leaving her a widow, with one little son, and considerable means and landed property. She had not been long widowed when a gentleman who lived near her in Galloway came and claimed part of the property as his, a claim which Margaret Hawthorn knew to be groundless, as her young husband had left everything to herself and her babe. The bully, however, tried to terrorise her, and at last, maddened with his insults and injustice, her spirit broke, and, seeing her evil genius walking through the grounds of which she was proprietrix, she walked up to him and demanded by what right he trespassed there. His reply was a fresh insult; and, stung with passion, she drew a pistol, which for some time she had been carrying for fear of him, and shot him. Looking at his bloody form lying on the grass, she awoke to the fact that she was a murderer and self-condemned to death, and, like Cain of old, she became a fugitive. Leaving all her property behind her,

and her little son, who she knew would be well cared for by her many friends in Galloway, she ran for her life, not knowing whether her victim was absolutely dead or only dying. Travelling by night and day, she sought a lonely spot in which to pass her days in hiding from a world whose laws she felt she had outraged. But, as with Eugène Aram, the livid figure rose up and mocked her hopes of peace and happiness. After many a strange and footsore wandering, she at last reached Edinburgh, and then, drifting through the Lothians, she finally came to the Newbattle valley, with its old oaks and big straggling village,—“a’ to the tae side,”—and, climbing the hill, which gradually rises up to the Roman Camp, she lighted upon a deserted cottage, which had locally come to bear the name of the “Wartstone House,” and somewhere about 1815 or 1816 she made this bleak, isolated cottage her refuge. The London mail coaches, with their scarlet-coated drivers, made their first stop from Edinburgh at the “Sign of the Sun” (the Lothian Crest) Inn in Newbattle, which still stands, with its old orifice, through which hot drinks were handed out to the travellers. It is now no longer a hostel, since, instead of the crack of the whip and the dust-cloud, the thin iron line of civilisation stretches behind the trees, and, with a ripple of lighted windows, the Flying Scotsman roars southwards on its eight-hours’ rush. But, far away up in the loneliness of the Camp, the poor fugitive felt secure from message or messenger of doom which any stage-coach might bring, although sometimes her courage failed her, when, partially disguised in male dress, she saw a strange face on the hillside.

Her appearance at the Roman Camp, and her manner of life were mysteries to everyone. It is said that she told her story to one person and one only, and it was never divulged. Except that she came from Galloway, that her family name was Hawthorn, that she was a widow, her husband’s name being lost, no one knew anything. After living for some time a hermit life on this isolated spur of the Moorfoots, she began to increase in confidence, and sought for something to do. Mr Hope, farmer at Blinkbonny, on the far-off side of the hill, employed her in cutting whins, casting drains, and the like. It was then that she adopted the extraordinary costume which she ever afterwards affected,—a man’s hat, vest and coat, and

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an antiquated pair of Wellington boots,—everything masculine save that garment which is the symbol of man's supremacy, the transference of which to the other side of the house can only be described as a domestic calamity. Her visage was decidedly masculine, adorned as it was with a slight beard and whiskers. Many indeed who saw her and lived in terror of her, swore she was a man. It seemed really to have been her ambition to look as unfeminine as possible, probably to avoid detection and to prevent awkward inquiries as to her past and the dark crime which lay across her path.

After living at the Wartstone Cottage for some little time, the watch-house where the sentry had resided became finally abandoned, and as it was on the very summit of the hill and more lonely, she moved thither and spent twelve years or so in it,—in fact, till her death in 1827; and from her residence there, she received the name for which she became famous all over Mid-Lothian and Haddingtonshire,—of “Camp Meg.”

Though so peculiar and eccentric, she was a shrewd, clever, active woman, and, both in speech and behaviour, showed marks of high breeding. Once good-looking, grief, anxiety, and hard usage had made her wizened, queer, and odd, and her isolated, lonely life at the Camp had increased her oddity, and finally the entire district lived in some slight fear of her, regarding her as somewhat of the nature of a witch. It must be remembered that witchcraft was still believed in, in her age, by many, and Maggie Osborne, the last witch burned in Scotland, and buried in the Fort Churchyard at Ayr, where her stone still remains, had not met her doom so long before. Many pious people, indeed, early in the last century, regretted the abolition of the penal laws against witchcraft, and indeed held that several disasters which came to Scotland were the result of their removal. Camp Meg, however, was no witch, though a more witch-like figure never was seen, either on land or in the illustrious regiment of uncanny ones, who, after satan's sermon to them at North Berwick, hurried across the Forth on their broomsticks to their several homes.

The furniture of her little hut was of the rudest description,—not much superior, indeed, to that of the pre-historic inhabitants of the underground dwelling at Crichton, a few miles away. The seats were stumps of trees and stones,—not carved stone tables and chairs, as in Alexander Paterson's re-

nowned cave at Gilmerton,—probably the original of Wayland's cave,—but rough, primitive arrangements. Her bed consisted of young fir trees, cut from the adjoining woods, which then flanked the beautiful hill; the curtains were sack-cloth bags. Her fame spread gradually all over the Lothians, and she was visited by many. Her bull-dog, "Help," was kept always chained behind the door,—“my trusty freend,” as she called the mangy quadruped, whose Johnsonese temper and vicious snaps were the terror of the visitor. She was a famous rider, and, in an age when “vets.” were unknown, was recognised all over the Lothians as a first-class horse doctor. She herself was sole proprietrix of a white horse bearing the historic name of “Skewball.” He was a fairly well-bred stallion, but lame in one leg. She had got him out of the Duke of Buccleuch's kennel park to cure or kill, and she so doctored the apocalyptic beast that he made a very passable steed indeed. She sometimes had quite a gathering of invalid horses to undergo the fresh-air treatment in her hill hydro-pathic.

The accommodation for the sickly Rozinantes which were put under her charge was in her own sleeping apartment, behind the bed, under which her fine, well-favoured pig enjoyed life,—a family group of peace and goodwill, ruled kindly but firmly by the greatest character of the century in the district. Mr Brown, of Currie, whose descendant contributes some interesting reminiscences, gave her a very fine grey mare, which had been his favourite hunter, but which he thought was incurable. The equine *Æsculapius* was, however, to score another triumph, and having brought the mare up to her hill hospital, hung her in slings from the roof, so that her feet might not touch the ground, and after a few weeks in that constrained position, so suggestive of ecclesiastical minority parties, the mare's pulse grew regular, and she stepped down strong and well, to be a fresh jewel in Camp Meg's equestrian crown. This trophy she then sold to Mr Lees of Mountskip for £7, and he afterwards sold it to Colonel Maclean of East Lothian, for £22, who called it “Camp Meg,” after its deliverer, and it is said that this mare's offspring became known as one of the finest breeds in East Lothian. She had often quite a little stud of horses in her keeping, and took the greatest pride in curing them of their various ailments, though whether she re-

peated the "Absalom Treatment" (with the positions of man and mare reversed) history declareth not. With a view of keeping her horse-academy before the world of farmers, she attended the various weekly markets, issuing handbills to inform the farmers where she was to be found for consultations:—"Tuesdays, Penicuik; Thursdays, Dalkeith; Fridays, Haddington." She always went to these markets in full equestrian state, in that riding-habit which was her own particular make, over which she wore either a man's greatcoat or the military cloak which Mr Brown, of Currie, had given her. As she scampered along the Dalkeith streets she was for all the world like a Waterloo veteran, with her big Wellingtons and martial greatcoat. And after a good day's business, she might be seen rushing home to the Camp in high spirits. "Skewball might toddle down from D'Arcy on three legs, but he always used all fours at night, and his ears cowered and his tail stuck out like a bottle-brush on the homeward journey."

At the Dalkeith races Skewball almost always was allowed to ride in victorious; it was part of the fun of the fair, but besides that, Meg was a capital horsewoman. The race-course was then at the west of Dalkeith, from the head of the Crofts Park (near Croft Street) round by Gallowshall and Newbattle tolls, and came in at the foot of the park by Benbucht. On that historic arena Meg and Skewball had many a hard race. One memorable contest has been described by John Rigby, an invalid stone-mason, who in 1860 wrote a booklet on our heroine, freely interspersed with incidental verses, and to which we are indebted for a number of the incidents described in this paper. It was the Dalkeith Fair, and Camp Meg entered Skewball for a race, her opponent being Mr Cossar, innkeeper at Dalkeith, who owned a fine grey mare. After a dispute as to whether Meg's white horse should be allowed to enter the lists, it was decided by a majority that Meg should be allowed to compete. Having secured an urchin to ride Skewball, the race began, and in order to make victory a certainty, Meg kept running after her mount, encouraging Skewball in his exertions, with the result that the gallant steed won the race by two heads. She is said to have uttered a witch's cry,—“Talla, talla, tall, ada, daum, daa!”—which bewitched her rival's mare, and which we can quite believe. When Meg was fairly victorious, clean Dalkeith trembled with excitement, and amidst the plaud-

its of the crowd Meg received her prize, and then dashed off for the Camp to her old solitariness. Referring to her mount, which, like Job's war horse, is historical in the district, she is said to have sung the following rhyme, which Dalkeith schoolboys long ago loved to repeat :—

“There's flint in his nose,
There's fire in his tail,
His back is of whalebone,
His legs are of steel !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !

Here's a health unto Cossar,
Tho' he is the loser !
I'll run him next year
On the very same ground !
Hurrah ! Hurrah !

A splendid horsewoman, she was often to be seen tearing across the D'Arcy hill at a breakneck speed, and at every market and race in the district her presence was indispensable. In later days the Dalkeith races fell away, but in 1860 some leading inhabitants tried to revive them on the first Saturday afternoon after the October fair, when good horses and gaily-dressed riders were to be seen. Two leading gentlemen of the district, now, alas ! deceased, and from whose well-stored memories many of these incidents have been culled, remembered Meg and her race, and delighted to describe it to the writer.

The farmer of Southside (a fine architectural and historical building, where a former Marchioness of Lothian resided) was a staunch friend to Meg, and employed her regularly to cure his cattle. “Hielan' Donald,” the cattleman, was, however, Meg's pet aversion. Often the two came to blows, and once, at any rate, she felled him. Running into the farm kitchen after one of these encounters, Meg made the poker red-hot, and when the irate Sandy came after her, she generously offered him the poker, which he first grasped and then relinquished, probably on the principle of “blessed is he that sitteth down on a wasp's nest, for he shall rise again.” For this barbarous offence she was forbidden to draw near to Southside, and she had to encounter the snell north wind of the master's displeasure. The Highland cattleman declared he would always have a burning recollection of his game of poker with Margaret.

Mr Hope of Blinkbonny had a fine bull which died. She

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begged the carcase, and running it up to the Camp, made fine hams of him, for which the faithful soul always blessed Mr Hope's charity.

One memorable day a rap came to her door in the Roman Camp, and a fine-looking young man asked if Margaret Hawthorn lived there. She replied—"Yes, and what do you want with her?" His reply was that he did not know much about her, but that he had travelled many a mile trying to find her, and that if she lived there he would like to see her. Asked where he came from, he replied, "From Galloway." Being further interrogated as to his motive in searching for Margaret Hawthorn, he replied, "Oh, she has been missing these many years and no clue has ever been got, till lately, when a gentleman told me that she would be found in Newbattle Parish, living at the Roman Camp." Meg then asked him what he wanted with her. "Because," was his reply, "I am her son; she left me when I was a child, and I have never seen her since." Meg turned upon him a strange unearthly face, and scanning his features fiercely, she detected the traits of his dead father. "Then," said she, "I am your mother"; and overcome with emotion, she dropped into a swoon. Her son nursed her tenderly back to consciousness, and when she revived he was in tears, and another illustration was added to the swollen roll of the past, how "one touch of Nature makes the whole world kin." For three days he remained at the Camp, during which he urged his mother to return to Galloway with him; but the Camp was now dearer to her than many Galloways, and her son had to go off with a heavy heart, and he never saw her again.

The gentleman who had given her address to her son had been at the "Caledonian Hunt," a famous hare-hunt held twice a year in the Dalkeith district,—once in autumn and once in spring. He had there met Meg at the Camp, and going afterwards to Galloway on business, he met a person of the name of Hawthorn, and told him about a woman of that name whom he had met at Newbattle at the Hunt, with the touching result that a long-lost mother found a long-lost son.

Meg was a notable figure at the Caledonian Hunt, and received the greatest attention from all the distinguished members. When the scarlet-coated huntsmen rattled across the Camp Hill in hot pursuit of the hare, Meg either joined in

the sport or meditatively regarded the chase from her doorstep. At the close of the day the hat was invariably sent round, and a handsome offertory was handed to Meg. It is related that once she saw a hare hotly pursued by "Diddles," a fine dog belonging to Captain D. of Woodburn, and by another belonging to Dewar of Vogrie, the two swiftest dogs ever seen by Meg on the Camp; Meg watched the chase and saw the hare flash across the fields to Newlandrigg and Vogrie, and thence up to the Camp, where, opening her hospitable door, she was good enough to receive the hare as a paying guest. The payment was made in blood.

The poachers of the district had no sterner foe than Meg of the hills. She always kept a gun and a horn to alarm them, and to keep the game on the Camp from being disturbed. One night she pursued some poachers hotly and roared after them to the gamekeeper where he would find them, a story which greatly amused the then Marquess of Lothian, who used often to go up and pay Meg a visit. Sometimes she made mistakes; one night she fired at what she thought was a poacher; but it was only a tree-stump, which must have been considerably surprised at Meg's delicate attentions.

Fear was absolutely unknown to the strange woman who lived in the lonely bit above Blinkbonny. Living absolutely alone, she disliked all strangers, and, to protect herself from attack, kept a sickle and scythe and also a bayonet, which passed into the hands of the Newbattle forester after her death.

Many have recorded the way in which she received and treated them. One day a stranger came to her door, and was asked very sharply by her as to his intentions. Dumb-stricken at her appearance, her masculine visage, costume, and bearing, he hesitated in his reply. Not to be trifled with, Meg took down her scythe, and put it affectionately round his neck, and lugged him into her hut, and, causing him to be seated, went to the cupboard, not to get the poor man a bone, but to bring down the Mother's Catechism or Shorter Catechism, "for those of weaker capacity," as the Westminster divines, in a moment of grim, sardonic humour, described it on the fly-leaf. Her dog, "Help" (who, however, showed no disposition to assist the wayfarer, but rather the contrary) stood waiting on, anticipating an order for dental operations. But the wanderer rose to the occasion, and managed to scramble through his

answers, meriting, at any rate, a labour certificate. Meg then asked him where he came from, if he was married, whether he had olive-branches or not, while the pupil sat on the edge of a tree-stump, trembling with fear, and anxiously awaiting developments. So poor an appearance, on the whole, did the stranger make in the way of replies, that Meg, bidding him farewell, added that she trusted, when next he came to see her, he would show greater preparation and proficiency in the Catechism. She then let him go, and showed him the road over the Camp, a path which he was only too glad to see.

One very stormy night a wanderer came to her door. "Margaret," cried a voice. "Well, what is it?" answered a hoarse bass from within, sounding a deep pedal note, coupled with the trumpet and clarionet. Turning on the full swell, the wanderer cried, "For God's sake, Margaret, open the door and let me in or else this very night I will perish." "I will," quoth she, and, taking him by the hand, set him down on a tree-stump at the fire. "Stop," said the visitor, in a repentant mood, "I think, on consideration, I will rather try to find my way home, if you will show me the road." "No, no," replied the old witch, "ye shall bide where ye are, noo ye are here." And, scythe in hand, she threatened him if he breathed. In a vain endeavour to get into her good graces, the wanderer tried the personal and family card, and asked, simply and sympathetically, "But, Meg, how do you live at all?" "Oh," she replied, "I eat when I'm hungry and I drink when I'm thirsty, and I sleep when I'm sleepy," which virtually meant, "Ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies." She locked the door, and went to bed, putting the key under her pillow, and left her visitor alone all night beside the red ingle to meditate. In the morning, when the scarlet bars were stretching themselves across the sky above the German Ocean, she hoarsely ordered him to prepare for his departure. Offering him tea (then a great delicacy, — "that new China drink," as Pepys calls it), he declined it, and after thanking her, with a lump in his throat, he said he would never forget her kindness, and offered to do anything he could for her by way of recompense. "All the return I want," was her reply, "is to be left alone." But the stranger did not forget, and ever after sent her a cart of coal at regular intervals, the carter being strictly enjoined never to divulge the identity of the sender;

but one day she discovered her benefactor, and mounting Skew-ball, strideways as usual, she rode off in state to thank him.

She had a curious love of catechising old and young, and no one escaped. Many people went to her, to see herself, her bull-dog, her horses, and all the other inhabitants of her hut, all living comfortably under one roof, but every one who came had to answer the "mother's questions," even the Marquess of Lothian in his occasional visits being put through his facings. She knew her Bible and Catechism thoroughly, and was actuated by a strong desire to make others have the same acquirements. Indeed, she kept a kind of Sunday School in days when that institution was almost unknown in Scotland, and many of the old folks in the parish owed part of their religious training to Meg. The writer has frequently heard from the late Mr James Rutherford, Easthouses, one of her pupils, who died in 1886 at the age of ninety-two, graphic accounts of her dame-school, while Mr John Romans, of Newton Grange House, who is so well versed in all parish memories, his sister, and Miss Noble, Easthouses, the respected daughter of the late respected schoolmaster, and Mrs M'Culloch, Dalkeith, and a few others, have many a story to tell of Meg's relations to their several families. The late Mr Deans, Mr Robert King, and Mr Joseph Nelson had also many traditions of Meg's academy. Though her very name used to strike terror into the youthful bosom long ago, her treatment was kindly in a way, although it was rather an unpropitious inauguration to a course of theological studies to be introduced into the witch's divinity hall with the assistance of a sickle round your neck.

One day a company of students came out from Edinburgh, as hundreds did, to see her. They were going to play a trick upon her, but she played a trick on them. Her door did not go down to the ground quite close, and so, getting ropes, the young sparks tied her door, but she, sharper than any of them, thrust her scythe-hook underneath, and caught one of the adventurers by the leg, and did not let him go until he had given her five shillings, which he was only too glad to do. The schoolboys of Cranstoun, over the hill, and of Newbattle, used often to play truant from school in order to go up and pay Meg a visit, and multitudes of stories are still in circulation among the old families of the district, but there is a family

resemblance among them all,—the masculine, bearded dame, the scythe or sickle as a neck-companion, “*Help*,” and the white pony, being common to almost all the traditional pictures.

Old Mr Douglas, the well-known farmer of D’Arcy, was one of her kindest friends, his house standing only a few hundred yards from Meg’s oratory, and the deceased gentleman’s two sons,—both of them, alas! gathered to their fathers, amid the regrets of a wide district,—having occupied positions of high estimation in Dalkeith,—were Meg’s constant benefactors. The money gathered at the Caledonian Hunt for Meg was kept by old Mr Douglas, and dispensed to her in weekly half-crowns, in case of any sudden and extravagant thirst on the old lady’s part, which might result in the entire sum being melted in a night. Mr Bertram, farmer at Lawfield, adjoining D’Arcy, collected the dole one year, and handed the capital over bodily to Meg, and she forgot herself and lay out all night. De Quincey, it is true, did the same in the neighbourhood, dreaming his dreams, and was even informed by a maid-servant in Dr Thomson’s house in Dalkeith, who mistook the gentle seer for a tramp selling smallwares, that “*none were required to-day*.” But the cause of poor Meg’s outdoor rests was not so elevated, though certainly much more elevating. The night she spent under the stars was the evening of the memorable day when a youth of twenty-six was hanged in Dalkeith for having robbed Mr Dickson, of Cousland, on his road home from Dalkeith,—the only execution ever held in the clean town. Meg was carried home in great distress, and the boys from D’Arcy went over next day to pay her a visit. Getting a teaspoon, they gave her some bread-berry, but she rejected it. Their father then suggested dipping the warm mouthful in whisky, and that fetched her.

Poor Meg often came across to D’Arcy Farm to die. She made her will, leaving Mr Douglas’ elder son her guinea pigs, the horse to his younger, and the sticks of her hut to himself, to build up his stacks with. One Sunday she said to the same boys,—“*I wish I had some chicken brae*,” and at once securing a hen, the lads cut its head off, and put it bodily into a pot, feathers and all. When the cooking was over, they took the ill-fated bird out of the cauldron, when the feathers and upper skin all came away in a piece, like a dress suit, but the soup was declared by Meg to be an admirable compound.

Though really only an eccentric and peculiar character, in her day and generation she was regarded largely as uncanny. Some people declared she had intimate dealings with satan, and had she lived a few years earlier, when a day of humiliation was held in Scotland over the abolition of the penal laws against witchcraft, she would undoubtedly have made the acquaintance of the witch-pricker and witch-burner. Some said she was to be seen gathering sticks on the Camp, and at the self-same moment she was to be observed inside her house working her spinning-wheel,—the witch-gift of being seen in two places at once. Meg said herself that she frequently heard a heavy footstep behind her in the wood, and that she occasionally saw satan there with “a face as old-looking as the Pentland Hills opposite her home, and wearing a cap lowin’ red, trimmed with blue,” but that she had always power to keep him off. Mr Romans interestingly narrates how she used to smoke in his mother’s kitchen, and how she worshipped the goddess Nicotine. One night she called at D’Arcy Farm, and said she was going for tobacco, when she met the Evil One, and had a long discussion with him. She described his costume,—neat, but not gaudy,—“long gaiters, elongated horns, and a red hat.” On this occasion he seemingly omitted the blue trimming or passementerie which he usually affected. After having had enough of his company, she turned to him and said,—“Ye are the ugliest beast I ever saw in the Camp, but I’m awa’ for ma ’baccy.” She enjoyed nothing better than to sit and smoke in Mr Douglas’s hospitable kitchen at D’Arcy, smoking like a colliery chimney, and telling creepy tales to the young ones and the gaping circle, of her interviews with satan, “that birsey buddy.”

If her life was that of a witch, her death was doubly so. There is an old superstition that when a fearful hurricane blows it marks the passing on that night of a witch’s spirit into the Unseen. In spring 1827 Meg took ill, and “dwined” for three weeks, though she never took to her bed. The night before her death a terrific and most memorable snowstorm came on, and so tremendous were the snows that the hills and valleys were wreathed and blocked, and the hedges and roads were level. In many parts the snow was twenty feet deep, and the storm was dismal. Next morning a man named Darling (whose descendants are still parishioners, and slightly related to the

illustrious Grace) bethought himself of Meg, and in a kindly spirit wondered how she had fared that dreadful night on the storm-swept hill. With enormous difficulty the kind-hearted man climbed the Camp Hill, and found Meg lying a lifeless corpse on her own doorstep, half covered with snow. It was thought she had risen during the night to see the storm-fiends at work among the Moorfoots, Pentlands, and Lammermuir hills, and overcome with cold, she perished at her own door.

During her illness, Dr Otto, of Pathhead, visited her several times, and old Mr Douglas and others showed her every kindness. Next day a few farm-servants dressed and shrouded her; not a woman was near. Eight men, servants of Mr Bagrie, of Southside, conducted the funeral. Two of them, yoked like horses, drew in front, with a rope attached to the coffin; another held on by a rope behind lest the coffin should run down the two pullers as they struggled down the frosty, slippery, snow-blocked hill-side; while, to steady it, James Baillie, the Southside hind, sat stridelegs over the coffin, and so they slid down the hill, over hedges and ditches and everything,—James Baillie all the time holding refreshments in his hand, and dispensing them at convenient intervals, as with many a halloa and hooroo they proceeded towards the venerable churchyard in the valley.

As they passed the "Sign of the Sun" Inn, the Rev. Mr Thomson, minister of the parish, met the weird cortege, and, the weather being so Alpine in its severity, suggested that the farm-servants who had conducted the funeral should be refreshed, and indicated a bottle of whisky as a not unsuitable way of carrying out his wishes. In the party went to the old inn,—still standing near Newbattle Church,—and very quickly the mistress waited on them. Mr Thomson,—whose much-respected son, the late Mr Charles Wodrow Thomson, C.A., was a well-known Edinburgh citizen in later years,—had omitted, however, in the usual ministerial, unbusiness-like way, to mention what kind of bottle the Church would provide for her plucky sons; but the farm-servants took a generous view of the situation, and, assuming that the minister meant the largest, ordered a jar; and the entry for this and other expenses connected with Camp Meg's sickness, death, and burial, is still to be seen in the kirk-session records of Newbattle:—

"October 2, 1825.—By Margaret Hawthorn, in straits - os. 6d.

December 18, 1825.—By Margaret Hawthorn, in straits	os. 6d.
January 15, 1826.—By Margaret Hawthorn, in straits	6s. od.
February 5, 1826.—By Margaret Hawthorn, in straits	
and for lodging	8s. od.
February 26, 1826.—By Margaret Hawthorn, straits,	
Ad.,	4s. od.
March 11, 1827.—Margaret Hawthorn,	4s. od.
May 13, 1827.—By the church officer for bread, &c.,	
for Margaret Hawthorn's funeral,	1s. 9d.
Do., do., for digging ditto's grave,	1s. 6d."

"Bread, &c." is rather a good one, reminding one of the humorist's caustic account of Scottish New Year customs, and the inch of shortbread and a quart of something else, and the invitation to "taste my New Year bannock."

During the progress of the events detailed in the above extract with such fine reticence and self-repression, the coffin stood outside on the road with its ropes loose. Coming out of the inn evidently refreshed not a little, the men resumed their work of mercy and pulled the coffin past the church and up the hill, and entered the churchyard, burying Meg near the wall which overhangs the road,—the old thorn tree which grew near her grave being now away. No stone marks her grave, but, then, Creech, Robert Burns' friend, patron, and benefactor, until recently lay there too, unhonoured and unmemorialised.

Mr Romans, Newton Grange House, has the account for her burial expenses, and remembers the funeral, as also do several other veterans in the neighbourhood. Meg herself had during her lifetime sold her body to Dr Otto, Pathhead, when bodies were scarce and resurrectionists active, for the munificent sum of £1. The resurrectionist scare is borne evidence to in Newbattle Churchyard by ever-recurring coffin irons to hold the coffin to the grave-bottom, and by the old resurrection-house, which was lately removed. Meg's body was to be, therefore, a special favour to her kind doctor; but she stipulated that after he was done with her, she was to be buried up in the dear old Camp, which had so long sheltered her Hagar-like life, with a hawthorn tree at her head, as an emblem of her name. But she lies buried still in the pine-encircled old churchyard, where so many generations peacefully sleep.

A local bard has thus "dropped into poetry" over poor Meg and her "passing," although the style is strongly reminiscent of the "spring poets":—

"Caledonia's huntsmen now safely may scamp,
Since their heroine's gone, the pride of the camp:
Her bones are at rest, but her soul's on the tramp

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In the valley of death, through yon dreary swamp !
Safe thither may she be led by a lamp—
The Lamp of Glory !”

The Camp House has long since been levelled, only one stone being left as a memorial of Meg, and a sweet-wreathed hawthorn tree. The generation that knew her is fast passing away, and the quaint old witch-figure is fading away gradually into the dimness of oblivion. And yet the light of other days brings a tenderness to the heart, and, perhaps, even a moistness to the eyes ; and if not, at any rate, a moment's look at the weird vision flitting betwixt the old order and the new is a relief and refreshment amid the prosaic commonplace of ordinary life.

PERSONAL NOTES AND RECOLLECTIONS.

MR JOHN ROMANS, J.P., C.C. for Newbattle, &c., very kindly contributes the following :—“ I was only between seven and eight years old when Camp Meg died, but my sister, Mrs Duncan, who is five years my senior, remembers her personality better than I do. Camp Meg was no witch or palmist, as any discreet, educated person would have certified after five minutes' conversation with her. She was a regular visitor to my father's house and workshop, at Newbattle, either on Monday, the meal market day in Dalkeith, or on Thursday, the corn market day. She possessed emphatic argumentative abilities, especially on doctrinal religious questions, which was also a characteristic feature in my father's nature, and I have seen the two nearly quarrelling over opinions expressed in ‘ Boston's Fourfold State.’ Nevertheless she had a high opinion of my father. She was a tall, muscular woman, not fat, but wiry, deeply bronzed, with deep lines set in the entire visage, bushy eyebrows, and a prominent chin and nose. She walked as if she considered herself born to command, and expressed herself after the same manner. She was peculiar in several of the ordinary habits of social life. In riding,—which she invariably did when visiting in her professional vocation,—she always rode astride the horse. Her dress was something between that of a male and a female. She wore an ordinary low-crowned man's hat, which was tied under the chin with a good thick

cord or thong. She on most occasions wore long leather-legged boots, which covered the knees, but I have seen her with her legs wrapped in straw or hay ropes from her ankles to above the knees. She wore a thick greyish woollen skirt, a little longer than a Highlander's kilt. Usually she wore a kind of waistcoat made from the skin of an animal,—probably a calf or a dog,—and over all she wore what now appears to have been a huntsman's or a military officer's coat. It had brass buttons, and was of the swallow-tailed shape. I don't think she used stirrups, at least I do not remember seeing any, and I was frequently privileged to be elevated on to the saddle,—a very comfortable one,—that was fixed on the back of 'Skewball' (that was the name of Meg's horse), but she never permitted me to be my own horseman, just leading it round my father's close a few times, and then lifting me carefully down. She generally had some little requirements she wanted from my father, such as a piece of board and a few nails, and while these were being prepared, she took a seat by our kitchen fire, where my mother would serve her with such food as was convenient; and as the kail-pot was in use every day, a visitor could never come wrong. In those days,—now seventy-five years ago,—all roads were bad, and those in Newbattle parish especially so, and badly fenced. In descending from Meg's residence on the Roman Camp, Skewball used to arrive in our close pretty well covered with mud, especially if the Esk was in flood, as Meg never used the bridge if the river was fordable, in which case Skewball received a thorough washing; but if compelled to use the bridge, I well remember how Meg and I mopped the horse all over, which he seemed to enjoy. At the time I am writing about, the veterinary profession was scarcely known, and Meg was then the acknowledged horse and cow doctor in the neighbourhood, about which I had facilities of knowing something special, as my grandmother,—the Lady of Newton Grange, as she was styled,—kept five or six cows, and her only 'veterinarian' was Meg, whose services were frequently required. On occasions I have known her sit an entire night in the house watching the invalid cow, and invariably passing much of her time in perusing the Bible. This was not the act of a witch or vagrant. It has been reported that Camp Meg, or Margaret Hawthorn,—as that appears to be her real name,—belonged to Gallowayshire, and was of

gentle blood, and because of some domestic troubles she fled from her native place and adopted this Gipsy sort of life. As for the truth of this, I can say nothing, but thirty years ago when visiting Whithorn I found there was a landed proprietor, —a Major Hawthorn, of Castle Wigg, in that neighbourhood. I ventured to make enquiries in connection with our heroine, but the Major was reticent, and I failed to elicit reliable information, although it still strikes me forcibly that the family I refer to is the clan to whom Camp Meg belonged originally. The mansion-house is about two miles from Whithorn. I have now only to relate what I remember about Meg's death and burial. In the month of February, 1827, there was a severe snowstorm, and the roads were blocked up for days. Meg was missed from Cock Houlet, a southern suburb of Westhouses, but long since wiped off, where she frequently visited. Affectionate curiosity led Willie Darling, of Cock Houlet, to pilot himself up the hill to Meg's cabin, when on forcing the door poor Meg was found dead, lying in front of what had been a fire, but now burned out. My father was then the wright and undertaker in Newbattle, and Willie called upon him. The two proceeded to the manse and reported the case to Rev. John Thomson, who authorised my father to attend to the necessary interment of Meg, and after a visit to the Camp a coffin was carried up by my father and two of his workmen, when the body of the deceased was solemnly deposited in it, and two strong bars of wood were transversely fixed on the bottom and two longitudinal ones nailed under them, to which ropes were attached, and some eight or ten men dragged it over the snow down to Blackcot, where a cart was procured and conveyed it to the Churchyard of Newbattle, where, near the centre, poor Meg was buried. I may here state there is no truth in the current reports that there was much drunkenness at Meg's obsequies. Sure am I that where my father had control, no drunkenness would be tolerated, for he was rigidly a temperate man, although not an abstainer. Of course, where there were a dozen men to regale, and possibly some of them tumbling amongst the snow, an extra dram might be given, but that is not drunken revelry. It has been stated to me by responsible parties that after the funeral the men who assisted had liquor *ad libitum* in the 'Sign of the Sun' hostelry, paid for by the Marquis. This, like several others, is fabulous, as the

'Sun' Inn was deprived of its licence in 1825, two years before Meg's death, and the only public-house in the village was the 'Dambrig' Inn, kept by Mr William Stephenson, a man who was an elder of the kirk-session for upwards of thirty years, and who would permit no drunkenness. The inn stood opposite to the present clock tower of the Marquis's stables. Before closing this time-worn reminiscence (it is seventy-five years since Meg died) I may state that in those days that piece of country between Meg's cabin and Mansfield was in a state of prairie, growing only whins, brooms, sloe-bushes, briars, and heather, — a fertile region during the breeding season for grey linties, and the boys of Newbattle made good use of netting them. Meg more than once presented me with a bird of this description, and I remember presenting her, with my father's permission, with a few hundred young leeks for her garden. In conclusion, you may take it from me that Camp Meg, though a recluse, was a God-fearing, well-meaning woman."

Mr GEORGE DOUGLAS, J.P., Dalkeith, who remembers Camp Meg well, kindly furnishes the following note:—"Camp Meg's horse's name was Skewball; she bought it from a Mr Cossar. At that time there used to be what were called Carters' Plays. People who had horses got them decked with ribbons, &c., and, after walking about for some time, had races. Meg's horse won a race, and she was so delighted she wrote a poem about it. I only recollect one verse; it was this—

'Here's to Mr Cossar, though he be the loser,
And may no ill-fortune attend him at all:
May good health and blessings always attend him,
For it was from him I bought my Skewball.'

Many people called on Meg, and she used to question them. She did not take her questions from any question book. Here is one—"What is it that God ordered to be done, but was never done, but was well done?" This was when Abraham was ordered to offer up his son as a sacrifice. She was a notable person in the district. Young servant women on what was called the 'churning week,' if the churn did not 'get,' blamed Meg for witching it, and some of them believed it. Of course, this was nonsense; she had no dark power. Meg used to keep hens, and to prevent them going into the corn fields, she put strings about their legs and tethered them to the ground. Her

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house was on the corner of a field farmed by my father. The day Meg died she had been in Dalkeith to see a man hanged for robbing a farmer going home from Dalkeith market. On the afternoon of that day an awful storm came on. A very heavy snow fell, and was accompanied with hard frost and a strong wind. Meg managed to reach the Camp, but died from starvation either out or inside of her own door. The roads were so blocked that no conveyance could be utilised, so a rope was tied round the coffin,—on which was seated a man to steady it,—and drawn down to Newbattle Churchyard."

Mr F. P. DEANS, cashier of the Lothian Coal Co., Ltd., writes:—"What has appeared in 'The Scotsman' is substantially the story told us by our father, who knew Meg well. As you know, the Parish School in those days was located at Westhouses, and it used to be a common practice for the boys to visit Margaret at the top of the brae. She was of very masculine appearance, and although the boys stood in great awe of her, still they were drawn to her by, as it were, some magnetic influence. She used to put them through their exercises with regard to the 'Carritches,' as the Shorter Catechism was called, and should they unfortunately not come up to Meg's standard of accuracy in repeating the particular question asked them, she, as a punishment, would not let them away until they learned it, and this they had to do forthwith. They also helped (or thought they helped) her in her garden sometimes, by way of earning her goodwill. Her influence with the boys on the whole was of a healthy nature."

Miss MARGARET NOBLE, residing at Easthouses, has attained the long age of eighty-seven, and remembers Camp Meg well. Her father, as is well known to the neighbourhood, was schoolmaster and elder in Newbattle, and enjoyed the respect of everyone. The school presided over by Mr Thomas Noble was at first in Westhouses and afterwards at Easthouses. When at Westhouses, Mr Noble's son John was a great favourite with the heroine of the Camp, and was often caught up by her and conveyed on Skewball to her lonely cottage. On one occasion Meg brought him and locked him in with herself in the cottage in order to ask him his questions, but the child fainted with fear, and ever after spoke of his instructress with dread and misgiving. Miss Noble, when at Easthouses, remembers seeing Camp Meg ride daily through the village,

dressed in a man's brown coat, with a wisp of straw round her waist and a sickle stuck in it for self-protection. The village children followed her, addressing her by name. On one occasion, Miss Noble relates, Meg was desirous of having a brood of chickens, and, taking a number of eggs, she put them in a pot and placed it on her fire for a time; and in due season the eggs broke and the chickens were hatched and afterwards reared by her. Meg made linen thread in her hut, and Mrs Noble used to buy it from her in the Westhouses Schoolhouse. The Baigries, of Southside, were very kind to Meg, and their governess used often to come up to the Camp and talk with her. On one occasion the governess asked Meg why she lived as and where she did, and suggested—"Surely there is something wrong." Whereupon Meg took down her Bible and made the governess swear with her hand on the book that if she told her she would never divulge the tale. She then told her story, which, however, was for ever kept a profound secret by her visitor. In Miss Noble's early days Mrs Hunter occupied the stone house in Westhouses. Every Sunday afternoon the children of the hillside went up to Meg's cottage to go through their Catechism. In those days Sunday Schools were few and far between, the only one in the parish being held on Sunday mornings by the minister's sister, Miss Thomson, in the old church in the valley. The baptism of Miss Noble is entered opposite "7th March, 1819: born 29th January, 1819. John Grainger, elder, and Alexander Wilson, witnesses."

Miss JANE CLYDE, now residing in Newbattle village, is one of four parishioners who have lived under five British Sovereigns and remember four coronations. She remembers Camp Meg quite well, and was impressed with her superior bearing, fine features, and generally commanding personality. She can recall her riding through Dalkeith stridelegs on Skewball, with all the children of the town after her, tugging her cloak. Her father, James Clyde, was second forester on the Marquess of Lothian's estate, and to him was allotted the task of planting the trees on the Roman Camp Hill, which form the present beautiful and picturesque plantation. Previous to this, the Camp hills were covered with heather, brushwood, brackens, &c., and formed good cover for all kinds of game. Hence the "Caledonian Hunt" paid

this hillside frequent visits,—visits which ceased altogether after the plantations appeared. While engaged in planting these trees, James Clyde took his mid-day meal regularly in Camp Meg's house, and was treated by her with the greatest civility. Often in the evening, however, round his own cheerful ingle, he used to say to his children,—“How would you like to live in a house like Meg's, which has neither tables nor chairs, nor yet a bed?” At one time Miss Clyde's father had been in the army, and when stationed at Ayr, remembered how an officer of the name of Hawthorn in the barracks there used to pay regular visits to Galloway to visit relations,—relations whom he associated in later years with Margaret Hawthorn of the Newbattle Camp. Miss Clyde thinks that the Rev. J. Thomson, minister of Newbattle, was the recipient of all Camp Meg's confidences and history, but that no one else ever knew the truth about her. Mr Thomson, who is memorialised in Newbattle Church by his son, the late Mr Charles Wodrow Thomson, C.A., Edinburgh, was the author of a sermon on “The Constraining Power of the Love of Christ,” which was much admired in his generation (1813-1841). Miss Clyde remembers how Captain Dalrymple, of Woodburn, married the widowed Countess of Haddington, who came to reside there with her husband,—an early friend, before her marriage to the Earl of Haddington,—and of the kindness of the Countess to Camp Meg, who delighted to recite poetry and the like to her affable and warm-hearted patroness. Miss Clyde also remembers that after the coronation of George IV. (who visited Newbattle, and in whose honour the “King's Gate” was erected), the Countess brought home from London to all her Newbattle friends some *souvenir* of the memorable occasion. Miss Jane Clyde for long preserved the memento given to her,—a spectroscopic opera-glass, which, by turning a handle, revealed the coronation procession going to and returning from Westminster Abbey. In the days when her father was engaged in planting the Roman Camp woods, the bare hill had at its foot the large village of Westhouses, then extending in several long rows at the foot of Cock Houlet Farm, now wiped away, but remembered still through the wood which bears its name to-day. The village had a school,—still standing,—and in the midst of “the toun” rose a large stone double-storied house, built by Miss Thomson, who had a small holding

of land at Westhouses. Many years ago, when one of the old houses was being demolished, a large quantity of Mary Queen of Scots coins,—gold, silver, and bronze,—was discovered in the “found” of the house. Westhouses, like Easthouses, is one of the ancient settlements of the parish, and both names appear in the Chartulary of Newbattle Abbey. It is averred that Joseph Smith, the founder of Mormonism in America, had a direct family connection with Westhouses, just as Quakerism had one of its earliest homes and advocates in Newbattle village in the person of Alexander Jaffray (Leighton’s friend and next-door neighbour), whose diary is a work of great interest as showing the early difficulties and struggles of the Society of Friends in Scotland. [“Diary of Alexander Jaffray, Provost of Aberdeen, one of the Scottish Commissioners to King Charles II., and a member of Cromwell’s Parliament,” edited by John Barclay: published at Aberdeen, 1856, by G. & R. King. Alexander Cant, minister of Newbattle about 1639-41, —Leighton’s immediate predecessor,—was Jaffray’s father-in-law. Cant afterwards became minister of Aberdeen, and his son-in-law, Jaffray, followed him thither and became Provost. Jaffray’s old house, next his father-in-law’s manse,—on the other side of the church,—is now wiped away, and was for long associated with the Misses Lumsden, who kept a market-garden on the west side of the church.]

The late Mr JAMES RUTHERFORD, Easthouses, was one of Camp Meg’s pupils, and often told the writer of her strange sayings and doings. Mr Rutherford died in the year 1888 at the ripe age of ninety-two, and was so hale and hearty that only four days before his decease he walked from Easthouses to Leith and back, a distance of six or seven miles. On one occasion Camp Meg had to endure the ill-will of one of Lord Lothian’s gamekeepers, who reported her to the Marquess for poaching. Mr James Rutherford wrote a letter to the Marquess, to Camp Meg’s dictation, pleading her innocence and begging an audience. The Marquess granted her an audience, and not only absolved her of all blame, but allowed her to remain at the Camp unmolested. Mr Rutherford was largely taught by Meg, and remembered her instructions to his dying day.

Mr THOMAS FALCONER, for most of his life resident at Newbattle, who died at Fala at an advanced age beyond eighty-

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five, remembers Camp Meg's funeral, and also knew her well in her lifetime, and often experienced her somewhat sharp and cutting welcome, when, with her sickle round his neck, she led him into her hill-seminary to answer his questions and say his "carritch."

Mrs ALLAN, Oakmount, Lasswade, whose father, the late Mr David Dunlop, was teacher of Newbattle School, and held in highest respect by everyone, kindly records some additional memories handed down to her:—"Mrs B., in Bonnyrigg, used to live at Maisterton Mains,—cottages above Maisterton House, near Hillhead. Her father was Edward Japp. When their water supply ran short in summer, she used to go to where Meg's house had been to get water at her spring. Like the rest of us, she pretended Camp Meg was chasing her, and ran so fast with her pitchers or 'stoups' (carried on a yoke) that nearly all the water was 'skailed' before she got out of the Camp. This did not hinder her taking gooseberries off a bush of Camp Meg's. She got the 'berries' first before she fled. A man lived in Camp Meg's house after she died, and I saw his son once;—the baby was born in the hut. I saw old John Wilson, who, the day he was born, sat on Camp Meg's knee. His father, Charles, had a shop in Easthouses, and Meg chanced to come, and during her visitation took the baby on her knee. John Wilson went to her Sunday School afterwards. His father helped Camp Meg to teach in it."

The late Mr JOHN GORDON, whose widow still resides in Mansefield, died in 1884, at the age of seventy-three. He used to herd the cattle of Mr Stephenson, the farmer of Mansefield, and often went up and had tea with Camp Meg, being a very special favourite of hers. He too had to answer his questions like the rest. He used to tell how Camp Meg was called upon to attend to calving cases at Brothershiels and Nettleflat, and when her work was done the people at both of these farms on Tyneside used to be glad to get her off, such was their fear of her and her strange ways. John Gordon began life as "herd" to Mr Stephenson, of Mansefield, and latterly with Mr Douglas, of D'Arcy, whose son in time farmed Mansefield also, so that his long life was spent on the one hillside, faithfully and honourably.

Mrs TORRANCE, who resided at Dewartown, at the foot of the Camp Hill, on the east side of the range, dying at the age of

eighty-five, was a sister of John Baillie, who, with his uncle, James Baillie, James Lindsay, and Darling, conveyed Meg's body from her hut to Newbattle. She knew Meg well. Another of her brothers, William Baillie, was the man who found Meg dying at her door in the snowstorm:—"He had been going to Edgehead from Southside for snuff for our father, and thought he would take a turn up the hill a little farther and see how Meg had fared in the storm. He found her lying on the threshold of her door nearly dead, and carried her into her hut and laid her on her bed, when almost immediately she expired. Meg held a capital school on Sunday afternoons, and kept the children in terror. She would have come over their head in a moment. She was a small, thick-set woman, and had a witch-reputation, and was a splendid rider and horse-doctor. She quarrelled once with an Easthouses woman, and it is said, and it was believed, bewitched her cow in revenge, and had to be got back again to undo the evil. My sister had a baby, and we took it up to see Meg, and she held it in her lap. From that day to this my sister never knew the fact that Meg had embraced her bairn, or she would have been afraid of the consequences. The general idea was that she had murdered some one in Galloway, and it is a fact that her son came to see her. I can vouch for all these facts."

Mr PETER HENDERSON (aged eighty-two), who resided with his nephew at Carfraemill, near Lauder, remembers well the London stage-coaches running past, and has also a large store of recollections of witch-stories of the neighbourhood, but strangely cannot recall Camp Meg or anything at all about her.

In an age when superstitious beliefs had not altogether died out, it was hardly to be wondered at that something of the supernatural surrounds Camp Meg, when the legend of "The Gray Brother of Newbattle," celebrated in verse by Sir Walter Scott, recalls the spiritualistic belief of former days,—that "Gray Brother" said to have been seen on certain nights of the year in the oak-forests of Newbattle, just as Ralph, the first Abbot of Newbattle, was said by the chronicler to have seen the Evil One in the woods around "with a face as black as pitch." (See Newbattle Chartulary.)

One of Camp Meg's favourite Scripture posers is still quoted by the older generation of Newbattle and Dalkeith

people,—“What act in Scripture did God command to be done, and it was not done, and yet it was well done?” The answer is,—“Abraham’s sacrifice of Isaac, which God required, and which was not accomplished, and yet it was counted unto Abraham for righteousness.” Many of her other questions and sayings are still among the floating traditions of Eastern Mid-Lothian. Her old pupils are now few and far between, but the traditions and stories die hard, and the old families of the parish, some of them tracing back almost to the Reformation (as can be vouched for by the old colliery account-books and other parish records), cherish the memory that their fathers knew and had their earliest religious lessons at the feet of this strange yet pious fugitive, whose only library was her Bible and her Catechism.

The “Royal Caledonian Hunt,” founded in 1777, is still in existence, the patron being the King and the president the Earl of Eglinton and Winton. A distinguished committee-list appears in Oliver & Boyd’s Almanack. One of the joint-secretaries, Sir Kenneth J. Mackenzie, writes that “the records of the Caledonian Hunt, as far as I can ascertain, have no mention of Camp Meg.” When the Camp Hill was, however, suitable for the chase, the bright-coated huntsmen were regularly to be seen, until the plantation made hunting impracticable, and the society sought new ground west of Edinburgh.

The name of Hawthorn is well known still in Galloway, and in Whithorn there are several families bearing that designation, and these have been communicated with, with respect and courtesy. No reply has been vouchsafed, from which the reader will form his own conclusions as to the strangeness and mystery surrounding the whole affair. It is said that Nathaniel Hawthorne, the brilliant American essayist, hailed from the same neighbourhood and belonged to the same clan : but of this and of other statements connected with the original home and connections of Camp Meg there is no absolute certitude.

Similar cases to that of Camp Meg are not unknown even at the present day. The Hermit of Ardnamurchan is fresh in the public recollection. Until quite recently, in one of the many caves on the west coast of Arran, near the King’s Cave, where Robert the Bruce hid, protected by the spider’s web, a strange man lived,—possibly still lives,—who had never spoken to any of the people in the neighbourhood, and lived

a hermit life, stealing potatoes, trapping rabbits, and catching fish. There is a similar case in a lonely part of Lewis, near the Butt, but the hermit spends his time exclusively in reading, and his solitary hut is papered entirely with illustrated papers of a generation ago. Even in more intellectual spheres, the poet Chatterton, "the marvellous boy who perished in his pride," belonged to the same class. Pride, grief, disappointment, the sense of unfitness for the battle of life, and other occult causes, produce similar effects in our own time, leading some to look out on life either figuratively or actually "through the loop-holes of retreat." The same tendency accentuated, leads the disappointed girl to the convent and the life-sick man to the monastery, there to learn in time the mistake of shutting oneself off from life's ennobling and helpful influences in order to escape its heartbreaks. The Trappist life is seldom a saintly one. Zimmermann on "Solitude" makes excellent reading, but it is a very one-sided statement of the case. Divine Providence has arranged all things well, and solitude and society are both alike angels from above. The forgotten poet Parnell of more than two centuries ago gives the best commentary on the life of the cœnobite and the hermit:—

"The silent heart which grief assails
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought,—but learns to know
That solitude's the nurse of woe."

Note on Newbattle Churchyard, Resurrection-House, &c.

In the days of Burke and Hare, the famous resurrectionists who, at the close of the eighteenth and during early years of the past century, rifled the graveyards of Scotland for bodies for the surgeons of Edinburgh to dissect, in days when it was difficult to acquire corpses for anatomical purposes, the friends of any person just buried watched in turns in the churchyard lest the dreadful resurrectionists should put in their appearance

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and dig up the body. In the churchyards round about Edinburgh special precautions were always taken, and the coffin was fastened to the bottom of the grave,—always deep,—by heavy iron rivets, some of which are still to be seen, while round watch-houses were built either in the middle or against one of the walls of the graveyard. In all the ancient churchyards round about Edinburgh the watch-house is to be seen, or was to be found at any rate till lately. A very fine specimen is standing in the old churchyard of Dalkeith. The watch-house was really a small fort with narrow openings round and round, through which the watchers could in safety keep guard over the churchyard by night, and fire upon any night-prowler in search of bodies. The old folks in all the villages and hamlets round about Edinburgh can tell many blood-curdling stories of churchyard fights over the dead, in the days of Burke and Hare. In Newbattle churchyard several people involved in these skirmishes lost their lives. As Newbattle,—anciently Newbottle (new residence),—is one of the most historical parishes in Scotland, in whose venerable Abbey the Queens of both Alexander II. and David II. are buried, though unhonoured by any memorial, so its churchyard, famous in resurrectionist days, was the favourite Saturday haunt of Sir Walter Scott when living as a young man in the thatched house at Lasswade, a few miles off (which is still occupied), and is believed to be the original of the churchyard in “Old Mortality.” Sir Walter Scott constantly wandered among its quaint tombstones, which include a splendid table-monument, richly carved in bone-pattern, to the Welshes, one branch of whom gave Thomas Carlyle his wife; and De Quincey, who used to reside with his girls at Polton, four miles off, used often to wander by starlight among these gaunt memorials of the past, sleeping sometimes under the shadow of the great Abbey wall, still standing in front of the parish church, and built by William the Lion. Christopher North is remembered still at Newbattle as wandering among the ancient trees and retreats. William Creech, the Edinburgh publisher and provost, who put Robert Burns on his feet, and to whom the Ayrshire ploughman bard, in gratitude for publishing his songs, inscribed several pieces, including the well-known “Willie’s awa’,” was born in the old manse near the churchyard, his father being the parish minister in 1745. A small bit of broken

sandstone is all that remains in the churchyard of the original memorial either to the father or to the son, whose kindness to and sympathy with the lonely Ayrshire genius gave Scotland her greatest poet, and the world the printed Edinburgh edition of his songs and satires. Archbishop Leighton was minister of Newbattle from 1641-1653, and in the church his pulpit and sacramental plate are still in use, while his old house forms part of the present manse, under the roof of which his library, hour-glass, and other time-worn relics are carefully preserved. The largest beech tree in the world grows at Newbattle.

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THE district lies between the Pentland and Moorfoot hills, and the North and South Esks are the main arteries of the fertile lands which lie between these hills. The Moorfoots, at their greatest height are some 1800-1900 feet, and the highest summits of the Pentlands measure between 1500 and 1800 feet. A magnificent coal formation, the fossilized forests of prehistoric times, fills the whole valley. In the hilly south-east district the rocks are of grey-wacke and clay-slate, while quartz, spar, and steatite, are found in small quantities. The Moorfoot hills are of grey-wacke, while the Pentlands are mainly of porphyry. Occasionally whinstone, granite, syenite, and other primitive rocks are met with. Coal, limestone, and sandstone are everywhere and extensively worked. It is undoubted that, like Arthur's Seat and Berwick Law, Carnethy and other Pentland peaks are old volcanoes, — their very shape,—the soft, regular, cone-shaped peaks,—even recent records in earthquake disturbances,—being strongly reminiscent of Vesuvius and other burning mountains. The splendid alluvial soils of the district, with the sand and gravel and rounded dunes, carry one back to the ice age, when glaciers glided down to the low levels, leaving in their train the broken fragments and débris of former worlds.

The Newbattle monks were the earliest workers of coal in Scotland, and worked into the sides of the river and the hill, bringing out their "black stones." The exposed surface of the coal can often be seen in the banks of the Esk, and even in the course of the Roman Camp Hill. Some of the coal seams are broken, evidently by some of the volcanic eruptions of which Carnethy and Arthur's Seat tell the tale. The general order of the coal-seams, beginning from the basis limestone, and going upwards is as follows :—(1) The "Parrot"

seam (3 ft. 3 ins. thick)—a cannaal coal, dry, and used for enriching gas; (2) the "Kaleblades" seam (4 ft. 5 ins. thick)—with a band of fireclay in its midst; (3) the "Splint" seam (4 ft. thick); (4) the "Coronation" seam (3 ft. 6 ins. thick); (5) the "Siller Willie" seam (2 ft. 6 ins. to 4 ft. thick); (6) the "Diamond" seam (1 ft. 10 ins. thick); (7) the "Great" seam (7 ft. 6 ins. thick); (8) the "Mavis" seam (2 ft. 3 ins. thick)—a stony coal of little value. The fossils of the great coal-seams in this "carboniferous limestone formation," are very interesting and varied, and it is quite easy to reproduce the entire prehistoric scene of the great primeval forest, with its animals and reptiles, all now far beneath the surface and fossilized. The flowers and plants of the district to-day are accurately summarized in a valuable little book,—*"A pocket Flora of Edinburgh and the surrounding district,"* by C. A. Sonntag [London: Williams & Norgate, 1894]. Many of the plants, trees, and vegetables now quite common in the neighbourhood were introduced by the Newbattle monks, who brought them over from the Continent and naturalized them. The beautiful plantations which clothe the Esk valleys and the hillsides are nearly all artificial, and indeed, tree-planting was one of the special features of monastic industry. The wonderful beeches and other trees which have for centuries been the glory of this district, were planted to take the place of the rugged brushwood and Caledonian oak-forest which covered the entire region with a virgin stunted growth. The same primeval growths, of the simple uncultivated trees and brushwoods of early times, can be seen all over America, where the hand of man has not been moving. Only fragments of that old stunted forest are remaining in the Dalkeith Palace grounds, and a few straggling primeval oaks in Newbattle. The birds of the district have been summarized and classified by Mr Tom Speedy, in his valuable work on *"Craigmillar and its environs"* [Selkirk: Lewis]. In the banks of the Esks the heron and the water-hen are frequent visitors; while some of the rarer visitors include the spotted crake, peregrine falcon, osprey, greylag goose, bullfinch, buzzard, crossbill, dipper, hawfinch, jay, kestrel, merlin, quail, raven, siskin, tufted duck, chough, dotteril, goldfinch, kingfisher, owl (barn, long-eared, short-eared, and tawny), great spotted woodpecker, eider duck, great-crested grebe, common sea-gull, mallard, oyster

catcher, ringed and golden plover, pochard, sheld duck, shoveller, skylark, snipe, teal, tern (common, little, and sandwich), widgeon, woodcock, lapwing. Grouse used to be common on the Roman Camp Hill, but are now rarely seen. The cuckoo is heard early in the Spring in the Esk valleys, witness the place-names,—“ Gowkshill,” “ Gowkpen ” (Cockpen), “ Penigowk ” (Penicuik),—of the district. Starlings hibernate in the Newbattle valley in tens of thousands, and blacken the sky every winter evening. Swallows build their nests in abundance, and many northern birds make the soft warm-aired Newbattle valley their winter quarters. Owls are found in large numbers, and at night make the valley weird enough, while bats are numerous. An occasional kingfisher is to be seen in the river, which, with recent efforts to cleanse and purify it, is now fairly well stocked with small trout. The monks' fishpond is now occupied by the new Lothian burial-ground. The Newbattle fathers were careful pisciculturists, and cultivated trout, &c., in their large pond, and where they kept their oysters, besides plying the rod in the adjoining river, which even still has good fishing. Of wild animals, the only rare ones now seen are the badger and fox, while hares, rabbits, hedgehogs, squirrels, weasels, &c., are quite common. All sorts of sea-birds are to be seen inland, especially in stormy weather, feeding in the fields, and an occasional rare ocean-wanderer can be spotted.

For the cultivation of flowers and fruit, the district has been justly famous for centuries. At Parduvin (French “*par du vin*”) a simple country wine seems to have been made, while Newbattle had its “Elder-flower wine.” A famous “Floral Club” used to meet thirty years ago and more at Newbattle manse, its membership including many distinguished clergymen and others, who enjoyed the Rev. Dr Gordon's refined hospitality. Principal Tulloch, Drs Caird, Crombie (St. Andrews), Smith (South Leith), Arnott, and others met regularly at Newbattle for flower-study, and their transactions were valuable. The “Musselburgh leek” was undoubtedly introduced into Mid-Lothian from abroad by the Newbattle monks.

The magnificent woods of the Newbattle valley are famous all over the world. The hoary churchyard trees which gather at the corner of the road near the church, beside the old church, with its memories of Leighton and Argyll, are beautiful beyond

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all words, and have often been painted by eminent artists. The resting-place of Argyll is beautiful in spring beyond all description. The Abbey park is full of splendid oaks, beeches, and plane trees, many of them planted by the monks, and many others by the Countess Anne and her successors. But from an arboricultural point of view, the great glory of Newbattle is the "Great Beech Tree," which sends its branches thrice down to the earth only to grow up again. There used to be two of them, but half-a-century ago one was blown down, leaving its dependent children to flourish on their own account, as they are doing. When this great tree was blown down, great quantities of bones, coins, &c., were found around its roots.

The famous Sir Alexander Christison, and his son, Dr Christison, for some sixty years in succession have measured the great beech tree of Newbattle, and their marks are renewed every year on the trunk some six feet from the base. The measurements are as follows:—

Girth at the Ground	43 ft. 8 in.
" about 1 ft. above Ground	37 ft.
" " 2½ ft.	"	27 ft. 8 in.
" " 3 ft.	"	25 ft. 9 in.
" " 4 ft.	"	23 ft. 1 in.
" " 4½ ft.	"	21 ft. 11 in.
" " 5 ft.	"	20 ft. 3 in.
" " 6 ft.	"	19 ft. 7 in.

The ground measurement was taken by allowing the tape to lie on the roots as near to the uprising of the buttresses as possible, and is necessarily vague.

The measurement at 6 ft. to 6½ ft. above the ground is the most correct, being taken on a line marked at intervals with white paint for future comparison.

The circumference of the foliage is fully 400 feet; its diameter averages 130 to 140 ft.; and its total height reaches 112 feet.

The branches hanging down to the ground have taken root, and are growing upwards, and this in some cases is thrice repeated.

I append the girths of a few of the main branches, as well as of those growing up from said branches, but with their own roots attached to the ground.

No. 1 Branch, girth 1 ft. 10 in., with 2 branches springing up from it, 4 ft. 5 in. each in girth.

No. 2 Branch, girth 1 ft. 8 in., with 3 branches springing up from it, one 5 ft. 5 in., one 5 ft. 1 in., one 1 ft. 11 in. in girth.

No. 3 Branch, girth 12½ in., with 3 branches springing up from it, one 4 ft. 7½ in., one 24½ in., one 4 ft. 4 in. in girth.

No. 4 Branch, girth 12 in., with 2 branches springing up from it, one 2 ft. 8½ in., one 12 in. in girth.

No. 5 Branch, girth 1 ft. 7 in., with 3 branches springing up from it, one 2 ft. 4½ in., one 12 in., one 1 ft. 6 in. in girth.

No. 6 Branch, girth 2 ft. 4 in., with 5 branches springing up from it, one 4 ft. 4 in., one 3 ft. 8 in., one 4 ft., one 3 ft. 4 in., one 1 ft. 11 in. in girth.

Dr Christison says it is "a marvel of vigorous physical life."

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Another interesting growth in the Newbattle grounds is the "Evergreen Oak." Six fine specimens of Spanish or Evergreen Oaks (*quercus ilex*) were raised from acorns brought home from Spain by a member of the Lothian family, who took part in the brilliant victory of Wellington at Salamanca in 1812. He rested with his comrades, the night after the battle, under one of the evergreen oaks of the place, and found the ground covered with the acorns that had fallen from it. He put a few of them in one of his saddle-bags and had them sent home to Newbattle, where they have grown readily. One of the Newbattle ilices is six feet ten inches in girth six feet from the ground before it breaks into branches, after the habit of its kind.

In the rich arboretum behind the church there is a magnificent collection of all kinds of rare shrubs, trees, and bushes brought from every part of the world. So sheltered and mild is this grove that often in winter tens of thousands of starlings hibernate there, driving away the smaller birds for the season. One can well understand how in olden days, when travelling facilities were few, the richly wooded Newbattle valley was the great resort for consumptives from "east-windy, west-endy Edinburgh."

JAMES GUTHRIE'S LAST SLEEP AT NEWBATTLE.

IN the year 1660, after a terrible time of national confusion, George Johnston, A.M., was called by the people of Newbattle to be their minister. His immediate predecessors in that office had been Alexander Dickson, whose father, Dr David Dickson, a strong and unbending Covenanter, wrote the hymn, "O, Mother, dear Jerusalem, when shall I come to Thee"; and previous to him, Robert Leighton, who was now Principal of Edinburgh University and the coming Bishop of Dunblane. Johnston came from Lochrutton, in the very heart of the Covenanting country, and was probably brought to Newbattle by the Earl of Lothian, a staunch ally of that cause, who might wish to strengthen his cause by bringing to the Esk Valley one of the true-blue followers of "Christ's Crown and Covenant" from the mountainous country where the mists often, as if by a miracle, descended and covered the Conventicle just as the watchman had descried afar off the red-coated soldiery, and had raised the alarm. Whatever views one may hold regarding these scenes and men, they are eminently picturesque and striking, and the wonderful spell of that great national movement still rests over the green rolling hills of Dumfriesshire and the hundred old kirkyards where the grey old stones, with their matchless lichens and dim old-world colours, still record the names and the doings of the men, regarding whom Robert Burns declared that they "sealed freedom's noble cause; if thou'rt a slave indulge thy sneers."

George Johnston was a stalwart indeed, and to the Earl of Lothian a man entirely after his own heart. That third Earl of Lothian, William Ker, joined the Covenanters in 1638, and after the pacification of Berwick in that year he waited on the King there. The Scottish army invaded Eng-

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land in 1640, and the Earl of Lothian commanded a regiment. At Newburn the Royalists were defeated, and Newcastle was taken possession of, the Earl being appointed governor.

In 1642 a rebellion broke out in Ireland, and he had command of a regiment dispatched thither to quell the rising. In the following year he was sent to France by Charles I. and the Privy Council to arrange with the French Court as to Scottish rights and privileges. Returning from France, he met the King at Oxford, and being suspected of treachery, was confined as a prisoner in Bristol for several months. Having at last been released, we find him in 1644 along with the Marquess of Argyll commanding the forces sent against Montrose, who was obliged to retreat. When he delivered up his commission to the Committee of Estates, he was warmly thanked for his services. In December, 1646, he was president of the Committee dispatched by Parliament to the King with their final propositions, which were refused. In 1648 he entered his protest against the "Engagement," and when it was declared unlawful by Parliament in January, 1649, he was made Secretary of State in place of the Earl of Lanark, who was deprived. He was appointed one of the commissioners to go to England and remonstrate against any violence or indignity being used against the King, in name of the Scottish nation. Being again suspected, he was arrested and sent to Gravesend, in order to be sent home to Scotland. The Scottish Estates thanked him on his return for his services. In 1649, along with the Earl of Cassilis, he was sent to Breda to invite Charles II. to Scotland. His life all through was that of a great Scottish patriot, who, though a stern Covenanter, was loyal to King and country.

George Johnston was minister in 1660 to this Covenanting leader, who had previously declared of Leighton that he got "more good from him than from any that did ever stand in a pulpit." Johnston was, however, a very different man from Leighton, and through thick and thin defended the Covenant and the Covenanters against all comers, and in 1662, on the 11th of June, he was deprived of his ministry at Newbattle by Parliament. He was succeeded by two Episcopal curates, Chisholm and Malcolm, and recalled to Newbattle in 1679. Again he was seized for preaching at conventicles and confined in Borthwick Castle. During the Covenanting struggle he

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was arrested and imprisoned several times. After his second deposition from his ministry at Newbattle, he was succeeded in the charge by Archibald Douglas and Andrew Auchinleck, when a change came in his tide of fortune, and in 1687 for the third time he was called to Newbattle, on liberty being given to Presbyterianism, where he remained until he was translated to Greyfriars, Edinburgh, in which charge he died.

These two Covenanters, the Earl of Lothian and George Johnston, stood firm in the critical year of the Restoration, and the Newbattle Valley became a sort of home for sympathising spirits. Leighton had left Newbattle in 1653, and Alexander Jaffray, the Quaker, who lived in the old house, now demolished, beside the present church, had gone to reside at Abbeyhill, near Holyrood. Jaffray and Leighton were kindred spirits, and in a period of bitter religious strife sighed for peace. But Johnston, who was now in possession of the charge, was a fighting Covenanter, and, as such, drew towards him the more strenuous and energetic spirits of the Covenant. He felt, too, that he had behind him a strong kindred spirit in the Earl of Lothian, whose portrait hangs to-day in Newbattle House,—the tall, dignified, armour-clad figure of a purpose-like, firm, determined man, who was not afraid to call his soul his own, who feared God and knew no other fear. James Guthrie, the son of the laird of Guthrie, was in 1661 a man of forty-four, and while he had been brought up as an Episcopalian, his converse at St Andrews with Samuel Rutherford changed his views, and he became minister of Lauder and afterwards of Stirling. He had drawn forth the wrath of the Earl of Middleton, chiefly through his warm adherence to the Covenant, but also through denouncing that nobleman for his connection with an unsuccessful rising in the north in favour of the King, in 1650. Guthrie proposed to the Commission of the General Assembly that Middleton should be excommunicated, and, this being agreed to, Guthrie was appointed to pronounce the sentence at Stirling on the following Sunday. On the morning of that day he received a letter asking him to delay the sentence, but the sentence was given. On January 2nd, 1651, the Commission of the General Assembly released Middleton from it; nevertheless, Guthrie was the inveterate object of his hatred, and it was, indeed, chiefly owing to Middleton that he was

finally put to death on June 1st, 1661. Guthrie openly and vehemently preached against the resolutions of the more moderate clergy agreed upon at Perth, December 14th, 1650, in favour of Charles II., and became the leader of the opposing party called the Protesters, the leaders of which, including Guthrie, Patrick Gillespie, and James Simpson, were deposed by the Dundee Assembly. They protested against the sentence and went on preaching as usual.

In course of time Guthrie suffered death for his attitude to Charles II., but it must be remembered that even during the protectorate of Oliver Cromwell he did not spare that man of iron, but wrote several papers criticising his actions, and in consequence he was subjected to some hardships from the Commonwealth Government. He took an independent and original position, along with a few others, in his views as to protector and king, and in his "Causes of the Lord's wrath against Scotland," and "Some considerations concerning the dangers which threaten religion, and the work of the Reformation in Scotland"—the latter published in 1660—he took the true-blue Covenanting stand, instilled into him by Samuel Rutherford, that the Head of the Church was above the head of the nation, whose vassal the latter was in every particular. The views of Rutherford, Guthrie, and their school as to spiritual independence were not far removed from ultramontaniam. Between Rutherford's "Lex Rex" and the visible illustration of the principle of the subordination of princes to the spiritual power given at Canossa, when Hildebrand flogged the German Emperor, and through him the empire so thoroughly, that centuries later Bismarck, still feeling the smart of the papal tawse, declared that "Germany is not going back to Canossa,"—between the two there is not much to choose, except that in the latter case the supreme spiritual power was represented by a human being invested with the highest divine authority. Certainly Guthrie took no pains to hide his views that protector and king were only subjects and vassals of the great Head of the Church.

A tremendous change came over the scene in 1660, when the Restoration came, and Charles II. was crowned at Scone. Then Middleton knew that his hour had come, and prepared to execute vengeance on the original thinker of the Covenanters—Samuel Rutherford, on James Guthrie, the intrepid, out-

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spoken preacher of these independent principles of Church and State, as well as on Argyll and other smaller men. Guthrie took alarm and thought it best to make his peace with the new Sovereign. He journeyed from Stirling to Edinburgh and called a meeting of his followers, one of whom was Alexander Jaffray, the Quaker, formerly of Newbattle, but now residing at Abbeyhill. In the course of his arrangements for this historic gathering, Guthrie came out to Newbattle to confer with the Earl of Lothian and the redoubtable Covenanted minister, George Johnston. This meeting must have been somewhere in August, 1660, and in all probability lasted a few days.

Guthrie slept in a room in the old manse still standing—the back portion next the historic road, along which the London stage-coaches hurried to the south, and which is lined on one side by the monastic “Monkland Wall,” “The Dyke-side” of the Laird of Cockpen’s song. The old manse was a plain, modest building of two storeys, with a stepped gable and thatched. Underneath that gable the inscription still stands—“*Evangelio et Posteris.*” The little house was built in 1620, during the ministry of Mr James Aird, who founded the first school in the parish a few paces from the present church, and whose funeral bell with date and initials still survives, used to summon the parishioners in days of old to the obsequies of the dead. In the parlour, an oak-lined, campaneled room, with one small window looking out on the beautiful woodlands and the old “Sign of the Sun” inn, where the stage-coaches made their first stop after leaving Edinburgh, Robert Leighton wrote many of his spiritual works and held communion with kindred spirits, from the Earl of Lothian downwards. It was probably in the small guest-chamber next his room that James Guthrie slept his last sleep at Newbattle. In the parlour one can picture the anxious consultations between Johnston, the strong Covenanted pastor of Newbattle; the martial Earl of Lothian, whose name still appears in the copy of the Covenant hanging in Newbattle House to-day, for the writing of which the parish kirk-session paid four shillings; probably Alexander Jaffray, the Quaker, whose home a few years previously had been in an old house on the other side of the present church, beside the old school. It must have been an anxious night of consultation and debate as to what

was best to be done for Scotland in the emergency, and what the end of these things would be. In the morning Johnston and other sympathisers conveyed Guthrie along the old road, past the old church, in the vault of which a few months later Argyll's headless body was to be laid under the Earl of Lothian's sympathetic protection, past the beautiful old church-yard trees which surround the vault still, with the matchless golden colouring of their trunks and leaves, and the sigh of the autumn wind passing through them as if in prophetic mourning. Where the last Abbot of Newbattle lay in dignified repose with his children and children's children, Argyll was to take his rest, to be executed only four days before the youthful Guthrie, who now passed the calm retreat, the silent shade on his way to his sacrifice.

Guthrie's gathering in Edinburgh was summoned to draw up a supplication to Charles II., and all his chief Covenanting sympathisers were present. By a quick stroke of policy they were at once arrested and imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle. Thence Guthrie, who seems to have been regarded as the ring-leader, was removed to Dundee, where he remained until immediately before his trial, which took place in Edinburgh on 20th February, 1661. The others who were arrested at this historic Edinburgh convention included Robert Trail, John Stirling, Gilbert Hall, Alexander Moncrieff, and Alexander Jaffray, the old time-tried Quaker, friend of Leighton and Guthrie. On the 16th January, the Earl of Middleton moved that Jaffray, on account of his health and his services to the State, should be allowed the liberty of the city and suburbs, including Liberton, where his father-in-law, the famous Rev. Alexander Cant, once of Newbattle, and latterly of Aberdeen, now resided with his relatives. This liberty was granted the following day on a bond of £20,000 to appear when called for.

On March 8th, 1661, Jaffray visited Guthrie in the Tol-booth prison, quite near to his own residence at Abbeyhill, and discussed the causes of God's wrath against Scotland. Guthrie's trial proceeded—the chief charges being his having written the "Western Remonstrance," "The Causes of the Lord's Wrath," and "Humble Petition," of August 23rd, 1660, also for disowning the King's authority in ecclesiastical matters, and for some alleged treasonable expressions uttered in 1650 and 1651. He made a brave and learned defence,

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and asked Middleton (who hated him) and his judges, what profit there was in his blood. "It is not," he declared, with boldness, "the extinguishing of me or many others that will extinguish the Covenant and work of reformation since the year 1638. My blood, bondage, or banishment will contribute more for the propagation of these things than my life or liberty could do, though I should live many years."

Condemned to death for high treason, he spent his last night in the Tolbooth prison with some of the old kindred spirits—Alexander Jaffray, and others, in perfect serenity and composure. He was even merry and hearty at this last supper, and "called for cheese," of which he was extremely fond, but which he had not used for many years, "having been forbidden it by his physicians on account of the gravel, to which he was subject; and jocularly said he was now beyond the hazard of that complaint."

John, second Earl of Tweeddale, had opposed this sentence of death in Parliament, the only member of Parliament who did so, for doing which—his words being misrepresented to the King—he was imprisoned in Edinburgh Castle on September 14th. Guthrie was executed on the 1st of June, four days after the Marquess of Argyll, and his head was fixed on the Nether Bow, where it remained for twenty-seven years as a warning to the people against treason, when, in 1688, a divinity student in Edinburgh University, at the hazard of his life, took it down and buried it. His name was Alexander Hamilton, and very curiously, in course of time, he became Guthrie's successor as minister of Stirling. Argyll's body was taken to Newbattle, but no honours were prepared for Guthrie, whose fate, had not death intervened, was also intended by Middleton to have been the fate of Samuel Rutherford, his master. It was a strange meeting that August night two hundred and forty-six years ago, and fraught with momentous results for Scotland was James Guthrie's last sleep at Newbattle.

Lord Guthrie, who is James Guthrie's lineal descendant, kindly writes corroborating and appreciating this sketch of the martyr, and "in token of common interests and sympathies" sends his "Scots Reformers and Covenanters: their humanity and humour," in which fuller reference is made to the martyr's humour, as well as to the playful wit of his own father, the philanthropic founder of Scottish ragged schools.

MOORFOOT.

THE soft, rolling slopes of the Moorfoot hills are very familiar to the Edinburgh citizen, who views them from Arthur's Seat or the Calton Hill or the Castle Rock, the glens and corries filled in winter with wreaths of snow, which linger sometimes far into June. Only those who have visited the Gladhouse Reservoir and the Yarrow-like hills, with their soft, mellow green and wonderful lights and shadows, can have any idea what a beautiful Highland district is within easy reach of the dusty, noisy city which gets its refreshment from the plashing, artificial lake at their feet. A few years ago the state of the Gladhouse Reservoir and the smaller Rosebery and Edgeley lochs was a subject of anxious interest to the capital, when drought reduced the first by some thirty feet, the second to an empty, gaunt valley of death, with a lonely pool at the bottom, as if to show what had once been a generous storehouse of water; and the third to such an extent that its scenery was absolutely changed. To-day all three resources are full to overflowing, and even were they not, Talla comes in to give the anxious Water Commissioners an easy pillow and a righteous sleep.

The Gladhouse Reservoir, with its two tree-clad islands and pleasant fishing, is an artificial loch formed by the flow of the Bowbate or Powbate burn—a swiftly flowing stream which issues out of the picturesque Moorfoot glen bearing that name, as well as by other little streams which run among the hills, and by day and night keep feeding the great blue pool on which so much depends. The whole of the rolling green hillside was in the old days the property of the Newbattle monks, who used it for pasturage, and in the glens and upper moorlands hunted game of all kinds, including the wild boar and fox, besides fur and feather of every description. The present farm of Moorfoot bears evidences of having once been an

extensive ecclesiastical residence, large trees still growing in quantities, while carved stones are numerous and betoken widespread foundations. This was the hill-country residence of the Newbattle fathers, whose domains stretched from their house of St. Mary on the Esk up through Cockpen and Carrington to the hills, and the remains of their chapel can still be traced on a low-lying haugh beside the present farm, which seems to have been largely a reconstruction of the ancient monastic Grange. A thick grove of trees grows round the ruins, past which the Bowbate burn rushes with crystal clearness on its way to the reservoir. The old shepherd, Alves, who for fifty-three years has trod these hillsides, and is still vigorous and alert, is full of stories regarding the fine old place; and nothing delights him more than when the Earl of Rosebery, who owns Moorfoot to-day as a portion of the Rosebery estates which give him his title—the quaint old residence of Rosebery, with its great trees and rich grass parks, being only a couple of miles off, on the north side of the reservoir—calls upon him, as he often does, to hear the old tales of which the place is full. In all probability the Newbattle fathers would go up by turns to their Moorfoot house for business, health, and recreation.

The Bowbate glen, a deep cut in the hills, which here rise to some fifteen hundred feet—is an ideal place for the geologist to study the action of the glaciers, the dunes and rounded stones and smooth hills all carrying one back to the great ice age. A small glen, also with a stream, unites with the Bowbate water—the parent of the South Esk, which passes Newbattle Abbey—between the rounded hills known as the Kipps, and bears the name of the Herondean or Hirendean, from the fact that it then was and still is the favourite haunt of herons, which sought for the minnow in the two sweet streams flowing from the two glens, and uniting at the foot. Some have derived the name from Earndean—the water of the eagle—and in all probability eagles at one time were common among these hills, although now, like many another creature once to be seen there, unknown.

The old castle, which stands on a grassy mound between the two streams, has within living memory been inhabited, and several interesting memories cling around its walls. The arches of the roofs, stair-cases, and barred doors can still be traced, although the hand of Time has dealt roughly with what

was once a strong keep, well guarded on every side. An old story has come down how one fine summer evening in the middle of the fifteenth century a beautiful young woman came running to the laird, and begged protection and home. The circumstances were so pathetic that the old laird took pity upon her, and engaged her as a shepherdess on the hills. She was pensive and melancholy, and nobody could make her divulge the story of how she came to that lonely hill-country. The mystery surrounding her was akin to that which, three-and-a-half centuries later, surrounded "Camp Meg," the lonely horse-doctor, who, having committed some misdeed in the far south, took refuge on the Roman Camp Hill above Newbattle, and through her strange eccentric conduct earned for herself the reputation of a witch. This woman, however, it transpired, took flight from her home in Peeblesshire owing to her father having disapproved of her lover, who was only an ordinary ploughman at their farm. The story came out in a very curious way. The old laird of Herondean Castle had a son serving as a soldier in Flanders. Quite accidentally, while there he fell in with a young Scotsman, and the two, becoming friendly, journeyed home together, and finally on the last night of the old year, 1463, they arrived at Herondean Castle, in the Bowbate glen, where a great merry-making took place for the arrival of the laird's son. When it came round to the young shepherdess to sing, she told, in ballad form, the story of how she had fallen in love with her father's ploughman, and her father, resenting his presumption, sent some armed men to interrupt their intrigue, and there was a free fight between her lover and his would-be assassins. Blood was shed, and the girl fainted. When she came to herself, in desperation and anger she took flight, and after many wanderings at last arrived at Moorfoot, where she became a shepherdess. And then the stranger, the soldier friend of the laird's son, broke in, and told how he was her lover, and how, escaping the assassins, he went to sea and finally to the wars, and falling in in Flanders with the Herondean laird's son, he struck up a friendship, and so they came home together. And so the two long-lost lovers met again, and finally became man and wife, and inherited the Peeblesshire lands. The story bears a strong resemblance to the romantic tale of Camp Meg, and is one of the mediæval romances of the old castle of the heron or the eagle.

The lights and shadows on these hills above the castle and the old monastery are charming at all times, and on a beautiful summer day you could almost feel that Yarrow, not so far off, was reproduced—the green, rolling hills and the still, peaceful lake. The view all around is rich historically. The low-lying portions of the landscape are reminiscent of peaceful religious life—Newbattle, Cockpen, Roslin, Mount Lothian, Borthwick, Heriot; but the hills speak of times of religious strife and struggle and unrest. Straight opposite is Rullion Green, and at the far west end of the Pentlands the Covenanter's gravestone, raised to the memory of a refugee from Rullion Green, who wished to be buried within sight of his well-beloved Ayrshire hills. And here at the top of the Bowbale glen, in a curious hollow on the hilltop, called the Lang Cleuch Head, once assembled a large Covenanting conventicle, at which the celebrated Alexander Peden—"the Prophet" who foretold so much that came true in the history of Scotland—took the leading part. All the green hillsides were being watched, and a young woman coming from Innerleithen, on the other side of the Moorfoots, on her way to the gathering, was met by a party of red-coated dragoons under Dewar and rudely asked where she was going, whether to a conventicle or where else. With very considerable ingenuity she replied, "Na, na, sirs; but I ha'e a friend deid o'er here that's left a great legacy, an' I'm just gaun away tae see if I can get a pairt o't." She was allowed to go and participate in the memorial to the crucified Nazarene, a portion of whose legacy of love she claimed as her own.

The Bowbale glen, which makes a great rift in the Moorfoot hills, and gives rise to the bright, sparkling waters which refresh Edinburgh, has a curious mediæval legend attaching to it. Thomas the Rhymer of Ercildoune wandered up from Melrose and the Borders, and put into verse the ancient floating legend that the Bowbale hill was filled with water—a reference no doubt to the innumerable streams which gush among the hills—and that some day the mountain would burst and break out and flood all the country around, drowning lands and granges and churches:—

"Powbale an' ye break,
Tak' the Moorfoot in yer gate,
Moorfoot and Mauldslee,
Huntleycote, a' three,
Five kirks and an abbacie."

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

The five kirks are Temple, Carrington, Borthwick, Cockpen, and Dalkeith, the abbacy being Newbattle, and the other places townships.

Straight over the green hills, on the other slope, you reach the vale of Leithen, with the ruins of the chapel, and Leithen Hopes, and finally the prosperous town of Innerleithen. That whole valley and countryside belonged also to Newbattle Abbey, and came into its possession in a way which is one of the most striking romances of Scottish history. The hills and valleys were gifted to the Newbattle fathers by Alexander II., King of Scots, as a return for the privilege of having his Queen, Marie de Couci, buried in the Abbey. King Alexander II., who died at Gylen Castle, in Kerrara island, opposite Oban, was the Abbey's chief Royal patron, and bestowed upon it many gifts and privileges. On 19th May, 1223, he visited Newbattle Abbey, and ever afterwards entertained the warmest affection for the great Cistercian house, which all through the centuries has been a favourite resort of Royalty. Marie de Couci was his second wife, and he married her in 1239. In 1241 the young Queen said that in the event of her death she would greatly like to be buried in the church of Holy Mary at Newbattle, whose name-child she was proud to be. Her husband, King Alexander II., died before her, and was buried in Melrose Abbey—the Cistercian mother of Newbattle, and a favourite Royal burying-place for centuries. The widowed Queen married again, her second match being John de Brienne, son of the Emperor of the East. It is supposed that she died in France, and in deference to her desires her body was brought to Scotland, and she was buried in the Abbey, which her first husband dearly loved, and which both he and she enriched with princely benefactions. In what part of Newbattle Abbey she was buried is a vexed question. A mediæval writer quoted by Father Hay, says:—"In the middle of the church was seen the tomb of the Queen of Alexander, of marble, supported on six lions of marble. A human figure was placed reclining on the tomb, surrounded with an iron grating." Mr Innes, in his preface to the Bannatyne Club's "*Chartulary of Newbottle*," says she was buried in what is now the flower garden, where many a distinguished knight and ecclesiastical dignitary sleeps, within hearing of the gentle murmur of the Esk. In all probability she was

buried inside the church near the high altar. The princely gift of the vale of Leithen was the offering of Alexander to the religious house which was to guard his Queen's remains. Practically the gift consisted of the other side of the Moorfoot hills, including the Leithen valley, where even yet the ruins of the little monastic chapel are traceable. Thus these beautiful green mountains came under the pastoral care of the Newbattle Abbot, who not only looked well after the material interests of the district, but saw that the spiritual interests of the shepherds and other labourers were not neglected, for at the one end of the hills, in the Heriot valley, a chapel was raised, at the Bowbate a small convent and church stood, and over the hills at Leithen a sanctuary was provided. Probably St Ronan's Well, quite close to the Leithen valley, and still brightly sparkling in the clear exhilarating mountain air, was a holy well under the fathers' charge.

The name Moorfoot is spelt in various ways in charters and books, although these variations are not so numerous as in the case of Newbattle, which is found in thirty-four different spellings. Probably the original name was Morthwayte, and a common form is Morfit, which is also the local pronunciation. The writer accidentally met a few weeks ago two tall, stalwart Scottish farmers, who after an absence of over half a century, sold off twenty-five thousand Canterbury sheep—clearing their wide pasturages—and came from New Zealand to the home country for a holiday. The frozen army of sheep disappeared in the London meat market, and the two farmers made their way to lonely Moorfoot, where they had been born and reared. The same old shepherd they found still there, in the same cottage as in the days of long ago. "Are you aware," one of them asked, "that the architect of the beautiful Scott Monument in Princes Street was born in the cottage next to ours?" I found it to be the case that in one of the hinds' houses, Kemp, the genius who raised the glorious cenotaph over Scott's statue, which ought to have a companion to Burns in the gardens at the other end, was born, something like a century ago, though his father, who was a ploughman on the Moorfoot farm, removed to Peeblesshire three days after the birth. If Lord Rosebery, on whose monastic property that genius was born, took the matter up, another Kemp might be found to raise a worthy companion pile to Burns.

THE INVISIBLE KIRK.

ANOTHER INVERESK REVERIE.

THERE is a beautiful green mist on the hedges and trees this May morning on the Inveresk Hill, and a sweet breath of spring flowers and a quickened earth, and once more the old tower of what a former Lord Stait called "the visible kirk" looks down on a refreshed and awakened world. It is a visible kirk, and from land and sea is descried afar off—the hill-top church of St Michael and All Angels. Looking down as I am this morning on the old town of the three mussel-shells, with its busy life in street and harbour, on the green stretches of the Links and the blue, many-twinkling waters, which stretch away back till they meet the sky, I think of the friendly voice which some weeks ago spoke out from the town, about the great desirability of having one great united church—a visible kirk of unity and charity and brotherliness, as in the early days when the persecuting fires of Roman Emperors drove the first Christians into the closest unity. That is as yet in Scotland an invisible kirk, but the wave of interest raised all over the land by the bare suggestion from the altar-stone of St Peter's, Musselburgh, that such a thing might yet be, if we made our charity more visible and our differences more invisible, gives hope to Scottish churchmen and patriots.

To-day, however, looking up at the old steeple and the grey stones of the quaint God's-house, a great invisible kirk rises before me from around the walls, where many of those who ministered, and multitudes of those who for close on a thousand years have been ministered to, on that commanding site, where of old the Roman soldiers raised their eagles, lie asleep. The mailed legionaries, some of whom may have heard the world-thrilling story of the Nazarene, Who conquered

where they were defeated, people the hill-top in one's imagination and pass away to make room for the Dunfermline fathers, who crossed the Firth and on the hill-top where the soldiers had their camp, the remains of which still survived, planted the Cross where the eagle once had gleamed. Dunfermline Abbey in the mediæval centuries was the Royal place of worship. In England the place of a Sovereign's coronation and the place of his sepulture were one and the same—Westminster Abbey. In Scotland Scone and Stirling gave Royal heads their crown, but Dunfermline—the shrine of St Margaret—gave them their last pillow. Rich in possessions and favoured by Royalty above all other seats of religion in Scotland, Dunfermline Abbey had churches all over Fife and the Lothians. St Giles' Cathedral itself was to begin with a cell from Dunfermline, and in Midlothian the churches over which she held the patronage included Dalkeith, Melville or Lasswade, Newton, Cousland, Colinton, Woolmet, and Inveresk, the value of this last living, on the eve of the Reformation, being estimated (along with the chapel of St Mary of Loretto at the foot of the hill) at £9, 6/8. Inveresk Church under its Dunfermline patronage never attained to the fame of Loretto, which as the old gazeteer says, "was affected by ladies who loved their lords"—whatever that might mean—and which James V. visited in 1530, fourteen years before it was destroyed by the English.

That old kirk with all its churchmen, great and small, is to-day an invisible kirk, though the old stones, like the stones of the Roman camp, can still be traced in the walls of the present sacred edifice. And yet the throng of that great invisible kirk, of those who for several centuries joined their voices with those of the angels on the hill, did its work in its day and generation, and kept its lights burning on the altar by day and night, as a witness to the Higher Life and to the Son of Mary.

When changes came at the Reformation, the worship still went on, though the outward dress was changed. John Burne, the first reformed minister of Inveresk, entered upon the charge in 1567, with the bountiful stipend of £11, 2/2 Scots, which that thrifty and kindly bishop or "superintendent"—as the first reformed overseers of the Church were generally called—thought as "support" insufficient, and that the pastor, especi-

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

ally if married, could only exist on such a sum in the same way as the parish widow who received eighteenpence a week, and declared to a living Moderator of the Church, now a Principal in the thrifty north, that while she managed to wrestle through, it could not be called "riotous living." That kindly superintendent, whose father was one of the slain at Flodden, and who with marked energy rose to eminence, and to be first overseer of Lothian, placed the crown on the Royal baby's head at Stirling, in the very year in which Inveresk's first reformed minister received his charge. Over and over again poor Spottiswoode complained to the General Assembly that he received no stipend, and had a difficulty in going on, consequently his sympathy with the Inveresk brother on the hill, who was "passing rich" on two hundred merks, was all the greater, and by his orders "a glebe of four aikers was designed for him, which he got two years after his induction."

The troubles and uncertainties of the time and the general desire of everyone to become "caretakers" of the Church's properties and lands—excellent caretakers many of them proved to be—led to these financial difficulties, and had not John Knox vigorously fought what he called "the merciless devourers of the patrimony of the Church," nothing would have been left at all for the Reformed Church to live on. Things seem to have improved greatly in 1574, when Burne was succeeded by Andrew Blackhall, who came from Ormiston, and who—so great was the scarcity of ministers and even of "readers"—had also to take charge of Newton (Natoun) and Cranstoun, at a stipend of £126, 13/4 Scots. He seems to have had a difficulty, still experienced by all pastors, and likely to continue, of being everywhere at once. Invisible on week-days and incomprehensible on Sundays was a caustic resumé of a pastor's divine attributes, and Blackhall was accused in 1580 before the General Assembly for admitting "an unqualified person as exhorter—an office which the Assembly acknowledgeth not." It is a mistake to suppose that the Reformers were careless and slack as to ministerial orders, and over and over again unauthorised exhorters are brought to book in the records. Not that they went so far as to declare that no good could ever be done in a church, the orientation of which was wrong, or that all gifts and graces were confined to those who were ordained, but irregular ministers were studiously discouraged.

Probably Blackhall had sent to one of his satellite parishes some inexperienced, raw pulpiteer, in place of a reader duly qualified, with the result that he was brought to book, the people declaring that he was "no pleasin'."

On the twenty-second of July, 1582, he and his son Andrew had confirmation given them of a pension made "by the commendator and convent of Halecroce at Edinburgh of 40 pounds yearly from the twa part of the teind sheaves of Falkirk"—a solid addition to the living. This stroke of luck had not been long sent to the Inveresk minister when he got into serious difficulties. He was in 1584 summoned before the Privy Council for refusing obedience to Parliament and Crown, in their claim that they had all power over all estates, temporal and spiritual. That great and mighty Prince James, the fulsome flattery of whose Royal person still affords a little secular diversion to a tired worshipper on a hot summer day, as he turns over the early pages of his Bible, was strong in self-assertion and rejoiced when he could humiliate the Church. He rolled himself in convulsive laughter for three hours on the green island of Inchkeith, when news reached him of how he had dodged and "done" the General Assembly. He even ventured to guide the divine praises of the Scottish nation, and published a metrical version of the Psalms for the use of churches, on the frontispiece of which, bearing up the title, are pictures of two sovereigns, one of them himself and the other King David, who holds in his hand, with reverential affection, a book, presumably the British Solomon's poetic effort. Blackhall had ventured to whisper that blessed word—"spiritual independence," and been a little free in his statements regarding King James, who, he declared, was only one of the kings of Scotland, the other being the unseen Governor of Church and State, before whom James was only a mean vassal. He got over his difficulties, however, and in 1586 we find him a commissioner for trying the offences of the ministry in Lothian.

His successor, Philip Hislop, was admitted as "helper" to Blackhall in November, 1593. He had been a regent in Edinburgh University, and had travelled in Germany, and became first "helper" and then minister of Inveresk. That dear old word "helper!" The Moderator of the Church of Scotland, still happily living, and as active as ever, who at

THE ABBEY OF ST. MARY, NEWBOTTLE.

a busy season was urgently summoned to see an old woman near her end, sent his young, ruddy-faced assistant to take his place. The old lady had listened to every footfall on the stair, and counted the hours till her loved minister should arrive. At last one footfall specially caught her ear. "This is the Doctor at last," quoth she in the fulness of her joy. The door opened and the youthful divine smilingly entered, anxious to be pleasant and to do his best. The octogenarian looked at him grimly from head to foot, and said, "Oh, dear me! it's only the helper!" and, Hezekiah-like, turned her face to the wall and expired. The disappointment of "only the helper" was too much for her. One seems to think one has heard the same expression from escaping congregations on a Sunday when he was not there "himself." "Only the helper." He must have been an acceptable one, however, for in 1595 he succeeded to the entire charge, which he held for less than a year, dying in 1596, at the early age of twenty-eight. Shortly before his death, in 1591, the parish of Inveresk was transferred from the Presbytery of Edinburgh to the Presbytery of Dalkeith, of which it still is a component and most important and illustrious part.

A prolonged ministry of father and son followed in the persons of Adam and Oliver Colt—a ministry extending over eighty-three years, thus beginning that remarkable record of long ministries for which Inveresk has been famed. Adam Colt, A.M., was translated from Borthwick in 1597. He seems to have been very strong in his views on Presbytery, almost as strong indeed as the Covenanting Divine who declared that even the devil had his Presbyterian Church government, the minister being the Pope and the ruling elder the King of France. He, too, crossed swords with the High and Mighty Prince James regarding the transportation in 1601 of three ministers from the City of Edinburgh, who had called their Sovereign hard names, and Colt was described by James as "a seditious knave." He does not seem to have been a strong man physically, like his friend and neighbour, Robert Leighton at Newbattle. The story is still current that on one occasion when Colt was complaining of his heavy ministerial duties in Inveresk and Musselburgh, the gentle Leighton with his quiet, subdued, pawky humour, said it was "too bad to lay such a burden upon a colt;" to which Adam Colt replied—

"To the minister of Newbattle it would be a light'un (Leighton or Lichtoune, as the name is generally spelt in Presbytery records). Like his friend Leighton, and probably suggested by him, the gentle pilgrim, who wished to die in an inn, and did so in the Bell Inn, London, under the shadow of the half-built dome of St Paul's—he had a strong desire to die in harness, and he got his wish, for he passed away very soon after preaching his last sermon—24th March, 1643.

Colt felt the weight of his work so great that on 5th December, 1632, his son, Oliver Colt, A.M., was made his "helper." His name appears in the memorable General Assembly of 1638. In 1641 he was presented to the full charge on 4th June — the same year as Robert Leighton to Newbattle, only six months earlier. His name appears in the records of the Dalkeith Presbytery along with that of the famous Andrew Cant, Leighton's immediate predecessor, who, Addison says, gave a new word to the English language—"cant" by his droning, artificial, unreal ways, and who having gone to Aberdeen found the people half-day hearers, and corrected their bad habit by refraining from giving the benediction until the close of the afternoon service, thus compelling their return to the second diet, of which they had had already quite a sufficiency in the forenoon. Cant was quite the opposite of his successor, Leighton, of whom the Covenanted Earl of Lothian, who sheltered Argyll's beheaded body in his own vault at Newbattle, declared that he "received more good from his ministry than from any that ever stood in a pulpit." Some of the other pastors who laid their hands on young Robert Leighton, afterwards Principal of Edinburgh University, Bishop of Dunblane, and Archbishop of Glasgow, on that dark, dreary winter afternoon—December 18th, 1641—in the old church beneath which lay the ashes of the last Abbot of Newbattle and many a scion of the noble house of Lothian—were—besides Oliver Colt (whose father does not seem to have been able to be present)—Hew Campbell, William Calderwood, Patrick Sibbald, Adam and Gideon Penman (Crichton), James Porteous, elder of Newbattle, the ancestor of the famous Beilby Porteous, Bishop of London, the author of the learned "Christian Evidences," and, besides many more, the Rev. John Knox, minister of Carrington, and great-grandnephew of the Reformer, whose nephew for many years was minister of Cockpen.

Those were troublous times both for Colt and for Leighton. They seem to have been very friendly, and were both men of peace and piety. On 20th August, 1651, Colt took shelter in Dundee, when East and Mid Lothian were overrun by the English, and very curiously his daughter, Margaret, married the Episcopal incumbent of Newbattle—Alexander Chisholm, son of Bailie Chisholm of Dunblane, and probably sent to Newbattle through the influence of Leighton, then Bishop of that diocese. Chisholm's descendants are still to the fore, notably Sir Samuel Chisholm, until recently Lord Provost of Glasgow; while Colt's became a titled family in Lanarkshire, giving their name to Coltness.

The regime of the Colts passed away, and in 1680, when the great religious struggle was at its height in Scotland, Arthur Millar succeeded, being translated from Dumbarton and presented to Inveresk by John, Duke of Lauderdale. When the pendulum swung again in favour of Presbytery, he refused to conform, and on 3rd May, 1689, he was deprived for not obeying the Proclamation of Estates of 13th April, and for not praying for King William and Queen Mary as appointed. After his deprivation he became minister to the Episcopal congregation in Leith, and was made a bishop on October 22nd, 1718, and Bishop of Edinburgh in 1727, but he died on the ninth of October of that same year, at the age of seventy-eight. After a lapse of a few years, Richard Howison from Cockpen was admitted on the eighteenth of September, 1694, and died in November, 1700, at the age of sixty-eight. In 1702, John Williamson, son of David Williamson, minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, was appointed, "a man of clear head, ready wit, very forward, and emiently successful in debates." He was one of the "twelve apostles," who approved of the "marrow-men," and in a petition to the General Assembly of 11th May, 1721, declared against the Act of the General Assembly which condemned "The Marrow of Modern Divinity." He was a prolific writer, producing a "Parent's Catechism," "The Gospel Method of Conquering Sinners," and many other volumes savouring of the "Marrow" doctrine. He was succeeded by Frederick Carmichael, who, in 1741, came from Monimail, being presented to the parish by the Duke of Buccleuch, and afterwards going to New Greyfriars, Edinburgh. After him comes that wonderful succession, "Jupiter

Carlyle," ordained to Inveresk in 1748, succeeded by Leslie Moodie from Kelso, in 1806, just when the present church was finished, who, in 1836, had as his "helper" John Gardiner Beveridge, admitted as ordained assistant in 1832, and minister of Inveresk for over fifty years. Carlyle, Moodie, and Beveridge covered a century-and-half in their ministry—a wonderful record seldom rivalled. There was a second charge for a time, when William Dunn, in 1709, and Robert Bonally, in 1719, were ministers, but about the latter year it lapsed, as there was no legal stipend, and other difficulties stood in the way.

I am looking round this fair May morning on that invisible church which surrounds and encloses and overshadows Inveresk's "visible church." There have been many changes, strange and striking, since these long ministries ended. One has gone within hearing of the long wash of the Australasian wave; others to the land beyond the horizon, where the innumerable dwell—the great invisible church. I am looking around this beautiful spring morning, with the fresh young green on the lands and the light upon the sea, and another voice comes to me from the invisible kirk, that of "Delta Moir," who in his spring poem, "The Birth of the Flowers," sings:—

"Fair was the landscape, very fair,
Yet something still was wanting there;
Something as 'twere, to lend the whole
Material world a type of soul.
The Dreamer wist not what might be
The thing alacking; but while he
Pondered in heart the matter over,
Floating between him and the ray
Of the now warm refulgent day,
What is it that his eyes discover?
As through the fields of air it flew,
Larger it loom'd, and fairer grew,
That form of beauty and of grace,
Which bore of grosser worlds no trace,
Until, as Earth's green plains it near'd,
Confest an Angel's self appeared."

Michael's, Inveresk, the visible and the invisible
so very far separated after all, and this spring
the golden footpath on the sea, leading from
ether, and from the temporal to the eternal.

THE SCHOOLS OF NEWBATTLE.

EARLY in September, 1907, a large and beautiful addition was made to the fine public school which stands on the hillside above Newbattle, commanding a splendid view of Midlothian as far as Edinburgh. On that occasion I gave the following brief sketch of the history of education in Newbattle :—

“ Before calling on Lord Ralph Kerr, as the representative of the largest and oldest interest in Newbattle parish, he trusted they would not consider it out of place or wearisome if, in a sentence or two, he called to the mind of the older people there, and told it over to the younger generation, something of the story of the school of Newbattle. The oldest school in Newbattle parish was a part of Newbattle Abbey, and one of the Cistercian fathers of Newbattle was specially appointed to train the children of the whole valley. This went on for several centuries, until the Reformation came in 1650, and for sixty years onward there was no school of any kind in the parish. One could hardly understand at this time of day how dark and how ignorant the people must have been. It was only ninety years ago, as one in the audience that afternoon had told him, since a farmer over the hill at Crichton—one who was very much esteemed in his day and generation—was making his will on his death-bed. There were ten labourers on his farm, and he asked that two of those should come and be witnesses of his will, but it was found there was only one of the ten men who was able to sign his name. At the present day, as he could testify, of all those who in that district were married, he had only in the course of twenty-five years come across two cases where people could not sign their names. It was in 1615 that the Rev. John Aird, the minister of that parish, was grieved to see the ignor-

ance and the darkness that prevailed, and he set his mind to build a school, which he did in the Newbattle Valley, on the west side of what is now the Parish Church. There was no settled school at all till then. In 1700 it was removed from the bottom of the valley up to Westhouses, where it remained for many years. In 1831 it was removed from Westhouses to Easthouses, Mr Thomas Noble being then its teacher. In 1835, finding that there was need of additional instruction, the old school at Crawlees was built, and the first schoolmaster of it was the Rev. Mr Currie, who afterwards was appointed minister of Toryburn. He was succeeded by Mr David Dunlop, whose name was still fragrant in that parish, and whose daughter was with them that day. It was a small and a very primitive school in the old days, but it sent out many excellent scholars into the world—in fact, one of the most important magnates that Australia had had was educated under Mr Dunlop at the parish school. He referred to Mr Charles Russell, who was born at Galadean Cottage, which once was a school as well. In 1845, Mr Dunlop came to that parish as schoolmaster, and the small colliery school, which was built a little before then, was ably and admirably managed for many years, first by Mr Robert Noble. It was pleasant to think that Miss Munro, one of the staff of the old colliery school, was with them that day, as fresh as her old schoolmaster, Mr Andrew Young, the author of the hymn, "There is a Happy Land," and of whom she was the first pupil. In 1892 that school and the Newtongrange one were amalgamated, and now in 1907 it had been beautifully enlarged, and that day the older and the younger of them were sending the new ship down the slip into the water with all their good wishes for its future. On that beautiful Italian day, for it was nothing else, he recalled that morning in the early hours a scene of which he was witness some years ago when travelling on the Mediterranean on the way to the Holy Land. They had not very long left Marseilles when he saw on a pile of baggage on the steamer a lark and a wren. The birds went with them all the voyage, flitting about from place to place all over the ship for a week, till finally they reached the shores of the Holy Land. He trusted that in the beautiful new ship which they were launching that day there would be a similar visitation, and that the wren and the

lark would be with them with all the pleasantness and kindness and love of which he and they were capable, and that homely good-will and good-feeling would wren-like be gathered together under that roof between teachers and children and parents; and also, for some of the boys, he trusted the lark might be with them also with its aspiration, with its upward tendency and movement, and that they all might finally, through God's blessing and help, reach the shore of the Holy Land."

NOTE to page 74 on LEITHEN.

The Rev. DR ALEXANDER WILLIAMSON, West St Giles, Edinburgh, formerly minister of Innerleithen, kindly adds the following :—

I regret that I can throw no light upon the "Piper's Grave." So far as I am aware, it is not mentioned in any books about the county. All I know about it is the tradition that a piper once—but when I cannot say—boasted that he would walk from Peebles to Lauder, playing the pipes without cessation from beginning to end of his journey. He missed the road and wandered; fell exhausted, died, and was buried at a spot near what is called the "Gill Hole"—a corruption of "Ghyll." I have not been at the place for many years, but I believe there is a stone marking his grave. I must have seen it—but I forget its exact position. If I remember aright, it is just where the parishes of Innerleithen and Meriot meet. There are a great many stories of a similar kind; *e.g.*—I have noticed three stones on the track to the Larig Ghree—at the base of Ben Muick Dhui—where three fiddlers dropped dead, under circumstances not unlike those which brought about the end of the piper.

As to the "Leithen Chapel," I am not quite sure what you refer to. There is a tradition that an oratory or a chapel existed at Colquhar, on the Leithenhopes property—about two miles from Innerleithen. And if it is correct that "Col" is a corruption of "Kil," then there may be some foundation for it. As you are aware, the estate belonged to the monks of Newbattle, and they may have had a religious house in connection with the tower which undoubtedly once was at Colquhar. But there is no mention of it in any local history. There was a Roman Catholic church, for the district, situated in a field at the foot of the Lee Pen—just above the garden of Innerleithen manse. Long ago, an old man told me that he remembered the walls of the church standing, though, of course, in a ruined condition, and also a good many tombstones. Not a vestige now remains. The church was dedicated—according to Hew Scott—to St Mungo, but it is more probable that it was to St Calistus, because a fair was held regularly on his day in what was, till a few years ago, the Parish Churchyard, close by the manse. Besides the "fortalice" at Colquhar, or "Kil"quhar, or "Con"quhar, there were peel houses at Craighope and Huthope (beside which the "King's Road" from Newbattle to Innerleithen passes), and also at Whithope, Blakehope, and Glen-tress. I think that there was one at "Woolaurlee"—"Willinslee," as it is popularly called.

The church at Innerleithen was that to which the body of Malcolm's son was carried by the monks. He was drowned near the junction of the Tweed and the Leithen.

NOTE ON NEWBATTLE CHURCHYARD—page 140.

Tradition declares that the present picturesque churchyard was gifted to the parish as a place of burial for the Reformed Church by two old ladies who were, in the 17th century, in possession of Maister-ton estate and tower, and that the tombstones of the older churchyard were carted thither and set up again. Parishioners objected to bury in the new churchyard, because the old Scottish idea was that the first person buried in a new churchyard became the property of the evil one. Accordingly, it is said, the first laid to rest there was a young French girl from Newbattle House,—probably a governess, who had no friends in Scotland, and whose ultimate destination did not very much concern anybody. This, of course, is only a floating tradition.

NOTE to page 144.

Mr WILLIAM OFFICER, W.S., Edinburgh, kindly furnishes the following valuable note on "The Laird of Cockpen":—

From the enquiries I have made I find that the Carses became lairds of Cockpen about the year 1640, having acquired the property from a person named Thomas Meggit. In 1644, 1646-47, "Mark Carse of Cockpen" was on the "Committee of War for Edinburgh." It is stated that he fought for King Charles at the battle of Worcester in 1651, and that he escaped to Holland with the King, and remained there with him until (1660) his restoration. I have grave doubts as to the accuracy of this statement. Possibly Carse may have been at the battle of Worcester, but I find that the Act of Indemnity passed by the Crown in 1662, sets forth that "considering the troubles, &c., and rebellious courses, which have subjected great loss to loyalists, his Majesty has excepted some whose guiltiness has rendered them obnoxious to law, and their lives and fortunes at his Majesty's disposal." Fines were in consequence imposed on a great many gentlemen, and among others Carse was fined £6000. It would thus appear that he was taking an active part in the troubles of the period between 1651 and 1660 against the Royalists, otherwise he would never have been fined. The story, therefore, which you give in your book, that he was very intimate with the King, and that in the Chapel Royal after the Restoration he played the tune, "Brose and Butter," and directed his Majesty's attention, so that in consequence thereof Carse was able to secure the restoration of his estate, appears to be unfounded. I have little doubt that the song, "The Laird o' Cockpen," had reference to the laird of 1662, as it sets forth that "his mind was ta'en up wi' the affairs o' the state." None of his successors to the property appear to have done so. This laird, from a book recently published by the Scottish History Society, being the Account Books of Sir John Foulis of Ravelston, appears to have died on 10th January, 1681. I think the last laird had been his grandson. The marriage of the laird with Marion Linton was proclaimed on the 20th July, 1679. The last laird fought at the battle of Preston, and was taken prisoner by the Hanoverians. He joined the Royal Company of Archers on 6th August, 1717, and he became a Freemason at Rome on 21st September, 1735, which is the last I have heard of him. Cockpen and Barondale were sold in 1720. His father, Sir Mark Carse, was a Commissioner of Supply for the County of Midlothian (1678-1688), and in 1690 he was appointed a "Commissioner for the Malatia."

NOTE on "THE PASSING AND REST OF ARGYLL"—
page 146.

Kilmun, where the body of the late Duke now reposes, possesses all the interest attaching to great antiquity and historical associations. It was one of the first places in Scotland associated with the early pioneers of Christianity. A Columban Church was founded there, at the close of the sixth century, by St Fintan Munnu, of Teach Munnu, in Ireland, from whom the village derived its name. The lands of Kilmun were held later by "the Great Lamont of Cowal," but now only a trifling portion of the former heritage of that family remains in their possession. Sir Duncan Campbell of Lochow, the first to assume the title of Argyll, founded a collegiate church at Kilmun in 1442, and within that church the founder was buried in 1453. Tradition relates that the Black Knight of Lochow received permission from the Great Lamont to bury at Kilmun a son who had died suddenly during a snowy winter, and whose body could not be taken home. It was in this way that Kilmun became the burying-place of the Campbells. A notable funeral took place in June, 1703, when three successive chieftains were together laid to rest in the historic burying-place. These were Archibald, first Duke of Argyll, who died at Newcastle on his way to Scotland; and his grandfather and father—Archibald, the great Marquess of Argyll, and Archibald, the ninth Earl. The bodies of the latter had been lying in the family vault of the Marquess of Lothian at Newbattle Abbey since their execution in 1661 and 1685 respectively. The three dead chieftains were escorted by an imposing pageant, the retainers of the households allied to the Campbell family, clad in the garb of Old Gaul, accompanying the funeral procession. Here also lie the bodies of Sir Duncan, second laird of Glenorchy, and his cousin, the Earl of Argyll, who were both killed at Flodden on 9th September, 1513. The plain mausoleum of the Argyll family contains nine coffins, with inscriptions, beginning with that of Duke Archibald, who died in London in 1761, at the age of 79.

NOTE to page 250.

MR CHARLES BOOG WATSON, who with Dr Patrick Heron Watson is a lineal descendant of Creech, kindly writes as follows :—

Edinburgh, 30th November, 1907.—I hope I trouble you only when I have reason—and I now write in the hope that this letter may give you a morsel of interesting information. If so, I am only too glad to send it. I got a large bundle of family papers put into my hands the other day, among which I find one which seems to have been the original draft of the Rev. William Creech's epitaph, as also of his wife, with jottings by the mason of the cost of same. I know that the epitaph is now sadly mutilated—*vide* your paper on the Church-yard Monuments of Newbattle—but this draft tallies with what is still legible. One line alone is doubtful—a fold of the paper, with a crossfold, has sorely obliterated it—the first word seems to me almost certain, the second somewhat conjectured. I give you the whole as follows :—

M. S.

D. GULIELMI CREECH

Ecclesiae apud Newbottle ministri fidelissimi
pietate, prudentia, modestia et aliis quæ hominem ornant virtutibus
conspicui

Atque MARIAE BULLEY

matronae (?) beatissimæ (??)

Duorum ille mense Augusti 1745

Hæc Maii 1764 decesserunt

Juxta quos siti sunt illorum liberi tres

Gul. Henricus qui obiit 24 Maii 1744

MARGARETA ET MARIA

eodem mense annoque Septr. nempe 1749 defunctæ

It is quite a romance the discovery of the entire inscription in its first draft, after 160 years of silence. The decease, so near one another, of the two brothers of this old Newbattle family in January, 1908, lends a pathetic interest to this letter by the now only surviving brother. In Dr P. H. Watson's house, in Charlotte Square, the original Raeburn portraits of Creech, father and son, are hanging.

**This book is under no circumstances to be
taken from the Building**

[illegible]

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